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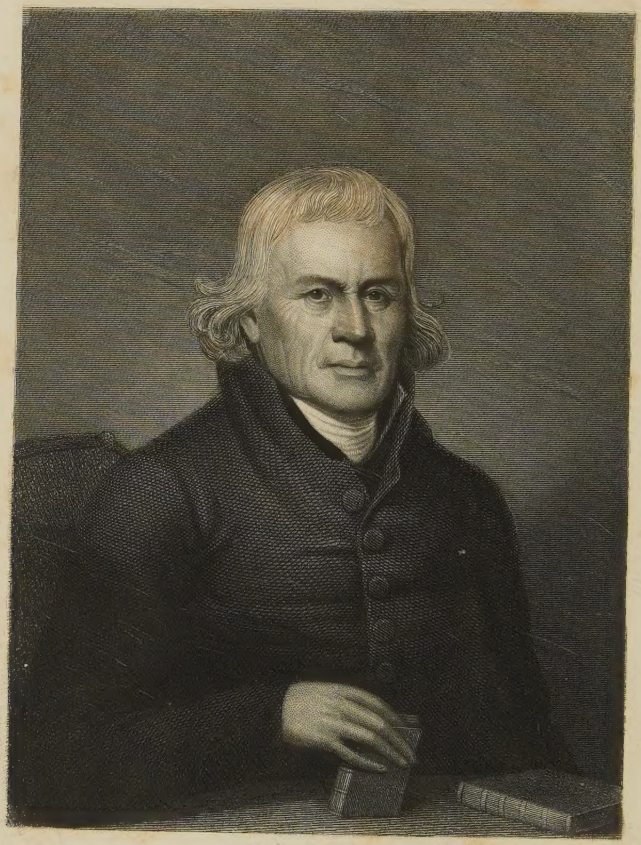
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THE REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE

HEROES OF METHODISM,

CONTAINING

Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers,

AND

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THEIR PERSONAL HISTORY.

BY

THE REV. J. B. WAKELEY.

"VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH."
"MEN THAT HAZARDED THEIR LIVES
FOR THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST."

FIFTH THOUSAND.

New-York:
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PORTER,
200 MULBERRY-STREET.
1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856,

BY CARLTON & PHILLIPS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

The world has had its heroes. The title hero has been applied almost exclusively to men who have distinguished themselves on the field of battle, or who have performed noble deeds of moral or physical daring. But what is true heroism? And who are the true heroes? True heroism "*is the sacrifice of self for the good of others*," says the Rev. William Arthur. Then the self-sacrificing man for the good of his race is the *real* hero.

The Church has had her heroes. In its early ages there were Moses, and Joshua his illustrious successor; Caleb and Nehemiah; at a later period, Isaiah and Daniel; in the days of the Apostles, Stephen and Paul; afterward Wickliff and Zwingle, Luther and Knox, Wesley and Whitefield, Coke and Asbury, and other

"Immortal names that cannot die."

The subjects of this work were heroes in the loftiest sense of the word. With no sword but that of the Spirit, no banner but that of the cross, and no commander but our spiritual Joshua, the leader of the Lord's host, they went forth to glorious war, having for their motto, "Victory or Death." They were the heroes of Methodism; their great object to promote "Christianity in earnest."

The design of this work is not so much to give a history of the men, as anecdotes and incidents which illustrate their character, and the times in which they lived.

Anecdotes have been justly styled, "The Flowers of Biography and History." Those which illustrate the public or private character of distinguished personages, have at all times been read with deep interest, because they show the disposition of the men, and furnish us with a key to their character. Furthermore, a striking anecdote or incident will be remembered when a logical argument is forgotten. It will not only interest the reader at the time, but will awaken in his soul a desire to know more of the person concerning whom it is related.

Some of the men described here are comparatively unknown in history, or to the Church—such noble champions as Caleb B. Pedicord and John Easter. Some of the incidents may be considered trivial. It is all we have of the men. It is like gathering gold-dust; no matter how small the particles, they are gold.

My materials I have gathered from every available source. I have corresponded with aged ministers all over the country, in order to gather anecdotes and incidents never before published. I have also conversed with aged ministers and members, and from their trembling lips have written much that would soon have been forgotten and lost. The reader will find much in this volume he has never seen before. Other anecdotes have been gathered from old magazines, which are seen and read by few; many of them are from the other side of the Atlantic, and from biographies not published in this

country, as well as a few that have been. Others have been obtained from fugitive newspapers that would soon have been numbered among the things that were. Some anecdotes concerning the same men were widely scattered, a little here and a little there, so far apart that they appeared to have no relation to each other. They are brought together, and there is perfect harmony, and they make quite an interesting family.

I have been encouraged to go on in my labour by letters from beloved brethren in the ministry and laity, approving of a work of this kind, and promising assistance.

An extract from a few of the letters I have received cannot be out of place here.

The following is from Bishop Simpson:

PITTSBURG, *Dec.* 14, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER,—I fully endorse your views as to rescuing incidents, &c., from oblivion. *It ought to be done, and done speedily.* So numerous are my engagements that I shall not be able to contribute much, if any. I hope you will carry out your plans, &c. Yours truly, M. SIMPSON.

The Hon. John McLean, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who has done a noble service to the Church by writing the lives of the Rev. Philip Gatch and the Rev. John Collins, writes thus:

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 17, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—Should Providence spare my life, and time be afforded me, it will give me pleasure to write two or three sketches or more, of clergymen, whom I have known, and who have gone to their account. JOHN MCLEAN.

From Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, I received the following:

VERSAILES, KENTUCKY, *March* 20, 1855.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I highly appreciate the object you have presented for my consideration. It is said, and I am glad of it, "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." I will give my attention to the laudable purpose you are cherishing, and hope to render you some assistance soon. This Western and Southern country has been very rich in its materials to furnish something interesting of the kind you ask for, and the present generation should preserve such incidents from oblivion. I hope to have leisure and opportunity to preserve something of the kind you have suggested.

Most respectfully and fraternally yours,

H. H. KAVANAUGH.

I make these extracts, not to show that the writers endorse *this* work, for they have not read it, but that they highly approve of a book of this kind. I am willing, yea, desirous to send it out upon its own merits. If it has in itself the elements of immortality, it will live and be read when the hand that pens this sentence lies cold across the writer's bosom; if it is of no value, the sooner it perishes and is forgotten the better.

I also received encouraging letters from Bishops Morris, Scott, and others.

Bishop Ames, in a letter to Rev. F. G. Holliday, says: "Some pains have been taken by several persons to perpetuate the memory of those who distinguished themselves in border warfare with Indian tribes; but, up to the present time, little or no effort has been made to rescue from oblivion the memory of those moral heroes, who, as *spiritual leaders of the forlorn-hope*, under the great Captain of our salvation, guided the Church to battle and to victory. Though comparatively unknown and unhonoured on earth, their 'record is on high.' But they ought not to remain unknown and unhonoured

among men. It is a work both of *piety* and *patriotism* to embalm their virtues in history, and thus hand over their example for the respect and imitation of posterity." These noble sentiments of the bishop will find a cordial response in many a heart.

I am deeply indebted to Bishops Morris and Ames, as well as to Dr. Thomas E. Bond, Rev. Henry Boehm, Rev. Alfred Brunson of Wisconsin, and Samuel G. Arnold, Esq., as well as many others, for interesting incidents by which this work has been enriched.

There is one thing to comfort the reader: the anecdotes are not fictitious, the incidents are not apocryphal. They are not manufactured to make a book. A lad was begging of a gentleman in England, when the man inquired why he solicited charity. The boy said his father was dead and his mother was a widow, and very poor. The stranger inquired, "What did your father do when living?" The lad answered, "He was an *accident-maker* for the newspapers." I am no anecdote-maker. But I have taken some pains to furnish the reader with some already made, which bear the image and superscription of *truth*.

This book will be read by those who have never seen the writer, and by old "familiar friends" with whom he has "taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company." In a ministry of nearly a quarter of a century, it has been his privilege to form a pleasing acquaintance with many such friends. Their parlours, tables, and firesides have witnessed the hearty welcomes he has received into their hospitable dwellings. The author need not say to them that for years he has had a fondness

for antiquity; that he loves an "old chair," an "old book," an "old soldier of the Revolution," or an "old soldier of the cross." If it is childish, he is willing to be considered a child. They also know his delight in anecdotes of olden times. For years he has been treasuring them up. The portfolio is now open, and the reader is permitted to look into it. It will remind some of bygone days and years, when it was the writer's privilege to sit in their dwellings, when some pleasant anecdote was related, and a little sunshine was thrown around the hearth-stone, and smiles for a time took the place of tears.

The "heroes" named in this volume are all dead.

> "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
> No sound can awake them to glory again."

We also are "passing away," and should

> "Walk thoughtfully on the silent, solemn shore,
> Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

I will now, as the Indians say, "shake hands in my heart" with the readers of this book, invoking the favour of Him, "whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow," to rest upon them. If they enjoy half as much in its perusal as I have in writing it, I shall be amply compensated. In communing with the mighty dead, I trust we shall partake of their spirit, and "follow the example of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

I cannot conclude without acknowledging my special obligation to the Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., the able editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, at whose suggestion this work was commenced, and under whose kind supervision it is published.

J. B. WAKELEY.

NEW-YORK *Dec.* 14, 1855.

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REV. FRANCIS ASBURY.

THE

HEROES OF METHODISM.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

Though Francis Asbury has slept in the grave nearly forty years, the life of this primitive bishop has not been written. Notwithstanding this, his great name and his noble deeds are embalmed in the hearts of grateful thousands who "rise up and call him blessed." The bishop gave formal direction to the Rev. Henry Boehm, his travelling companion for five years, and one of the executors of his last will and testament, that his life should not be written, and wished him to use his influence to prevent it. It is singular that, although many have attempted it, none have succeeded. It would seem that the bishop's request is to be complied with to the very letter.

I never had the pleasure of seeing Bishop Asbury—when he died I was seven years of age. But with his last surviving travelling companion, the venerable Henry Boehm, just mentioned, who is now eighty years old, I have spent weeks in reading the journal he kept of their labours and journeyings, and in writing, as he dictated, an account of the scenes in which they were such prominent actors many years ago. I have travelled with them, in imagination, their annual round from one conference to another, from the cold north to the sunny south—from the rock-bound coast of New-England to

the Mississippi, the father of waters. I have climbed with them the Green Mountains, the Catskill, and the Alleghanies. I have crossed with them the rivers east, west, north, and south. I have put up with them in the log-house and in the mansion, till it appears as if I had seen Bishop Asbury, heard him "say grace at the table," offer up "family prayer," heard him preach, seen him ordain, been in his cabinet, and beheld him station the preachers, so graphic and so life-like are the descriptions of the bishop of his preaching, and of the scenes through which they passed together, which father Boehm has given me.

Francis Asbury was born in the county of Staffordshire, England, on the 2d of August, 1745. His parents, Joseph and Elizabeth Asbury, were in humble circumstances, deeply pious, and consistent Methodists. They had a daughter, Sarah, who found an early grave, an early heaven; and this was the means of leading Francis

"To give his wanderings o'er
By giving Christ his heart."

How oft there is much mercy mingled in the cup of sorrow! Francis being an only son, and the only remaining child, all the hopes of his parents centred in him. He united with the class in 1763, began to preach when he was sixteen years old, and was twenty-one when he entered the travelling connexion. He bade adieu to his parents and the land of his birth, and came to this new world and landed in Philadelphia on the 27th of October, 1771. He immediately entered upon his work. He began to itinerate at once, and continued to do so till the

"Weary wheels of life stood still."

He was elected and ordained superintendent or bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Christmas conference held in Baltimore, 1784. After performing an incredible amount of labour, and enduring many privations and hardships, travelling thousands of miles every year, he died in

holy triumph, on the 31st of March, 1816. His faithful travelling companion, Rev. John W. Bond, cheered him as he was passing the valley of the shadow of death, and commended his departing spirit to Him who is the "Resurrection and the Life."

It was well the bishop had such a travelling companion as brother Bond. What a staff on which the venerable feeble old man could lean! what a protector in the hour of danger! what a support in the hour of weakness! Happy privilege for the old Methodist patriarch to be thus comforted in the evening of life! Happy privilege, too, for brother Bond to be with the dying Asbury as his sun was descending low, and to see the "twilight of his evening melt away into the twilight of the morning of an eternal day!" He accompanied the bishop down to Jordan's cold flood, comforted him as the earthly house of his tabernacle was dissolving, supporting his languishing head till his throbbing temples ceased to beat, and angels whispered

"Sister spirit, come away."

Bishop Asbury, though dead, yet lives, not only in the memory and affections of grateful thousands, but in a higher and loftier sense, "in the upper, and better, and brighter world, of which the stars and the sunlight are the faint and the distant emblems." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that have turned many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever."

The following beautiful tribute to Asbury is from a sermon, preached by the Rev. John Scott, president of the British Conference, on the first Sabbath in August, 1852, "showing that Methodism has sought to reproduce the moral transformations of apostolic times, and has succeeded:"—

"There is no man whose character and career will furnish a more striking illustration of our position than that of Francis Asbury: and yet we look in vain for any acknowledgment of the services he performed—services equally laborious, and

of vastly greater importance than any military or political leader—or even the mention of his name by any popular historian of the United States. But the time will come when posterity will acknowledge its indebtedness to him, and justice be done to his memory.

"Asbury seems to have been specially fitted by the hand of Providence for the work assigned him in this new country. He was not what is called a *genius*, but he possessed qualifications far superior to this. Though he had none of that splendour of intellect which would dazzle or be supremely attractive, yet he had those peculiar dispositions—that morally sublime motive, connected with that indomitable perseverance which ever prevented him from being discouraged, and would have made him great in any sphere of action. In the whole history of the Church of Christ we could find no better model of a Christian bishop than the noble man to whom we now refer. Impelled by a zeal which was the 'pure flame of love' to leave his own country and friends, knowingly to encounter perils both by sea and land, and if these were escaped, to endure privations and hardships which would have sunk at once a common spirit, for forty and five years he did not cease to thread the mazes of the American wilderness—now finding a resting place for a night in the log-cabin of the new settler, and then beneath the 'leaves of the greenwood bower.'

"His labours were not confined to the Atlantic cities or older settlements of the new continent, where he would have met with those comforts he had enjoyed at the parental home in the land of his birth; but there was no part of the work which did not equally claim his personal superintendence. He was 'in labours more abundant' than even Wesley himself. How much Methodism on the continent of North America is indebted to him we cannot now determine. We may in some degree know and feel how cheering the success was, as to the result of those labours, when we reflect that on his arrival there were only six hundred members; but ere he

ceased to labour there were no less than two hundred and twelve thousand enjoying the blessings of Christian fellowship. The name of Asbury must ever be remembered with peculiar delight, whenever we refer to the history of Methodism on this continent. Doubtless before this many among the blood-washed throng have recognised him as the instrument of their conversion, when they have met before our heavenly Father's throne."

Bishop Asbury is thus estimated by Rev. Thomas Ware: "Among the early pioneers of Methodism, by common consent Asbury stood first and chief. There was something in his person, his eye, his mien, and in the music of his voice, which interested all who saw and heard him. He possessed much natural wit, and was capable of the severest satire; but grace and good sense so far predominated that he never descended to anything beneath the dignity of a man and a Christian minister. In prayer he excelled. Had he been equally eloquent in preaching, he would have excited universal admiration as a pulpit orator. But, when he was heard for the first time, the power and unction with which he prayed would naturally so raise the expectation of his auditors that they were liable to be disappointed with his preaching; for, although he always preached well, in his sermons he seldom, if ever, reached that high and comprehensive flow of thought and expression—that expansive and appropriate diction—which always characterized his prayers. This may be accounted for, in part at least, from the fact stated by the late Rev. Freeborn Garrettson in preaching his funeral sermon: 'He prayed the best, and he prayed the most of any man I ever knew. His long-continued rides prevented his preaching as often as some others; but he could find a throne of grace, if not a congregation, upon the road.'"

The following portraiture of Bishop Asbury was sketched and drawn by the masterly hand of the Rev. Joshua Marsden, and no doubt it is a correct picture of the old Christian hero, as he appeared many years since. It is no fancy sketch

—no picture of the imagination—but a true copy of the original. Mr. Marsden was in this country two years during the war of 1812. When he returned to England he wrote this sketch of Asbury, and the reader will no doubt peruse it with pleasure. It is taken from the notes to a poem, entitled "The Conference; or, Sketches of Wesleyan Methodism," published in London in 1815:—

"Bishop Asbury was one of those very few men whom nature forms in no ordinary mould. Although possessed of little literature, his mind was stamped with a certain greatness and originality which lifted him far above the merely learned man, and fitted him to be great without science, and venerable without titles. His knowledge of men was profound and penetrating; hence, he looked into characters as one looks into a clear stream in order to discover the bottom: yet he did not use this penetration to compass any unworthy purposes; the policy of knowing men, in order to make the most of them, was a littleness to which he never stooped. He had only one end in view, and that was worthy the dignity of an angel; from this nothing ever warped him aside. He seemed conscious that God had designed him for a great work, and nothing was wanting on his part to fulfil the intention of Providence. The niche was cut in the great temple of usefulness, and he stretched himself to fill it up in all its dimensions. To him, the widest career of labour and duty presented no obstacle. Like a moral Cæsar, he thought nothing done while anything remained to do. His penetrating eye measured the ground over which he intended to sow the seeds of eternal life, while his courageous and active mind cheerfully embraced all the difficulties grafted upon his labours. He worshipped no God of the name of *Terminus*, but stretched his 'line of things' far beyond the bounds of ordinary minds. An annual journey of six thousand miles, through a wilderness country, (the best roads of which require patience and caution, and the worst set description at defiance,) would have sunk a feebler mind into despondency; but neither

roads, weather, nor accommodations retarded his progress, nor once moved him from the line of duty. He pursued the most difficult and laborious course as most men do their pleasures; and although for many years he was enfeebled by sickness, and worn with age and infirmity, two hundred thousand persons saw with astonishment the hoary veteran still 'standing in his lot,' or 'pressing along his vast line' of duty with undiminished zeal.

"He knew nothing about pleasing the flesh at the expense of duty; flesh and blood were enemies with whom he never took counsel: he took a high standing upon the rugged Alps of labour, and to all that lagged behind he said, 'Come up hither.' He was a rigid enemy to ease—hence the pleasures of study and the charms of recreation he alike sacrificed to the more sublime work of saving souls. His faith was a constant 'evidence of things not seen,' for he lived as a man totally blind to all worldly attractions.

"He had his stated hours of retirement and prayer, upon which he let neither business nor company break in. Prayer was the seasoning of all his avocations: he never suffered the cloth to be removed from the table until he had kneeled down to address the Almighty; it was the preface to all business, and often the link that connected opposite duties, and the conclusion of whatever he took in hand. Divine wisdom seemed to direct all his undertakings, for he sought its counsel upon all occasions; no part of his conduct was the result of accident; the plan by which he transacted all his affairs was as regular as the movements of a timepiece; hence he had no idle moments, no fragments of time broken and scattered up and down; no cause to say with Titus, 'My friends, I have lost a day.' Pleading with God in secret, settling the various affairs of the body over which he presided, or speaking 'to men for their edification' in the pulpit, occupied all his time.

"As a preacher, although not an orator, he was dignified eloquent, and impressive. His sermons were the result of

good sense and sound wisdom, delivered with great authority and gravity, and often attended with a divine unction which made them refreshing as the dew of heaven. One of the last subjects I heard him preach upon was union and brotherly love; it was the greatest I ever recollect to have heard upon that subject.

"His chief excellence, however, lay in governing. For this, perhaps, no man was better qualified. He presided with dignity, moderation, and firmness, over a large body of men, all of whom are as tenacious of liberty and equal rights as most men in the world; and yet each submitted to an authority that grew out of his labours—an authority founded upon reason, maintained with inflexible integrity, and exercised only for the good of the whole. A man of less energy would have given up the reins; and one of less wisdom, prudence, and moderation would have committed the same error as Phæton, and the whole system would have been confused and distracted: but Mr. Asbury managed the vast economy with singular ability; his eye was keen, his hand was steady, and his 'moderation was known to all men.'

"In his appearance he was a picture of plainness and simplicity, bordering upon the costume of the Friends. The reader may figure to himself an old man, spare and tall, but remarkably clean, with a plain frock coat, drab or mixture, waistcoat and small-clothes of the same kind, a neat stock, a large broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown; while his white locks, venerable with age, added to his appearance a simplicity it is not easy to describe. His countenance had a cast of severity; but this was probably owing to his habitual gravity and seriousness. His look was remarkably penetrating; in a word, I never recollect to have seen a man of a more grave, venerable, and dignified appearance."

Bishop Asbury was distinguished for his moral heroism. He was a man of heroic courage, heroic fortitude, and heroic

deeds. There was much of Christian chivalry about him. He was "valiant for the truth"—

> "Bold to take up, firm to sustain
> The consecrated cross."

"God had not given him the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." He was the Joshua of our Methodist Israel, leading them on to glory and to triumph.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

BISHOP ASBURY'S MANNER.

Rev. Abner Chase, in his "Recollections of the Past," a little work full of historic incident, gives us the following description of Bishop Asbury as a man and as a superintendent:—"He was certainly, in several respects, a very extraordinary man; and had I the ability to do so, I would with pleasure delineate his character, and the more readily as I think too little has been said and written of the zeal, labours, and sufferings of this apostolic man. He commanded a respect and veneration which no superintendent of our Church at the present day can reasonably expect to receive; for though our present bishops may be worthy of honour, and, perhaps, 'double honour,' as 'ruling well,' yet they are but *brethren*, while Asbury had a claim to the title and relation of *father*, which no other man in our Church had or can have. I do not mean to say that he stood upon or urged this claim, but that it was voluntarily rendered to him by most of those who were capable of discerning his character."

The Rev. Dr. Bond was well acquainted with Bishop

Asbury, and has given me many graphic accounts of his person and manners. He said there never was a person on earth he was so afraid of as the bishop. There was an air of sternness about him that forbade any one approaching too near. His brother, John W. Bond, the travelling companion of Asbury, generally rode behind the bishop a short distance. There was no approaching him with any degree of familiarity until he was in a certain frame of mind. You must wait his time; but when he was in the humour, you could approach him with perfect ease, and there would be with him the utmost simplicity and familiarity. He could be one of the most communicative of men, and for hours would entertain you with pleasing and amusing anecdotes.

The bishop would appear often to be lost in thought as he was riding along. He was either studying his sermons, or planning the work in his vast field of labour. At such times there was nothing to be said to him. All at once his countenance and manner would change. He would beckon or call his friend to come up and ride beside him, and enter into the most free and familiar conversation.

Father Boehm gives a similar account of the bishop's manner.

BISHOP ASBURY COULD READ MEN.

Dr. Bond says, "There was not only a sternness of manner that would forbid a person's approaching him with too much freedom, but he appeared when he looked at you, when he lowered his dark, heavy eyebrows, as if he could read you —as if he understood your thoughts, and the motives that prompted you to action—as if you were transparent, and he could look through you; or as if you had a window in your bosom, and he could see what was there. Bishop Asbury had the best knowledge of men of any person I ever knew.

"When the bishop made an appointment, it remained unalterable. The preachers and people understood that what was done *was done.* The bishop generally, at the close of a conference, had his horse at the door, and the moment he had read the appointments and pronounced the benediction he mounted his beast and left immediately, not informing them where he was going. In this way he avoided importunity. As he could not be found, none could urge him to change their appointments."

Bishop Waugh has told me that "it was true Bishop Asbury was a great observer of men—he read them." Mr. Waugh being secretary to the Baltimore Conference, sat near the bishop, and observed his habits. During conference he sat with his eyes nearly closed, and persons would suppose he was not observing what was going on; but all the time he was studying character—reading men. The bishop once spoke to Mr. Waugh of a certain man in the conference who was so young in the ministry Mr. Waugh supposed the bishop had not noticed him. Said he, "Brother J. H. never speaks in conference, but I think no less of him for *that.*"

Mr. Waugh said the bishop would write down on the margin of the minutes the character given to each preacher by his presiding elder, that he might have a correct knowledge of their talents, so that when he came to station them he would know where to place them.

BISHOP ASBURY AS A PREACHER.

Dr. Bond informs me that he often heard the bishop preach. His sermons were not in general logically arranged, but more in the form of an exhortation. But when the bishop was roused, and warmed with his subject, he was sublime; moving and melting all who heard him. On such occasions he was a thunderstorm, a tornado, carrying everything before him. However, this was only occasionally.

The doctor heard him preach before the Baltimore Conference many years ago, and after the bishop had concluded his sermon, he said to the Rev. Joshua Wells, "What was the bishop at? I could not understand him." With a significant look, Mr. Wells replied, "*We understood him.*" The sermon was exclusively to preachers, in reference to the important duties of their sacred office. The bishop designed to be understood, and the preachers did understand him.

Rev. Henry Boehm said to me, "I have heard Bishop Asbury preach more than five hundred times, and never heard him without pleasure and profit. There was no tedious sameness, but a freshness and a variety in his sermons. He was not always methodical in his arrangements; he never named his division; he did not write his sermons, nor any part of them in his latter days; but he was a very able divine; his sermons were grave, and clear, and deep. In family lectures he excelled.

FRANCIS AND HIS MOTHER.

I give the following in Bishop Asbury's own words:— "My mother used to take me with her to a female meeting, which she conducted once a fortnight, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, and giving out hymns. After I had been thus employed as a clerk for some time, the good sisters thought Frank might venture a word of exhortation. So, after reading, I would venture to expound and paraphrase a little on the portion read. Thus began my Gospel efforts, when a lad of sixteen or seventeen; and now I would rather have a section or chapter for a text than a single verse, or part of a verse. When the society called me forth from obscurity my performance in public surpassed all expectation. But they knew not that the stripling had been exercising his gifts in his mother's female prayer-meeting."

BISHOP ASBURY'S MANNER OF READING THE BIBLE.

"I have thought that the good bishop was the best reader of the Holy Bible I ever heard. His voice was a deep-toned bass, without a jar. It appeared to me that he laid the accent on every word, and the emphasis on every sentence, just where the Holy Spirit intended they should be. I once saw him call up a class of the senior preachers in conference, like a class in school, and give them a chapter to read in course. (One of them told me afterward that he would rather have been called on to preach before five thousand people.) He said it was a shame, if not a sin, for a minister to read the Scriptures in a kind of whisper, or dull, monotonous tone, either in families or congregations." —*James Quinn.*

BISHOP ASBURY'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

In preaching, Mr. Asbury followed the example of the great Teacher, who used the most familiar things with which to make his subjects plain. Jesus illustrated his subjects by "the supper," "the net," "the tree," "the hen," "the lily," "the hair," "the seed," "the sparrow." This was one reason the "common people heard him gladly:" they could understand him.

Mr. Asbury pursued the same course, and so will any "well-instructed scribe." Dr. Thomas E. Bond informs me that he heard Bishop Asbury preach in Baltimore in 1808 on brotherly love. He quoted this: "Brethren, be not children in understanding: howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." He illustrated it in the most simple manner. Said he, "Brethren, recently I have been at the West, and where I have put up I have noticed many children. I have seen them sit down and eat bread and milk, or pudding and milk, out of the same dish, with different

spoons; sometimes they would differ a little; one would be afraid the other would eat the fastest and get the most; they would sometimes hit one another's hands with the spoon. But I have noticed after a little while each has a full supply—each satisfied, they are as good friends as ever, forgetting the little difficulties they had—the little rap with the spoon. It is all forgotten, and they play together as if nothing had ever occurred—'in malice they were children.'" Then he would call upon his brethren to imitate them: "You may have your little difficulties for a moment, but in malice be ye children."

BISHOP ASBURY ON TEMPTATION.

The bishop was once discoursing on this subject, that has perplexed so many. There are those who suffer because they *think temptation is a sin*, and they think they are not Christians or they would never be tempted. If temptation is a sin, then Jesus sinned, for he "was tempted in all points as we are;" "and yet," adds the apostle, "without sin." If he could be tempted without sin, so can his followers. Mr. Asbury, in illustrating the point that temptation is not a sin unless yielded to, said, "We cannot prevent the birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent their making a nest in our hair,"—a striking illustration, showing that temptation is involuntary, but the yielding to it voluntary; that the first is innocent, while the latter involves guilt.

BISHOP ASBURY ON THE BEST SITE FOR A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

Methodism lost much in early days by erecting church edifices in by-places. Many of the first houses of worship were difficult of access. Some benevolent man would give us a site, the ground so poor you could not raise mullin-stalks, and we would thank him and erect a house

upon it, where the people would be sure not to find it. Perhaps the donor's object might be pure benevolence—or to keep the Methodists out of the village. Other denominations know better, and have pursued a wiser course. Look at the site of the Episcopal churches. How prominent—not in lanes or by-streets, but the most public places. So with the Roman Catholics. They do not build in a hurry; if they cannot secure a good site immediately they wait till they can. Mr. Asbury saw this evil; and in speaking of the best site for a church, said he, "I tell you what it is—if we wish to catch fish *we must go where they are*, or where they will be likely to come. We had better pay quite a sum of money for a site in some central position in a city, town, or village, than have them give us half a dozen lots for nothing in some by-street or lane. We should be gainers by refusing the latter and securing the former."

Most heartily I rejoice that a brighter day begins to dawn upon us. We have learned to take the advice of Asbury: "If we want to catch fish we must go where they are, or where they will be likely to come."

BISHOP ASBURY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

"We once heard Bishop Asbury say to a class of young candidates for orders, 'When you go into the pulpit, go from your closets. Leave all your vain speculations and metaphysical reasonings behind. Take with you your hearts full of fresh spring-water from heaven, and preach Christ crucified and the resurrection, and that will conquer the world.'"—*J. B. Finley.*

BISHOP ASBURY'S PUNCTUALITY.

It is well known to those who recollect Bishop Asbury that he was remarkable for his precision, punctuality, and method. He never so far forgot himself as to offer frivolous excuses

for delinquency. "Do everything at the time," was a rule he most scrupulously observed.

In 1803 Bishop Asbury was in New-York. An appointment to preach at eight o'clock in the evening was made for him in the house in Methodist-Alley. The bishop was there precisely at the time, and ready to begin; but it was half-past eight before the house was lighted and the people assembled. He began the meeting, as usual, by singing and prayer. He then named his text, finished his introduction, and was upon the first general division of his discourse when the clock struck nine. He paused a moment, closed his Bible, and made the following observations: "The meeting was appointed at eight o'clock: I was here at the time, and ready to begin; but the preachers were not here, nor the people. It is now time to dismiss." He then prayed and pronounced the benediction.

BISHOP ASBURY'S LOVE FOR THE ITINERANCY.

An earthly Eden, a domestic Paradise, would have had no charms for him: a splendid mansion, surrounded by shrubbery the most beautiful—trees, with their rich foliage, and branches filled with the songsters of heaven, making the air reverberate with melody—would have been no temptation to him to settle down. The itinerancy was "the element in which he lived, and moved, and had his being."

During the Revolutionary war, when he was obliged to remain concealed at the house of his friend, Thomas White, Esq., in Delaware, he was as unhappy as a bird confined to its cage; but when the period arrived that he could again ride his hard, large circuit he felt like a prisoner set free, and with joy again entered upon his work, "going to and fro," while "knowledge was increased."

He was at a certain time in Lynn, Massachusetts, at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Johnson, where he had all that heart could desire to make him comfortable and happy. The

family were all attention to their distinguished guest; but he was not at home. If the mariner sings

"My home is on the deep,"

the bishop could sing

"My home is when I'm travelling."

In the dwelling of Mr. Johnson he grew weary in a few days, and exclaimed, "To move, move, seems to be my life. I now lament that I did not set off with the young men to the province of Maine."

BISHOP ASBURY'S REGARD FOR CHILDREN.

The bishop made himself the friend of children wherever he went. When he entered a family he would pay special attention to them, and secure their affections. They would always be glad to see him. A little boy saw him coming toward the house: he ran to his mother, and said, "I wish I had my clean clothes on, for I know when Father Asbury comes in he will hug me up."

BISHOP ASBURY AND PUNCH.

In the year 1788, as Bishop Asbury was on his way to the city of Charleston, S. C., in passing through the parish of St——'s, he chanced to fall in with a coloured man belonging to Col. W., whose name was Punch. When the bishop drove up the negro was sitting on the bank of a creek, fishing, and carelessly whistling a jig tune. Punch's character had been bad; he was wholly irreligious—probably not knowing what the word religion meant. The bishop stopped his horse when he reached the coloured man, and entered into conversation with him. His first question was, "Punch, do you ever pray?" To this the reply was, "No, sir." With that the bishop alighted, secured his horse, and seated himself beside Punch, who was by this time considerably alarmed, and

commenced speaking kindly and earnestly to him on the subject of his soul's salvation. He told him of the dangers of sin, of the shortness of life, and of the dreadful day of judgment; pointing out to him, in a few words, the Gospel way of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and entreated him to repent, and call upon God for mercy. By this time Punch was greatly affected, and tears had began to roll down his swarthy cheeks. The bishop then sung several verses of that beautiful hymn commencing with these words:—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," &c.

He then prayed with Punch, bade him an affectionate farewell, and saw and heard no more of him for twenty or twenty-five years. After this time Punch obtained leave to visit the bishop; and came sixty or seventy miles on foot, to Charleston, during Bishop Asbury's last visit to that city. What a meeting that must have been!

But to resume the thread of our narrative. After the bishop left him, Punch was filled with a new and soul-stirring train of thoughts. He drew up his fishing-line, and set out homeward. The spirit of all grace was at work in the depths of the poor black man's soul; and to use his own language when afterward relating the scene, "I been tink 'fore I got home Punch be gone to hell." However, he faithfully followed the directions of his spiritual instructor, and gave himself to earnest and continual prayer for the pardon of sins, until, after a few days, he was brought happily to "the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through faith in Christ."

Blessed economy of Gospel salvation, which reaches, in its adaptions to human nature, the lowest, the farthest gone from light and life: which, by the accompanying energies of spiritual power, renders vital and efficacious the passing words of Christian instruction!

No man could be expected to keep all these things concealed in his bosom. Forthwith Punch began to talk about

the soul, and salvation, and the hope of heaven, to his fellow-servants. It was a strange tale to them, but not an idle tale. Many became thoughtful about their souls, and resorted frequently to Punch for instruction as to what they should do to be saved. The little leaven worked. One and another, praying to God for light and mercy, was brought to know Christ in the manifestation of the spirit; the circle widened, until crowds would gather around the cabin doors of Punch for religious conversation and prayers.

All this, of course, could not pass without the notice of the overseer, who felt himself called on to put down "this way." Being thus restricted, Punch could only speak privately, and in his own house, to a few friends who were awakened to the interest of their souls. One night he heard the overseer call him. As a few had met in his house for prayer, he went out anticipating rough consequences; but to his astonishment he found the overseer prostrate on the ground, crying to God for mercy on his soul. "Punch," said he, "will you pray for me?" Punch did so; and, as he used to relate the circumstance afterward, he said: "I cry, I pray, I shout, I beg de Lord hear. Presently de oberseer he rise; he throw he arms around me; he tank God, and den he tank Punch!"

This overseer shortly after joined the Church, became an exhorter, and after some time a preacher!

Thus the way of this faithful negro was opened to more extensive usefulness among his fellows, and for several years he continued as he had begun, exhorting and encouraging all around him to serve God. After some years his master died. In the settlement of the estate Punch passed to Colonel A., of the parish of A. Thus he was thrown into a new field, and into it he carried the same "blameless walk and conversation," and the same desire to do good to the souls of his fellow-servants. In 1836, at the special solicitation of planters of that particular section of country, a missionary was sent to their plantations from the South

Carolina Conference. The writer of this article was honoured with the appointment. On my reaching the plantation where Punch lived, I found between two and three hundred persons under his supervision whom he had gathered into a kind of society; many of whom, upon further acquaintance, I found truly pious and consistent. I was much interested on my first visit to the old veteran.

Just before I reached his house I met a herdsman, and asked him if there was any preacher on the plantation. "O yes, Massa; de old bushup lib here!" Said I, "Is he a good preacher?" "O yes," was the reply; "he word burn we heart!"

He showed me the house. I knocked at the door, and heard approaching footsteps, and the sound of a cane upon the floor. The door opened, and I saw before me, leaning on a staff, a hoary-headed black man, with palsied limbs but a smiling face. He looked at me a moment in silence; then, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he said, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" I was confused. He asked me to take a seat, and I found in the following remarks the reason of his exclamation. Said he, "I have many children in this place. I have felt for some time past that my end was nigh. I have looked around to see who might take my place when I am gone. I could find none. I felt unwilling to die and leave them so, and have been praying to God to send some one to take care of them. The Lord has sent you, my child; I am ready to go." Tears coursed freely down his time-shrivelled, yet smiling face. I was overwhelmed.

This interview gave me much encouragement. He had heard of the application for a missionary, and only wanted to live long enough to see his face. After this I had several interviews with him, from which I learned his early history. I always found him contented and happy. In the lapse of a short time afterward he was taken ill, and

lingered a few days. On Sabbath morning he told me he should die that day. He addressed affecting words to the people who crowded around his dying bed. The burden of his remarks—the theme of his soul—was, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He applied these words to himself, and continued his address to the last moment; and death gently stole his spirit away while saying, "Let thy servant depart in peace—let-let-le!"

His mistress sent for me to preach his funeral sermon. The corpse was decently shrouded, and the coffin was carried to the house of worship. I looked upon the face of the cold clay: the departed spirit had left the impress of Heaven upon it. Could I be at a loss for a text? I read out of the Gospel, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

What a field for reflection does this account open before the mind! How all-comprising, world-redeeming, are the energies of Gospel grace. Here was a poor, unlettered, outcast negro, of bad character, dug out of the ruins of sin, —washed, redeemed, disenthralled, made respectable;—made an instrument of good to hundreds—is it saying too much, looking to remote consequences, to add—thousands? and at last, gathering up his feet in peaceful death, carried from the low condition of a rice-field slave by angels into Abraham's bosom! Is any achievement in the world too difficult for such a Gospel?

Again: what a lesson does this whole history afford to Asbury's sons! Calumny has attempted to blacken the character of that great and good man. But behold him a *true* successor of the apostles! "instant in season and out of season;" halting on his journey to converse with and pray for an unknown black man; preaching—with what glorious success let the foregoing account attest—Jesus, and him crucified, in the highways and hedges! What a glorious harvest sprung up from that handful of seed, dropped casually by the wayside!

May we, to whom the providence of God has so signally opened a door to the coloured population of this country, "be instant in season and out of season," ready to improve every occasion of doing good to the souls of our fellow-men, bought with the precious blood of Christ, and on their way to the doom of an eternity!—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

BISHOP ASBURY AND REV. WILLIAM BURKE.

In 1792, at the Western Conference, after the examination of the character of William Burke, and before he retired, Bishop Asbury said, "Brother Burke has accomplished two important things during the past year—he has defeated the O'Kelleyites, and has married a wife."

Mr. Burke was the first preacher who travelled in the West after marrying, for to *marry* and to *locate* were then synonymous. No provision at this time was made for the support of preachers' wives, and therefore there was poor encouragement for preachers to marry, and still poorer encouragement for any one to be united in matrimony to the preachers.

BISHOP ASBURY AND PRIMITIVE METHODIST SIMPLICITY.

The bishop was anxious that the Methodists should "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing." He was jealous of every departure from primitive simplicity, therefore he would frequently call their attention to the "old land-marks."

"Shortly after the new church was opened in Eutaw-street, Baltimore, Bishop Asbury preached a plain, close sermon in said church. It was his first sermon in the new edifice. His text was, 'Seeing, then, that we have such hope, we use great plainness of speech.' The discourse was plain and powerful. He expressed a fear that the Baltimoreans were departing from the simplicity of the Gospel; he reproved

them in the spirit of a father, and raised his voice and cried aloud, 'Come back! come back! come back!' raising his voice higher at every repetition. His looks are still imprinted on my mind, and the solemn words, 'Come back! come back! come back!' still seem to sound in my ears. There, under that pulpit, rest in peace the ashes of the good old bishop.

"If he were to start into life again, and take that pulpit, would he not have cause to repeat the cry, 'Come back!' still louder? But it is not likely that those who will not hear Jesus and his apostles would be persuaded though Asbury rose from the dead!"—*Rev. Henry Smith.*

BISHOP ASBURY AMONG THE LOG-CABINS AND IN THE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE.

The following beautiful reminiscences of the venerated Asbury are from the pen of the late James Quinn, and were inserted in his Life by Rev. J. F. Wright. Mr. Quinn entitled the chapter, "Bishop Asbury among the Log-Cabins."

"I once had the pleasure of accompanying Bishop Asbury ten days on one of his western tours through the then infant state of Ohio, in the days of log-cabins; and they were not such unsightly things, if coon and wild-cat skins were hanging round the walls, and deer-horns strewed over the roof, and wild turkeys' wings sticking about in the cracks; for they were, with few exceptions, the best dwellings in the land. Well, in many of these we met a smiling welcome, and were most hospitably entertained, and the good bishop always made himself pleasant and cheerful with the families, so that they soon forgot all embarrassment, and appeared as easy in their feelings as if they had received the bishop into ceiled and carpetted parlours, as some of them had in the old states. Some of them were very neat and clean, and fitted up in good taste, which showed that if madam could not play on the pianoforte she had taken lessons from Israel's wise king, and knew well how to look to the affairs of her house if it

was a cabin. It must be confessed, however, that all were not so; for it was our sad lot to fall in with one or two that were miserably filthy, and fearfully infested with vermin. This was a heavy tax on the feelings of the poor bishop; for he had as fair, and as clear, and thin a skin as ever came from England, and in him the sense of smelling and tasting were most exquisite. But, dear souls, they were as kind as you please, and the bishop did not hurt their feelings, but prayed for them, and talked kindly to them. Many of them have got better houses since that time, have made good improvements, and their daughters have come out quite polished. But we got to quarterly meeting, for he was passing my district, and a most blessed season we had: sinners awakened, souls converted, believers quickened, backsliders reclaimed. O, the Master of assemblies was with us of a truth! Quarterly-meeting conference came on. 'Well, Mr. Asbury, you will attend with us and preside?' 'No, son,' was the reply, 'let every man stand in his lot and do his part of the work; when you shall have got through your business let me know, and I will come and see you.' So we went to business pretty expeditiously, expecting an address from the bishop. We had no long, tough speeches, and those repeated; but went through, and brought our business to a close in due time, and sent a messenger to inform him that we were ready to receive him. He came, took the chair, and after a short pause commenced taking notice of the infancy of the state, the infancy of the Church, the toils and privations, the trials and temptations peculiar to such a state of things, and the great necessity of watchfulness and prayer, and diligent attendance on the means of grace, both public and private. He spoke of his own toils, cares, and anxieties with some emotion—of the great and glorious extension and spread of the work of God in the east and south, also in the west and and south-west, both among the Methodists and other Christian people. He spoke with much feeling. 'But the quarterly conference—the importance of this branch of our eccle-

siastical economy—"*to hear complaints, to receive and try appeals*," and thus guard the rights and privileges of the membership against injury from an incorrect administration; to try, and even expel, preachers, deacons, and elders; to examine, license, and recommend to office in the local department; to recommend for admission into the travelling connexion persons as possessing grace, gifts, and usefulness for the great and important work of the Gospel ministry; surely you will see and feel the highly responsible station which you fill as members of this body. We send you our sons in the Gospel to minister to you the word of life, and watch over your souls as they that must give account. That they may become men, men of God and even fathers among you, help them in their great work; and that you may help them understandingly, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest your excellent Discipline: it is plain, simple, and Scriptural. It is true, speculative minds may find or make difficulties where there are none. [I am not ashamed to confess that I learned something during this lecture that I thought well worth taking care of.] But a few words about your manner of living at the present. You are now in your log-cabins, and busily engaged in clearing out your lands. Well, think nothing of this. I have been a man of cabins for these many years, and I have been lodged in many a cabin as clean and sweet as a palace; and I have slept on many coarse, hard beds, which have been as clean and as sweet as water and soap could make them, and not a flea nor a bug to annoy. [Here I had to hang my head. Dear old gentleman, he had not forgotten the night when he could get no sleep.] Keep,' said the bishop, 'the whiskey-bottle out of your cabins, away far from your premises. Never fail in the offering up of the morning and evening sacrifice with your families. Keep your cabins clean, for your healths' sake and for your souls' sake, [put this to your wives and daughters;] for there is no religion in dirt, and filth, and fleas. But,' said he, 'of this no more. If you do not

wish the Lord to forsake your cabin, do not forsake his; you will lose nothing, but be gainers, even in temporal things, by going and taking your household with you, even on a week day; you cannot all have Sabbath preaching. It is time we close the evening service.' A few words more in commending us to God and the word of his grace, and then what a prayer!—how spiritual, how fervent, how fully adapted to the state of the country and the Church as they then were! Truly it might be said he was mighty in prayer."

BISHOP ASBURY'S REPROOF TO CONFERENCE SPEECH-MAKERS.

There is a class of men in almost every conference who monopolize the talking. They must discuss every question—throw light on every subject. They consume much time, and often on subjects that are unimportant.

After a number of long speeches had been made, on one occasion, in the Baltimore Conference, the Rev. John W. Bond arose to make a few remarks. One who had been speaking on the other side interrupted him, intimating that brother Bond knew nothing on the subject. It was at the time he was the travelling companion of Bishop Asbury. The venerable bishop called the brother to order for interrupting the speaker, and said, in his emphatic manner, "Let my boy alone: he never rises to speak unless he has something to say."

This was not only a commendation of brother Bond, who seldom spoke, but a rebuke to those who are forever speech-making, whether they have anything to say or not.

It reminds me of General Erastus Root, (for many years Speaker of the House at Albany,) who was himself a distinguished statesman and orator. Some one inquired of him what were the qualifications for a popular and successful speaker. He said there were only two: "First, be sure you have something to say before you rise up; the second is,

after you have said it, sit down." Well it would be if the speakers in our halls of legislation and in our ecclesiastical bodies would learn these rules and practise them!

BISHOP ASBURY'S REGARD FOR THE SHEEP OF THE WILDERNESS.

In 1810 Bishop Asbury visited an obscure part of the western country (Kanawha) which was then a wilderness, and he pleasantly told the Rev. Thomas S. Hinde that he had visited the region in order that the people might see and know their superintendent; remarking, "The shepherd ought to know the flock, and the flock the shepherd: they ought to know what man it is that governs them, and I have come nearly one hundred miles out of my way to see them." No wonder the writer exclaims, "O Asbury, the inhabitants of these hills and mountains will long make mention of thee!"

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE APPOINTMENTS OF PREACHERS.

At the annual conference held in Chillicothe, Ohio, October, 1812, Bishop Asbury said to the preachers, "Brethren, if any of you have anything peculiar in your circumstances that should be known to the superintendent in making your appointment, if you will drop me a note I will, as far as compatible with the great interests of the Church, endeavour to accommodate you." J. B. Finley had a great desire to go west, because his kindred lived in that direction, and it would be pleasant to be near them; so he wrote a polite note to the bishop, requesting to be sent westward. No attention was paid to his request; and when the appointment was read, instead of hearing his name announced in connexion with some western appointment, he was sent one

hundred miles further east. "To this," he says, "I responded 'Amen;' and after the adjournment of conference I said to the bishop, 'If that is the way you answer prayers, I think you will get no more prayers from me.' 'Well,' said the bishop, smiling and stroking my head, 'be a good son in the Gospel, James, and all things will work together for good.'" Mr. Finley adds, "I have found that those who are most in the habit of praying for appointments are those who are generally most disappointed; for if their prayers were answered it would be against the prayers of the whole Churches who pray to be delivered from them."—*Auto-Biography.*

BISHOP ASBURY AND HIS PORTRAIT.

Those who look at the portrait of the venerable apostle of Methodism in America will feel an interest in knowing how it was secured. It is known that many men are greatly averse to having their portraits taken. Bishop Asbury was among the number.

In 1812 the General Conference passed a resolution requesting the bishop to sit for his likeness, to be drawn by a portrait painter of Philadelphia. The conference adjourned, and the bishop, instead of complying with their request, fled from the city into parts unknown; and the secretary found it necessary to write a letter of apology to the artist, stating the reluctance of the bishop to have his portrait painted.

The Rev. Thomas E. Bond informs us how the brethren in Baltimore succeeded in securing his likeness. They overcame him in a peculiar manner. They approached the bishop where he was vulnerable, and he surrendered. Dr. Bond visited the Baltimore Conference in the Monumental city March, 1854, and gives us the following in the Christian Advocate and Journal:—

"It had long been desired to procure a portrait of Bishop Asbury, and they (the principal lay brethren in Light-street Church, Baltimore) were to hold a conference to agree upon

the ways and means of attaining the object. Now, unlike other committees of ways and means, their discussions and plans had no reference whatever to money. Perhaps there was no one of this council who was not both able and willing to bear all the expense of the great enterprise in contemplation. The only difficulty arose from the doubtful safety of him who should propose it to the bishop. He was a keen discerner of men's spirits; could interpret not only words, but the slightest gesture or emotion in the speaker; had little patience with human vanities, and was known to hold it as no slight indication of vanity for a man to have his likeness painted for the benefit of posterity. Some side influences had been brought to bear upon him before, in reference to getting his portrait; but he let down his enormous eyebrows, and looked upon the proposers with such a withering glance, that they felt the commencing process of an evaporation which threatened annihilation, and they escaped for their lives.

"Under such circumstances, the venerable council of Baltimore elders assembled, and were astounded by a declaration of their brother M'Cannon, that he would ask the bishop to sit to a portrait painter then in the city. Heretofore, in all their consultations, they had been like the rats who desired to have a bell on the cat to give them notice of the stealthy approaches of the common enemy, but none were willing to undertake the service; and now, when one of their most cautious and judicious brethren announced his purpose to brave all the dangers of the experiment, they came at once to the conclusion of James Boswell's father, who could not otherwise account for his son's dancing attendance on old Dictionary Johnson than by supposing him insane. 'Jamy's clean daft,' said the poor old laird; and the brethren were tempted to think brother Jamy M'Cannon 'clean daft' too. However, they agreed to leave the whole management of the affair with the projector, each right glad to escape his portion of the responsibility.

"The Baltimore Conference was in session. Many of the preachers had travelled in the mountainous districts of the Far West, as it was then called, but actually lying, for the most part, east of the Ohio River. We look now for the Far West to the shores of the Pacific. The preachers from the then Far West, however, were generally very poorly clad. Mr. Asbury was domiciled at his friend M'Cannon's, who was a merchant tailor, and had been very successful in his business. The bishop had to pass through the front shop in entering the house. He had been greatly depressed by the sad equipment of many of his pioneers for the ensuing year. As he passed through the shop, his friend M'Cannon said to him: 'Brother Asbury, here is a piece of black velvet which I was thinking I would make up for the preachers, for some of them seem to be in great need.' 'Ah, James,' said the bishop, 'that would be doing a good thing, if you can afford it!' 'O yes, I can afford it; but I expect to be paid a good price for it,' said Mr. M. 'Price!' said the bishop, letting down those terrible eyebrows; 'if it is price you are after it is not worth while to talk any more about it;' and was about to pass on. 'Come, come, brother Asbury,' said his friend M., 'you can pay my price and be none the poorer for it.' 'Why, how is that?' said the bishop. 'Just this,' answered his friend: 'if you will sit to a painter for your portrait, I will give the piece of velvet to the preachers, and have it made up for them besides.' 'Ah, James,' said the bishop, 'I believe you 've got me now!' and passed on to the parlour. The first sketch was taken the same afternoon, and brother M'Cannon immortalized himself in the eyes of his brethren of the council." For further particulars, see page 469.

BISHOP ASBURY AND TOM JENKINS.

Soon after Mr. Asbury was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he had occasion to cross the Blue Ridge from the western part of North Carolina to Tennessee.

Nearly one whole day was spent in wandering among the ravines in the neighbourhood of the mountain, and several times in the course of the day he found himself completely bewildered. His intention was to reach a cottage near the top of the mountain, where men of his own order were wont to resort; but the shadow of the mountain, as it lengthened over the vale, proclaimed the close of day, and admonished him that he must seek for entertainment among strangers, or else consent to spend the night in the deep and lonely recesses of a strange forest.

In vain he looked out for a cottage where he might spend the night. No opening field appeared—no curling smoke ascended—no woodman's axe resounded—all was silent and solitary! He pressed his jaded pony, but night soon spread its sable curtains around him. About this time the night-owl set up a hideous scream, which almost caused the bishop's hair to stand erect. To this responded the dismal howling of wolves in every direction, which so wrought upon his apprehensions that he easily imagined them standing upon every rock that overlooked his road; and, to heighten the horror of the scene, he distinctly heard at a short distance from the road the shrieks of a panther, which thrilled through his whole soul. Again he urged on his pony; but the whip only extorted a heavy and jaded trot. As he cast his eyes around him everything seemed to have put on the aspect of woe, and every sound inspired melancholy. The roaring of the distant waterfall, the rippling of the small rill, as its sportive waters leaped from rock to rock, —the cry of the whippoorwill and the sighing of the evening breeze,—all contributed to deepen the gloom in which his mind was already involved. He often looked to the right hand and to the left, hoping that some cottage fire might arrest his eye; but all was a dense forest.

As he slowly ascended from one of the deep ravines, he fancied he saw in the distance a light from some dwelling; but it only blazed for a moment, and then disappeared.

A moment after, one solid column of fire seemed to gush as from the crater of some volcano, widening as it sped its way through the apparently cloudless sky, and blazing in fearful grandeur around the tall peaks of the mountain. This was succeeded by one long, loud, and deafening peal of thunder, which convinced the bishop that a dreadful thunder-storm was at hand. For an hour the storm raged fearfully. The oft-reiterated peals of thunder, as they broke in angry tones from the clouds, and reverberated among the hills—the lurid coruscations of the lightning—the torrents of rain that fell, with the bending and breaking of many a sturdy tree—made it one of the most fearful scenes the bishop had ever witnessed. But the storm passed by, and through the mercy of God he was yet spared, and pursued his course.

But he had not proceeded far when suddenly his pony halted, pricked up his ears, and stood still. "Mercy!" ejaculated the bishop, "what now!" He applied his whip; but his horse was not to be moved. He attempted to turn him round, (for manly courage now gave way to the wildest apprehensions,) but the beast stood as if bound by a spell of enchantment. For a moment the bishop was held in fearful suspense, and then a noise was heard near by, at which the affrighted horse wheeled round, and bounded off with the agility of a buck, leaving the bishop flat in the middle of the road. But the worst was now over; for he distinctly heard human voices, to which he hastily called, and received a friendly answer. They proved to be those of two young men who had been hunting in the course of the day, and had wandered far from home. They had killed a deer, which they were carrying home. Wearied with their load, they had lain down to rest. At first they rudely laughed at the bishop's manifest excitement; but finding his horse had left him, they evinced sympathy, and assisted to catch him. He asked permission to go home with them, which was granted. It was

not long before they reached the end of their journey. It was a little log-hut buried in the recess of the mountains, and on every side stood huge battlements of rocks. A rail-pen secured his horse till morning. The old people were found to be plain and simple-hearted. A very rough supper was procured, on which the bishop hastily regaled himself. After supper he proposed they should have prayers. All was still as the house of death. He took out a pocket Bible, from which he read a chapter aloud; and then, kneeling down, offered up a devout prayer, in which he ardently petitioned for the welfare of the family, &c. During prayer the old man stood back at the door, with a little urchin on each side holding fast to his clothes; the old dame stood close up in the corner of the great wooden chimney, with two little ones—one in her arms, and the other by the hand. The other children all ran under the bed; and the two young men who had conducted him to the house both left, and were not seen again until morning. The next morning the bishop proposed preaching there soon, as there were no churches in that part of the country. Silence gave consent; so he appointed a day, and then pursued his journey.

The day for preaching arrived; the bishop appeared, when lo! the mountain-land seemed to have poured forth all its sturdy population to witness the truly novel circumstance of a bishop preaching at the house of OLD MR. JENKINS. Ere he got within a mile of the place he heard the sharp cracking of rifles, the sound of the huntsman's horn, the occasional cry of the hounds, and hearty laughter from many a sturdy mountaineer. Suffice it to say that during service they were still,—the word was not without effect. To cut the matter short, in less than twelve months a Methodist Church was organized in that place, including nearly all of Mr. Jenkins's family. Next year a conference was held not two hundred miles from the spot. On arriving, the bishop was not a little surprised to see several healthy-looking mountaineers, with their rifles on their shoulders; and

among them he recognised the features of Tom Jenkins, one of the young men who conducted him home that memorable night of his sad bewilderment in the mountains. Tom had applied for a circuit, and his simplicity and goodness convinced the bishop he might be useful, so he sent him to a circuit far down the country. Here we lose sight of our young hero for three years, after which he appears in conference almost as fine as a bird of paradise. He and the bishop boarded at the same house. During the first evening the bishop was busily engaged in poring over some old documents. Tom spent most of the evening in conversation with Miss Ann Nettleton, who, by-the-by, was prone to dwell very largely on the sublime. In the course of the evening Tom remarked that the cross to be sustained by an itinerant preacher was very great, as he must necessarily deny himself all the pleasures of a comfortable home, and not unfrequently be thrust into very rude society, &c. After some time the bishop, dropping his pen, turned round, and addressed Tom as follows: "Well, Tommy, I am glad to see you once more." Then, turning to the rest of the company, he said, "I shall always love brother Tommy. He was a good boy as far as he knew how. The first time I ever saw him, he took me home one dark, rainy night and treated me well. He had little idea then of ever being a preacher—when I went to prayers he ran out of doors. The hospitality of his father's house I shall never forget; when going there I always expected mush and milk of a superior quality. O!" continued the bishop, "the life of an itinerant is one of toil; but *for my own part* I have never sustained many privations by it." It is said this modest reproof had a most happy effect on Tommy, as he never afterward made much complaint of the uncouth manners of the people, or his great sacrifices in the cause of religion.*—*S. W. Virginian.*

*The name of Jenkins is fictitious, but the facts are said to have occurred as related.

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE LOVE-FEAST.

Bishop Asbury having travelled hard through a western wilderness to reach a quarterly meeting on his way to conference, was unusually tempted at not having seen for some time any direct evidence of his success in the conversion of souls. He felt inclined to believe that his mission had expired, and that he had better retire from the work.

With this depression of spirit he entered the love-feast on Sabbath morning, in a rude log-chapel in the woods, and took his seat unknown to any in the back part of the congregation. After the usual preliminary exercises had been gone through with by the preacher, an opportunity was given for the relation of Christian experience. One after another testified of the saving grace of God, and occasionally a verse of some hymn was sung, full of rich and touching melody. The tide of religious feeling was rising and swelling in all hearts, when a lady rose whose plain but exceedingly neat attire indicated that she was a Methodist. Her voice was full and clear, though slightly tremulous. She had travelled many miles to the meeting, and her feelings would not allow her to repress her testimony. She remarked that she had not long been a follower of Christ. "Two years ago," said she, "I was attracted to a Methodist meeting in our neighbourhood by being informed that Bishop Asbury was going to preach. I went, and the spirit sealed the truth he uttered on my heart. I fled to Jesus and found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of my sins, and have been happy in his love ever since.

> "'Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
> Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes.'"

She sat down, and, ere the responses which her remarks had awakened in all parts of the house had died away, Bishop Asbury was on his feet. He commenced by remarking that

"he was a stranger and pilgrim, halting on his way for rest and refreshment in the house of God, and that he had found both; and," said he, with uplifted hands, while the tears of joy coursed each other freely down his face, "if I can only be instrumental in the conversion of one soul in travelling round the continent, I'll travel round it till I die."—*J. B. Finley.*

This touching incident is full of instruction. The great and the good are powerfully tempted as well as others. We should not have wondered to hear of some young minister—not only young in years but young in experience—despairing of success, and feeling like retiring from the work; but from the laborious, persevering, and successful Asbury we should expect no such thing.

But bishops are liable to temptation as well as the youngest preacher, and the preacher as well as the private member. Ministers are "men of like passions" with others, and subject to temptation. "This treasure is committed to earthen vessels."

Ministers should not despair of success because of the want of visible fruit. Duty is ours—results belong to God. Fruit does not always appear immediately. We are to cast our bread upon the waters, expecting to find it after many days. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper." We also see in this incident the benefit of relating religious experience. Had it not been for this, the bishop might not have heard of his success, and might have suffered long under his powerful temptation. That testimony broke the spell, and inspired him with new courage.

BISHOP ASBURY ON THE MARRIAGE OF PREACHERS.

"At the Baltimore Conference, held in Alexandria, D. C., in 1804, Samuel Monnet made application to be received on trial. One of the preachers said, 'He is married.'

Mr. Asbury replied, 'What of that? Perhaps he is the better for it. Better take preachers well married than be at the trouble of marrying them after you get them.'"—*Rev. Henry Smith.*

A half century has rolled away since the wise, far-seeing Asbury uttered this sentiment; and the history of the Church, as well as the observation of the thinking, confirms the wisdom of the remark.

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE REV. JAMES QUINN.

In 1803 Rev. James Quinn, of the Ohio Conference, consulted Bishop Asbury in accordance with that rule of Discipline,—"Take no step toward marriage without first consulting your brethren." The interview with the bishop resulted in the following dialogue. The bishop first pleasantly inquired, "How old are you?" "Twenty-eight years." [That is a proper age for a Methodist preacher to take that important step.] "How long have you been in the work?" "Four years." "Then you have elder's orders?" "Yes, sir." All this is proper. When men enter their probation they have ministerial characters to form, and ministerial talents to exhibit to the satisfaction of the Church. Prudence says that they ought to form that character and exhibit those talents before they take that important step. But few novices have ministerial weight sufficient to justify them in bringing the expense of a wife and family on the Church. The people will feel, and they will make the men feel, and the dear sister of sixteen will feel too. Besides, in green age men do not always select such women as the apostle says the wives of deacons and elders must be—such as may be wholesome examples of the flock of Christ.

"Well, how now?—locate?" "No, sir; that is not my intention." "Very well; I supposed your call was not out. Some men marry fortunes, and go to take care of them; some men marry wives, and go to make fortunes for them;

and thus when for the time we should have age and experience in the ministry, we have youth and inexperience; and such have charge—this not of choice but of necessity. We must do the best we can."—*Rev. James Quinn.*

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE INQUISITIVE LADY.

"In September, 1810," says the Rev. James Quinn, "Bishop Asbury and myself crossed over the Ohio into Belpre, and were kindly received and lodged at the house of Squire B. Our hostess was an intelligent old lady from the land of steady habits, who had heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and was greatly delighted in seeing and conversing with the Methodist bishop. But O, her regrets on account of the great privations on coming to the West! 'Yonder we had such fine meeting-houses, comfortable pews, organs, and such delightful singing! and then, O such charming preachers! O, bishop, you can't tell,' &c. 'Yes, yes,' said the bishop; 'old Connecticut for all the world!—

> 'A fine house and a high steeple,
> A learn'd priest and a gay people.'

But where shall we look for Gospel simplicity and purity? Let us go back to the days of the pilgrim fathers.'

"'Well, bishop, whom are you going to send us next year? I hope you will send us a very good preacher.'

"'Send you a good preacher?'

"'Yes, sir; don't you send them where you please?'

"It was evident that the bishop was disposed to waive the subject, upon which one present said, 'Madam, I'll tell you how it is: we send *him*, and tell *him* to send us; and then, besides, he must come and see us: for he must travel at large, and oversee the whole work, and must not stop without our leave.'

"'Indeed! Well, well, well! Now I guess I understand it better. Bishop, where do you live?'

"'No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,—
A poor wayfaring man.'

"At this the old lady appeared much surprised; and so the conversation closed."

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE ALMOND-NUTS.

The Rev. Abner Chase gives a description of a scene which shows what kind of a heart beat in the bosom of Francis Asbury—that he was grateful for the smallest favours, and had learned "in everything to give thanks:"—

"In 1810, as Bishop Asbury was on his way to attend the first session of the Genesee Conference, accompanied by Daniel Hitt, Henry Boehm, and several other preachers, he called and spent a few days with us at a camp-meeting on Delaware circuit, where I was then stationed. From this meeting I accompanied them for a day or two, being acquainted with the geography of that part of the country. It was in the heat of summer, and after travelling until man and beast were weary and needed refreshment, we knew of no friendly family on whom we might call; for Methodists in that country were then 'few and far between,' and I did not know that any of our company had money sufficiently plenty to justify our calling at a public-house. Riding on slowly and faint, we came to a wood, when the bishop ordered a halt. When all had dismounted, and our beasts were nipping the stinted growth of grass by the wayside, the bishop announced that under the seat of his two-wheeled chair, on which he rode, he had a few almond-nuts, and directed that they should be taken out and spread upon the trunk of a fallen tree. When this was done he devoutly asked a blessing thereon, and we were all invited to share in the repast. When we had finished our dinner we started on again, the bishop appearing as cheerful as though he had dined at some richly-furnished table."

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE CRUST OF BREAD.

"As Bishop Asbury and I were travelling through the woods, we would often stop to refresh both man and beast. The bishop would sit down by a spring of water, take a crust of bread from his pocket, and ask a blessing over it with as much solemnity and gratitude as he would over a table spread with the richest and most plentiful provision. Blessed man! many a time it drew tears from my eyes when I witnessed it; and often, since the good bishop has gone to feast in Paradise, I have wept as I have thought upon it."—*Rev. H. Boehm.*

BISHOP ASBURY ON THE DIFFERENT GENERATIONS OF METHODISTS.

"Bishop Asbury came to a camp-meeting in Ohio on a Saturday in 1814, in company with his travelling companion, the Rev. J. W. Bond. No sooner was it known that he had arrived than there was a general move toward him. All seemed to be anxious to see a bishop, and they pressed around him so closely that it was difficult to get into the preachers' tent. After he was housed, the people crowded around the door by hundreds. He remarked to me, on witnessing the curiosity of the people, 'You might as well have an elephant in your camp as to have me.' It seemed to annoy him to have them gazing at him in such numbers; and, to relieve him, I requested them to retire from the tent, and said that the bishop would preach for them, perhaps, the next day, when they all could have an opportunity of seeing and hearing him.

"Brother Bond, his travelling companion, desiring to visit his friends at Urbana, I took charge of the bishop, and made him as comfortable as circumstances would allow. On the Sabbath the bishop preached, and the vast concourse had an

opportunity of judging for themselves in regard to the ability of the Methodist prelate.

"That day the Gospel was preached in demonstration of the spirit and power of God. During the meeting many were converted, and joined the Church. At the close of the meeting I started, with the bishop, for Springfield, where we arrived on Tuesday afternoon. We stopped with a Methodist family. As we passed through the parlours we saw the daughter and some other young ladies dressed very gaily. The daughter was playing on the piano, and as we moved through the room we doubtless elicited from those fashionable young ladies some remarks about the rusticity of our appearance; and the wonder was doubtless excited, Where on earth could these old country codgers have come from? The bishop took his seat, and presently in came the father and mother of the young lady. They spoke to the bishop, and then followed the grandfather and grandmother.

"When the old lady took the bishop by the hand, he held it, and looking her in the face, while the tear dropped from his eye, he said, 'I was looking to see if I could trace in the lineaments of your face the likeness of your sainted mother. She belonged to the first generation of Methodists. She lived a holy life, and died a most triumphant death. You,' continued the bishop, 'and your husband belong to the second generation of Methodists. Your son and his wife are the third; and that young girl, your granddaughter, represents the fourth. She has learned to dress and play on the piano, and is versed in all the arts of fashionable life, and I presume, at this rate of progress, the *fifth* generation of Methodists will be sent to dancing-school.'

"This was a solemn reproof, and it had a powerful effect upon the grandparents. The first Methodists were a peculiar people in their personal appearance and manners, and could be distinguished at a single glance. Their self-denial led them to the abandonment of all the lusts of the flesh. They were simple-hearted, single-eyed, humble and devoted fol-

lowers of the Saviour. They loved God devotedly, and one another with pure hearts fervently; and, though scoffed at by the world, hated and persecuted by the devil, they witnessed a good profession of godliness and faith."—*Rev. J. B. Finley.*

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE YOUNG MINISTER.

Bishop Asbury did not "mind high things, but condescended to men of low estate." He was the sincere friend of the coloured race; and while he ministered to the spiritual wants of the master, he did not forget the slave. We have seen him conversing with "Punch," and leaving him melted into tears. "I was happy last evening," said the bishop, on one occasion, "with the poor slaves in brother Wells's kitchen, while our *white brother* held a sacramental love-feast up stairs. I must be mindful of the poor. This is the will of God concerning me." No wonder one adds: "To an observer, that house on that evening must have presented a scene of rare interest: the venerable Asbury, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, instructing and encouraging in piety the *slaves in the kitchen*, while the preacher of the station, a young man who had been in the ministry less than six years, and remained less than six more, was holding a sacramental love-feast in the front parlour up stairs!"

BISHOP ASBURY IMPATIENT OF PROFITLESS DISCUSSIONS.

It is a matter of surprise to see old men, gray and wise, wasting time and strength in discussing "trifles light as air" where no principle is at stake: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Bishop Asbury was exceedingly grieved when such an unprofitable discussion occurred.

At a certain time the bishop attended the Virginia Conference, and for hours the preachers discussed some trifling

matter without deciding the question. The bishop suddenly exclaimed, "Strange, that such an affair should occupy for so long the time of so many good men! Religion will do great things, but it does not make Solomons."

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE ECONOMICAL STEWARD.

A certain steward of a circuit, when urged to exert himself to make more ample provision for the support of the preachers, remarked that he had heard Bishop Asbury pray to the Lord to keep the preachers poor! The presiding elder, to whom this was said, replied, that "such a prayer in that place was quite unnecessary, as he and the people would, without any such prompting, see that this was done to perfection!" —*Bangs's History of Methodism.*

The hardships of the preachers were such, and their wants so poorly supplied, that the bishop might have supposed that, if they became wealthy, they would "*desist* from travelling," and the great itinerant work suffer. The bishop did not for a moment entertain the idea of some, which is to "starve the preacher into humility, and pinch him into sanctification."

ASBURY IN THE FAMILY—IN THE BALL-ROOM—AT THE FERRY.

The following is extracted from the "Life of James Quinn:" "In September, 1810, after attending a camp-meeting on my district, Bishop Asbury and I started one morning very early, and called at several farm-houses on the way down the Ohio River, whose inmates were not Methodists, and the good man prayed with them all. Indeed, I have seldom known him to leave a family without prayer, whether they were professors or not; for he was always intent upon doing good.

"At three o'clock he preached in a school-house opposite Blennerhasset's Island; and truly it might be said of the ser-

mon, as I once heard him say of Charnock's great law of consideration, 'It was a dagger to the hilt at every stroke.'

"After preaching we were kindly invited by Colonel Putnam, son of General Putnam, of the Revolution, to the house of his son, Major Putnam, where we were treated with every attention. Some six or eight of the principal men, with their ladies, came in to see and spend the evening with the Methodist bishop. Most of these were Revolutionary men. The conversation of the evening was quite of an interesting character, in which the bishop took a lively part.

"But ever and anon an important religious sentiment was thrown in, or a moral application made, to which the company bowed silent assent, their countenances, in the mean time, showing that the weight was felt. The evening closed with devotional services. The company retired, and we were conducted to our lodgings; and where should we find ourselves but in the splendid ball-room! 'Here,' said the bishop, 'they were wont to worship the devil; but let us worship God.' I was informed that the decree was passed soon after that no more balls were to be held there.

"Next morning we set out for Athens. As we were crossing Little Hockhocking, I said, 'Here, Mr. Asbury, in 1800, the man used to set me over ferriage free, saying he never charged ministers or babes; for if they do no good, they do no harm.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that is not true of ministers; for the minister who does no good does much harm.' We reached Athens on Friday, at noon, and commenced our camp-meeting. It went on well, and closed well on the fourth day; and the bishop left us in good spirits for Chillicothe, having preached two powerful sermons."

ASBURY REDEEMING THE WIDOW'S COW.

The bishop was a man distinguished for universal philanthropy. Like his Master, "he went about doing good." He had an eye to pity, a heart to feel, and a hand to relieve.

Passing through a certain place in Ohio with his travelling companion, the Rev. Henry Boehm, he learned that the cow of a poor widow woman was about to be sold for debt. The people had assembled, and the vendue was about to commence. It was the poor woman's all, and she felt exceedingly grieved. The bishop stopped, and inquired into the circumstances; and, when he heard them, he declared the cow must not be sold. He contributed something himself, and solicited from others enough to pay the debt; and the widow expressed her gratitude, with tears, to the stranger who had compassion upon her in distress, and with joy she drove home her cow.

This little incident shows the bishop's heart was in the right place; that he resembled his Master, who once had compassion on a widow, and all he knew concerning her was her affliction.

ASBURY, THE MONK, AND THE NUNS.

To Mrs. Mary Johnson, of Trenton, I am indebted for this and the following anecdote. In her hospitable mansion she has entertained Bishops Asbury, George, Hedding, and others. Bishop Asbury made his annual tour round his large diocese with the regularity of the seasons; the people looked for him as much as for spring and summer, autumn and winter.

Brother R——'s, in Coventry, Penn., was one of the places where the bishop was in the habit of resting. In this hospitable dwelling he always found a hearty welcome. Their cottage always stood with unlatched door ready to receive him; and their parlour witnessed the hearty welcomes he received. There were three unmarried daughters in the family distinguished for industry, strong common sense, deep and genuine piety, and shrewdness. While they served with Martha's careful hands, they also loved with Mary's heart. They were decided in their Chris-

tian course—"their hearts were fixed." To the question,

> "What now is my object and aim,
> What now is my hope and desire?"

they were ever ready to answer,

> "To follow the heavenly Lamb,
> And after his image aspire."

The bishop had been entertained there several times, so that he felt perfectly at home. One day he came rather unexpectedly, and on entering the house he learned that the family—the girls—were in an upper apartment engaged in sewing. He went up stairs and knocked at the door. When it was opened he inquired, "Is this the room where the nuns stay?" "Yes," said one of the girls, "and where the monks have no business to come."

ASBURY AND HIS FAIR GUIDE.

At another of his annual visits, while stopping at brother R——'s, in Coventry, Bishop Asbury had an appointment to preach a few miles from C., a place where he had never been, and he was unacquainted with the road. One of the daughters proposed accompanying him to point out the way. He did not positively decline, though he would have been better pleased to go alone, and let his fair guide remain at home. It was in the days when men and women rode on horseback; for carriages, wagons, &c., &c., were luxuries but little known and enjoyed. The horses were soon ready. The bishop seated himself upon his faithful animal; and Mary, with the agility of a light horseman, was soon upon the back of the family horse. Side by side they rode toward their place of destination. It was about six miles distant—a poor road, and but seldom travelled. When they were about half-way they came to a creek or

stream of water, the banks of which were rugged, and there was no bridge. The bishop's horse leaped across, and stood safe on the other side. The bishop turned round, and congratulated himself that his guide would be unable to cross the stream, and that he could pursue his journey alone, not caring about a female accompanying him to this new place, where he was a stranger. He said to her, "Mary, you can't do that?" He supposed she would not dare attempt it. But she was used to horses and to riding on horseback. Nothing could intimidate or alarm her. Said she, "I'll try, Frank;" and the horse leaped across in safety with its rider, and the next moment she was alongside of the bishop, and they wended their way to the place of worship, and after the bishop had preached they returned home in safety.

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE SECRETARY.

"At a conference which I attended in 1807," says a writer in the Christian Advocate, "where Bishop Asbury presided, it appeared that some of the preachers had adopted the fashionable mode of wearing their hair. The bishop took occasion, during the session, to lecture us on the subject of conformity to the world, and dwelt particularly on this point. At the close of his address, and when about to take his seat, with his voice a little raised, he said, 'I would as soon these remarks would hit my right-hand man as anybody else.' Dr. C., secretary of the conference, with much composure, grasping the long lock on the top of his head, very respectfully inquired, 'Do you mean me, sir? Does my hair offend you? If so, it shall offend you no longer.' Nothing more was said; but it was evident when the doctor took his seat in the conference in the afternoon that he had been with the barber.

"I have often reflected upon this simple, yet to me interesting incident,—the faithfulness of the bishop, and the ready

acquiescence of the preacher,—and have been led to inquire whether we are as ready now, as formerly, to 'obey those to whom the charge and government over us is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions.'"

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE SOLDIERS.

In 1812 the bishop, on his western tour, came to a camp-meeting near Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa. This was during the war with Great Britain, and there was in the neighbourhood a volunteer company preparing to march to the lines. They sent a request to the camp-ground to be permitted to march there in order, hear a sermon, and then retire. Their request was readily granted. But now the question arose, Who is to preach to the soldiers? and they all desired that the bishop should perform that service; but the old gentleman remarked that, being an Englishman, he had always been suspected of being inimical to the institutions of this country, and even on that western tour he had been insulted on the subject; but if the brethren requested it, he supposed he must do the best he could. Accordingly, some of the seats were set apart for the soldiers, and chairs placed in the aisles for the officers, and they marched to the ground in fine style. The bishop ascended the stand, and now, of course, the ear of the suspicious politician was open to catch something of a political bearing from the old Englishman; but, after singing and prayer, he proceeded to read out his text as follows: "And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages," (Luke iii, 14;) from which he proceeded in a masterly manner to point out the peculiar position of soldiers, and the respective duties of officers and men, and to take them through what might be termed a complete course of military morals.

In conclusion, he addressed them most solemnly and impressively on the shortness of time, and the uncertainty of life under all circumstances; but more especially, as they were about to march to meet the enemy on the battle-field, where some of them must expect to fall, and be suddenly launched into eternity, he urged upon them the great necessity of being prepared for the solemn change. As he concluded he descended from the stand and walked to the altar, and as the officers rose to retire he shook hands with them, bidding them an affectionate and solemn farewell. Altogether, it was one of the most touching and affecting scenes that I ever beheld. If there had been anything like political prejudice or suspicion in the minds of any, it was completely conquered. There were few dry eyes in the vast assembly: the dignified and venerable appearance of the man, his time and care-worn visage, and the solemn tones of his noble and majestic voice, made an impression not soon to be forgotten. Although forty years have elapsed since the occurrence, it is as vivid in my mind as though it had transpired but yesterday.—*Rev. William Monroe.*

ASBURY AND A TROOP OF PREACHERS.

"A quarterly meeting," says Rev. Asa Kent, "was held in the town of Waltham, Mass., in 1807. Brother E. R. Sabin was the presiding elder of the district. The preachers put up at brother Bemis's, father-in-law to brother George Pickering.

"Many of the preachers had come to this quarterly meeting, and we agreed to meet at brother Bemis's on Monday morning, and ride together into Boston, some dozen or fourteen miles, as the conference would commence on Tuesday.

"At this time there were seventy-six preachers in all our part of New-England. We found in the morning twenty-five all mounted according to the order of the day, saddle-

bags and valises. The bishop advised us to ride in proper order,—two and two,—and not to be too much affected with external things; 'for,' said he, 'we shall make such a demonstration to-day as the people never saw before.' He led the way alone upon his noble steed, and the more aged brethren followed as he desired, and the younger brought up the rear.

"As we proceeded, the faithful house-dog gave the alarm, and brought lots of smiling faces to the doors and windows. Boys shouted, 'Look there, look there!' and labourers in the fields within sight of the road suspended operations, and could be seen making motions with their hands or hoe-handles, as though they were counting the passing troop—a demonstration, truly, and not soon forgotten by the people."

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Bangs, in his "History of Methodism," relates the following characteristic anecdote of Bishop Asbury: "On a certain occasion, being indisposed, two of the most eminent physicians were employed to afford him their medical advice. When they had ended their services, the bishop asked them the amount of their demand. They very courteously and respectfully replied that they desired nothing more than his prayers. The bishop then remarked that he never suffered himself to be in debt, and therefore he would discharge this obligation without delay, and instantly bowed upon his knees, and offered up a most fervent prayer to Almighty God for the salvation of his generous medical friends. This took them by surprise. It is said, indeed, that one of them was sceptically inclined, and was somewhat abashed to find himself so unceremoniously brought upon his knees for the first time in his life, to listen to the prayer of a Christian bishop, offered up in the name of a Saviour in whom he had little or no faith. The other who was in attendance, the late Benjamin Rush, with whom Bishop

Asbury was on terms of intimacy, being as eminent for his Christian virtues as he was for his medical skill, was no less edified than delighted in this opportunity of participating with his friend in an act of devotion so highly creditable to his head and heart."

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE DUELLISTS.

"Bishop Asbury was travelling through, I think, the country parts of North Carolina into Virginia, and put up with a brother who kept a house of entertainment for travellers. They had just risen from tea as a neighbour called at the door, and said that a duel had just been fought but a few miles distant, and that one had received a ball in his leg.

"Soon a carriage drove up to the door, and some half dozen spruce young men alighted, and wished for supper as soon as convenient. Their business was at once understood, and their host brought them into the room and introduced them to the bishop, and they were seated till the table should be laid. He began a free conversation with them, and found they were young gentlemen of refined manners and education; and he studied some method by which he could approach them so as to do them good.

"Supper was announced, and they invited the bishop to eat with them; but he excused himself, having just left the table; still they desired it, and he went with them. He supposed that he had designated the principal, second, and surgeon; but they did not seem to have an idea that their business was known. He implored the blessing of God upon their souls, bodies, food, &c. He took a cup of tea—a beverage not often slighted by him—and excused himself from eating, and proposed telling them some of his reflections for the day. I am sorry that I cannot give the exact words of the bishop; the matter is familiar, and I think the substance is found in what follows:—

"'In passing over these hills and through these valleys to-day, I have been led to reflect upon the mighty changes which have taken place since I first passed through this section of country years ago. Then the settlements were "like angels' visits, few and far between."

"'The pioneers depended much upon their rifles for support, until they were able to obtain supplies from the soil. Now I am really delighted with the changes which I behold.

"'These hunters were a hardy class of men, and would give thrilling incidents of their exploits in those "days which tried men's souls." But, noble-minded as they were, they were apt, by habit, to fall into a besetting sin: they became reckless of life. The glorious Author of all life has permitted man to take the life of beasts when he needs their skins for use, or their flesh for sustenance. He may also kill wild beasts, or anything that would injure or destroy man, or the labour of his hands; but some have a rare thirst for blood, even when they have no idea of making any use of either hide, flesh, or tallow.

"'Behold the sportsman, as he goes forth for his game. He hears the chirping of a bird ensconced in the foliage of that tree. He stops, and with his keen eye discerns his victim as she raises her grateful song to the top of her voice. He has no ear for such music, and holds a short consultation upon her life: "She is a fair mark, and I wish to test my skill, and the correctness of my rifle, by putting a ball through her heart." He takes aim, the singing ceases, and the harmless creature falls dead to the earth. He leaves her to rot where she fell, and passes on with much self-complacency.

"'Alas for that man! God has told him that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. God was there, and saw the working of his mind when he determined upon blood, and the motive which induced him to present the deadly weapon. He has taken what he cannot

restore, if it were to save his soul from death. We may try to excuse his thoughtlessness, but that will not suffice; there is a depravity of nature that must be removed.

"'There has been a company out hunting in these woods to-day. With cautious steps they approached the place where they expected to find their game, and coming suddenly to an open space, they saw a noble buck standing still, and looking intently at them. One fired; but, instead of sending the ball through his heart, it took effect in his leg, and with one bound into the bushes he made his escape. Who can tell what he may suffer from that wound, and, it may be, go halting upon that leg all the days of his life?'

"The bishop said he had watched their agitation as he progressed; their hurry increased, with downcast eyes, until he came to that point. 'Then they rose simultaneously, bowed me a good evening, leaped into their carriage, and were soon out of sight.'"—*Rev. Asa Kent.*

BISHOP ASBURY AND R. HUBBARD.

"It was Bishop Asbury's invariable practice to request all the preachers who attended conference to be present at the beginning of the session and remain till the close, unless something special should prevent. He wished them to feel an interest in the business to be done, and know what they had done, so that they could inform those who might inquire of them.

"At the conference in Boston, June, 1807, two or three appeared to feel no great interest in what was going on, especially brother R. Hubbard; he would come in late, and soon be away again, &c. The secret came out afterward, for he was preparing to enter the 'Apostolic Succession!'

"On the second day, I think, the bishop pressed punctual attendance upon the members, when a brother moved, and it was voted, that if one came in after the list had been called,

he might explain the cause of his detention, or lay ninepence on the secretary's table, to be put with the conference collection.

"Brother H. supposed this was for him, and prepared a speech, and came late next morning, and took a short slip at the left hand of the president. One said, 'Brother H. appears to have forgotten the vote yesterday.' He started to his feet, and, with a graceful bow, said, 'Mr. President, I was aware that the Church of Rome had incorporated the laws of penance into their ecclesiastical economy; but I never knew, until yesterday, that the Methodists had adopted the system; but—' The bishop saw what was coming; he turned, and beckoning to him with his left hand, said, 'Brother, pause just one moment.' Then looking round, he said, 'You who will give brother Hubbard liberty to come and go at his pleasure, raise your hands.' Hands went up as by enchantment. He turned to him, 'There, brother Hubbard, the matter is all settled; we shall not need your speech now;' and casting his eyes upon his book, 'We will proceed in the business,' while brother H. stood, and looked this way and that, but saw no way by which to get off his speech, and finally took his seat.

"I mention this as a specimen of his unwillingness to have the time of the conference wasted upon any unimportant matters."—*Rev. Asa Kent.*

ASBURY AND JOHN KLINE.

Mr. Kline was a member of the New-York Conference,—a good preacher, but not great,—a man of very sweet spirit, esteeming others better than himself. Rev. Abner Chase says that Bishop Asbury "used to keep a private memorandum of all the preachers throughout the whole connexion, wherein he noted down their various talents and qualifications for the work of the ministry. Brother Kline informed me that he called at the lodgings of the bishop, who was then spending

a few days in the city of New-York, and the bishop, stepping out for a few moments, left him in the room alone. Seeing a book lying upon the table near him, he took it up, and opening it, the first thing upon which his eye rested was: 'John Kline, a man of small preaching talents, but thought to be very pious and useful.' He did not seem displeased at the discovery of the estimate made of his preaching talents, but went cheerfully on his work for several following years."

ASBURY AND THE ROWDIES.

"In 1812, Bishop Asbury, with Bishop M'Kendree, attended a camp-meeting at Rushville, Ohio.

"On Saturday, about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort raised a row. They had come upon the ground intoxicated, vowing they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader of the gang to induce him to leave the camp, but this only enraged him; he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face, and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw they must either defend themselves, or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defence. Brother Birkhammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and with one thrust of his brawny arm crushed him down between two benches. The aide-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same fate. Here they were held in durance vile till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession; and binding them, with ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for their misdemeanor."

This was certainly conquering a peace. It reminds us of the old gentleman who declared, "He would have peace in his house if he had to fight for it."

"As soon as quiet was restored Bishop Asbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer he rose, and saying he would give the rowdies some advice, addressed them in the following language: 'You must remember that all our brothers in the Church are not sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest and hardest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone.'

"The work of the Lord commenced at this point, and meetings were kept up without intermission till Tuesday morning. Over one hundred were converted to God, and united with the Church."—*Finley's Autobiography.*

ASBURY AND SETH MATTISON.

The Rev. Abner Chase relates the following: "Our conference (Genesee) for 1813 was held in Westmoreland, N. Y., and was attended by Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree. The former exhibited the strength of habit in his disapprobation of the practice which had very generally obtained among the preachers, of wearing *pantaloons.* Of the whole number belonging to our conference, Seth Mattison alone wore his knee-buckles and gaiters, which was the bishop's manner of dress. On the arrival of brother Mattison the bishop manifested his approbation of his costume by embracing him most cordially."

ASBURY ON MINISTERIAL POPULARITY.

"While memory lasts," says Rev. Henry Smith, "I never can forget a lecture our venerable Asbury gave us a great many years ago, in the Baltimore Conference, on *popularity.*

"He related a case of a Wesleyan preacher who had been sent to one of the islands, where he preached the Gospel

with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and great was his success; but he was very unpopular and dreadfully persecuted, perhaps cast into prison. But he bore up under all this like a primitive Methodist preacher; and even rejoiced that he was worthy to suffer persecution for Christ's sake. The climate, his excessive labour, together with his sufferings, soon wore him down; and he came to America to recover his health. In this country he became popular—very popular indeed.

"When the bishop came to this part of his history he half closed his eyes, and raised his hand, and said: 'The breath of the people came down upon him, and he sunk!' Yes, he sunk low enough. Strange, indeed, that the breath of the people in this land of liberty should prove more fatal to the preacher than rough persecuting hands in another place."

According to this, popularity is far more dangerous to a preacher than persecution.

BISHOP ASBURY AND THE BRANDY BOTTLE.

Mr. Asbury was remarkable for his temperance. He was once the guest of a very genteel family who were profuse in their hospitalities. At dinner a decanter of brandy was placed upon the table, and he was invited to drink by the lady of the house. He declined, "believing that he that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." She blushed and said, "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place." "So do I," said Mr. Asbury. "If you have no objection," added he, taking the decanter, "I will put it in its place;" so he put it in the old-fashioned cupboard, in the corner of the room, saying with emphasis, "*That is its place, and there let it stay!*" And there it did stay, never to be brought on the table again.

BISHOP ASBURY'S REASONS FOR CELIBACY.

It is well known that Bishop Asbury, like Whatcoat and M'Kendree, was never married. Not because he doubted the declaration, "that it is not good for man to be alone;" or "that marriage is honourable in the sight of all men;" or that "a bishop should be the husband of one wife;" but for reasons which he assigns in his journal as follows:

"If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice.

"I was called in my fourteenth year; I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen; at twenty-one I travelled; at twenty-six I came to America: thus far I had reasons for single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe at thirty years of age; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace: this was no time to marry, or to be given in marriage.

"At forty-nine I was ordained Superintendent Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of travelling extensively; and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband; besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by a voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit *to be put asunder;* it is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, I had but little money; and with this little administered to the necessities of a beloved mother until I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I have to

spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married men."

I think none will say but that the bishop's reasons were sufficient to justify his remaining in a state of "single blessedness;" and that neither the fair sex nor his God will condemn him for pursuing a course that reason, philosophy, prudence, and religion dictated.

Again, the bishop said: "If St. Paul might commend celibacy in the present distress, might I not take him for a pattern, rather than St. Peter, without incurring censure, as being in favour of Papistical celibacy? But if I have not married a wife, I have, as a son of Adam, provided for a daughter of Eve—my own mother. She is now gone, but I have adopted one in her stead."—*James Quinn.*

ASBURY AND THE CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

Rev. Abel Stevens, in his "Sketches and Incidents," relates the following characteristic anecdote of the bishop:

"He was frequently humorous, happy at repartee, and always ready for any labour, however onerous or sudden. An illustration occurs to my memory. At the time my friend, E. H., was stationed in B——, knowing that he would spend a night there on his way to the L—— Conference, he made an arrangement for the bishop to preach an anniversary sermon for a charitable society just struggling into life, and advertised the appointment as extensively as possible in the public prints. Toward evening the old bishop arrived, (knowing nothing of the appointment,) wearied with a long and tedious journey. At an early hour the house was crowded. The services commenced. He arose and read for his text, 2 Cor. viii, 8, "I speak not by commandment, but by occasion of the forwardness of others, and to prove the sincerity of your love." The felicity of the text and of the discourse was universally observed."

FRANCIS ASBURY'S LAST SERMON IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. James Quinn gives the following touching reminiscence of Bishop Asbury:

"Said the bishop, 'The state of the preacher's mind, in connexion with surrounding circumstances, often suggests the texts and the method of discussion. Thus, when I had offered for America, and had been accepted and appointed, taking leave of my parents, the loving society, and my native land, I stood up and took for my text, Psalm lxi, 2: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee," etc. My plan:

"'1. Where should the missionary herald be? The end of the earth.

"'2. And whose heart should be overwhelmed, *swallowed up*, if not the heart of him to whom a dispensation of the Gospel is committed?

"'3. And whence should he look for succour but to Christ, the rock that is higher than he?

"'4. How should he obtain that succour but by constant, fervent prayer?

"'Ah!' said the good bishop, as we rode along, 'this might not have been of high interest to the hearers, but it has been of vast interest and importance to the speaker; for often has my heart been overwhelmed during my forty years' pilgrimage in America. And if I had been a man of tears, I might have wept my life away; but Christ has been a hiding-place, a covert from the stormy blast; yea, he has been the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' Here the bishop's voice trembled a little—his lip quivered—I looked, and the tear had started from his half-closed, clear blue eye. But presently he was gay; 'for,' said he, 'if I were not sometimes to be gay with my friends, I should have died in gloom long ago.

> "'Give me to feel the grateful heart,
> And without guilt be gay.'"

BISHOP ASBURY SOWING GOOD SEED.

When the bishop was old, and pressed down by many infirmities, when the "almond-tree was flourishing, and those that look out of the windows were darkened, the grinders ceasing because they were few, and the keepers of the house began to tremble," his brethren wished him to retire, as God had raised up many strong men; but the bishop, like the apostolic Wesley, did not wish "to live to be useless," and replied, "No man can do my work." Forward he would go in his Master's employment; and though he was not able to preach as formerly, he would place a number of Bibles in his wagon and distribute them, saying, "*Now I know I am sowing good seed.*"

Yes, the sainted Asbury was sowing good seed—the seed of truth, which no doubt will produce a glorious harvest. "For he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

BISHOP ASBURY'S LAST SERMON.

As Bishop Asbury was making his last annual tour around his large diocese, he felt that the shadows of evening were gathering around him, when he could no longer work. After riding forty-three miles one day, over a very rough road, he records in his Journal: "This will not do; I must halt or order my *grave*." But on he went in his Master's work. He was literally worn out with labour, and wasting away from disease; but his great soul was strong and vigorous as ever, and he was still anxious to preach "Jesus and the resurrection." Impelled onward by an ardent desire to be useful, which had moved him forward for more than half a century, he continued journeying from one place to another with his faithful travelling companion, Rev. John W. Bond, till he came to Richmond, Virginia; and there

preached his last sermon, March 24th, 1816, in the old Methodist church. Before the bishop entered the pulpit, some of his friends tried to persuade him not to preach, as he was so feeble in body; but all in vain. The old hero was anxious to make another effort to wield the sword of the Spirit once more, in the name of the God of battles. He said, "God had given him a work to do there, and he must deliver his testimony." They then yielded to his desire. He was so feeble that he could neither walk nor stand, so they carried him from his carriage to the house of God, and then into the pulpit, and seated him on a table; and the aged, trembling, dying minister delivered, in faltering accents, his last message to a lost world. His text was, "For he will finish the work, and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will he make on the earth." Romans ix, 28. He frequently paused, during his sermon, to recover breath and strength; and these very pauses made his sermon—of an hour's length—more weighty and impressive. We cannot wonder that the audience were deeply affected, for the scene was peculiarly touching. They were listening to an old pilgrim, whose feet were already wet with Jordan's water, and who was about to cross the river. They were beholding the venerable Methodist patriarch, whose beautiful silver locks indicated his weight of years, which were adorning the sanctuary for the last time—one whose pale cheeks, and sunken eyes, and trembling limbs, proclaimed to those who heard him that his end was nigh; and yet, amid all the melancholy symptoms of decay, to see his soul rising above the infirmities of nature—his aged, wrinkled, pallid countenance glowing with celestial splendour, and his fading eye shooting forth the fires of immortality—must have been a scene of surpassing beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, such as earth seldom witnesses, such as angels delight to behold. He was then carried out of the pulpit, to enter it no more. The next Sabbath he bade adieu to earth, and entered into the "joy of his Lord."

REV. THOMAS COKE, LL. D.



THE REV. THOMAS COKE, LL. D.

Thomas Coke was one of the most remarkable of that band of heroes that sprung up about John Wesley. His life, if fully written, would read like a tale of chivalry. The *facts* of his career are well given in his biography by Samuel Drew; but, like Wesley, he has yet to find a fitting and adequate biographer.

He was born in 1747, at Brecon, South Wales, where his father was a surgeon of distinguished eminence. He was an only child, and great care was taken of his education. At sixteen he went to Oxford, where he completed his education at Jesus College. Here he fell into irreligious society, and his mind was fast tending toward scepticism, when his progress in that direction was arrested by the reading of "Sherlock's Discourses," and of "Witherspoon on Regeneration."

In 1775 he became curate of Petherton, but was soon dismissed by his rector, as being "pious overmuch." He had his first interview with Mr. Wesley August 13th, 1776; and his name first appears in the Minutes of the British Conference in 1778. On the 2d of September, 1784, he was ordained by Mr. Wesley as Superintendent of the Methodist Society in America; and he sailed for this country on the eighteenth of the same month. Dr. Coke was the first bishop of the Methodist Church in America. The American Methodists owe him a debt of gratitude; for he crossed the Atlantic Ocean no less than eighteen times, at his own expense, to serve his American brethren. His benevolence was unbounded. He did not live for himself. He was the pioneer in the cause of modern missions. On the 30th of December, 1813, he sailed for the East Indies, to establish a

mission in Ceylon. On the 3d of May, 1814, he was found dead in his cabin, lying on the floor. Sudden death, but sudden glory. His body was committed to the deep that day, there to remain till the "sea gives up its dead." The doctor, when he died, was in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Bishop Asbury preached a funeral sermon in reference to him before the New-York Conference, and at their request, in Albany, May 12th, 1815. He bore ample testimony to the purity of character, the Christian and ministerial virtues of his friend and colleague. He said, "Dr. Coke was of the third branch of the Oxonian Methodists, of blessed mind and soul,—a gentleman, a scholar, and a bishop to us; as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labours, and in services, the greatest man of the last century."

His personal appearance is thus described by his biographer: "Dr. Coke was low in stature, and as he advanced in age was inclined to corpulency; but he was finely proportioned, and exhibited a pleasing figure. His skin was remarkably fair; his eyes were dark, lively, and piercing. His hair bordered on black until his declining years, when it became sprinkled with the hoar of age. His face was particularly handsome. A peculiar freshness, through every stage of life, distinguished his countenance, which was generally animated with an engaging smile. These, in their combined effect, gave to the whole a degree of expressive softness that refined the masculine features without reducing them to a state of effeminacy. His voice corresponded with his appearance. It was soft, engaging, and melodious; and unless carried beyond its natural tone—when it became rather harsh and dissonant—it rarely failed to captivate those who heard it. To his enthusiastic admirers he seemed to want nothing but wings to become an angel."

The following description of Dr. Coke, by the Rev. Joshua Marsden, is truthful and beautiful, and I cannot withhold it from the reader:—

"Where is the man in the present age who has done as

much for the cause of God as Thomas Coke? Who has travelled more miles? Who has oftener crossed the Atlantic Ocean to carry the light of salvation to the Western world? Who has, with such a spirit of condescending charity, laid aside the gentleman, the philosopher, and the scholar, to teach negro slaves, and soften, by the healing balm of salvation, the rigours of their captivity? Who has more cheerfully borne the burning sun of the equator, or the rage of the marine tempest, that he might carry the consolations of peace to thousands of the distressed? Witness, ye mighty forests of the Western world! witness how often Coke, amid the silence of the sylvan temple, has called the cottagers of the wilderness beneath the shade of some spreading maple, to behold the sinner's Friend. He preached the Gospel from the Mississippi to the Bay of Penobscot, and from the Chesapeake to the waters of the Ohio. Where is the man who was more lavish of life, more abundant in labours, or more willing to suffer? To the ardour of a seraph he added the wings of a dove; and besides crossing the Atlantic Ocean eighteen times, how often has he crossed the turbulent British Channel and Irish Sea! Who can stand up, and in the presence of Coke put this inscription upon his own brow:—'*In labours more abundant?*' His means were large; his charity was larger; but his heart was larger than all. He was the most indefatigable missionary that this or any former age has produced; and, had he lived in times of greater veneration for such labours, he might have been canonized for a saint of the first class, or dignified with the title of an apostle. To the toil-degraded African he was an unparalleled benefactor; and if his labours to succour those outcasts of man are not ranked with Clarkson's and Wilberforce's, it is only because they are less known. These gentlemen nobly broke their civil chains; he preached deliverance to their captive souls, and brought thousands of them into the glorious liberty of the Son of God. The preaching of the cross was a darling object of his heart, and few manifested equal ardour in dis-

pensing the great truths of salvation. If he had not the commanding and irresistible eloquence of a Whitefield, his discourses were impressive and affectionate; the zeal of his life was not the blaze of a meteor, nor the coruscation of a northern light; it was steady as the brightness of a lamp, and constant as the fire of the Magi. In the decline of life he manifested the ardour of youth; and ceased not to preach, beg, travel, and write, with unabated diligence. To the foreign missions he was the almoner of the bounty of thousands; and if he wanted that correct, calculating prudence which the rigid economy of a Franklin might have suggested, it was because his great soul considered every pound wisely wasted which saved an immortal spirit. Those who blamed him in this respect never moved in the same sphere; and those who slighted him, made it manifest that they valued his friendship and labour much less than their own money. He was a drudge of charity; and by the warmth of his solicitations often became obtrusive to the parsimonious, who, afraid of their purses, wished to circumscribe his usefulness. But he is gone to answer to his own Master for the management of his stewardship, who, I doubt not, has put his *valde probo* upon his faithful servant's labours, and graciously welcomed him to the joy of his Lord."

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

COKE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ASBURY.

Dr. Coke first landed in New-York on the 3d of November, 1784. Not finding Mr. Asbury, he proceeded south as far as Delaware. Here he was kindly entertained by Mr. Basset, afterward governor of the state, who was at

that time erecting a large chapel, at his own expense, for the accommodation of the preachers, the congregation, and the society. Dr. Coke had never seen Mr. Asbury, but was very desirous to meet him, as he had a message from Mr. Wesley to Asbury, and as they were to be yoke-fellows. On Sunday the 14th he went to the chapel, built in the midst of a vast forest, in which an unexpected concourse of people assembled from every quarter. To this congregation he preached, and administered the sacrament to between five and six hundred communicants. Scarcely, however, had he finished his sermon before he perceived a plainly-dressed, robust, but venerable-looking man moving through the congregation, and making his way toward him. On ascending the pulpit he clasped the doctor in his arms; and, without making himself known by words, accosted him with the holy salutation of primitive Christianity. This venerable and apostolic man was the excellent and laborious Asbury. What a meeting of noble souls, of large hearts, that beat responsive to each other, and each responsive to the great heart of Deity! What a mingling and commingling of kindred spirits! What a scene for a painter's pencil! What a sight to gladden the eyes of angels, and to cause joy in the bosoms of seraphs!

They were both overjoyed; and while they encircled each other in the arms of Christian friendship, and saluted each other with "a holy kiss," the scene affected the audience, and they were baptized with tears. Mr. Asbury had heard of Dr. Coke's arrival, and expected to find him at the forest-chapel, and was not disappointed. Since that time what has God wrought!

COKE AND THE USEFUL BOOK.

"Dr. Coke was travelling in Virginia in 1785; he happened to call at a house where resided a mother and seven sons, and their wives. At this time the whole family were igno-

rant of Methodism and ignorant of God. On leaving their house, Dr. Coke presented them with an extract of Mr. Law's Treatise on the Nature and Design of Christianity. The perusal of this book had such an effect on their minds, that the whole family were stirred up to seek the Lord. The result was, that the mother, her sons, and their wives,—making fifteen in all,—were converted to God, and became members of the Methodist society. One of the family became a preacher. Six years after Dr. Coke met the young man,—who had been converted and called to the work of the ministry,—and received from him an account of the conversion of the whole family; and he was thus encouraged to cast his bread upon the waters, expecting to find it after many days."

COKE AND THE SLANDERER OF JOHN WESLEY.

The enemies of Methodism not only slandered the character of John Wesley while living, but would not let him rest in the grave when dead. Not long after Mr. Wesley's death, which took place in 1791, Dr. Coke's attention was arrested by a pamphlet professing to give a short history of Wesley's life, and to derive its information from authentic sources. This pamphlet, which was not destitute of literary merit, nor deficient in those ingredients which traduction always finds it needful to employ in the garb of plausibility, soon found among the dissolute and the gay a number of admirers, who gladly availed themselves of the sanction it afforded to lessen Wesley's reputation, by retailing the stories which it contained. Among other things, the author published two letters, which he declared to be the genuine production of Mr. Wesley's pen, addressed to a young lady on the subject of love, at a time when he was far advanced in years, and when all his friends had beheld him making preparations for leaving the world. These letters contained nothing which the world

would call dishonourable; but, being written in a peculiar strain of canting gallantry, they excited much notice, and, in the estimation of those who believed their authenticity,—to insure which every artifice was employed,—they greatly injured Mr. Wesley's character. From this pamphlet, these letters found their way into many of the London and provincial papers, and in some publications they continue to be circulated until the present time. To prevent all suspicion of their authenticity, the author declared that the original letters, in the handwriting of Mr. Wesley, were then in his possession, and that they should be open to the inspection of any person who would call at a given place to examine them. With this open declaration many were satisfied; but others, who continue incredulous, actually called. Unfortunately, however, they always happened to call either when the author was engaged, or when he was from home, or when these original letters were lent for the inspection of others! It so happened, that though they were always open for examination, they could never be seen. Ten years had passed away from the first appearance of this publication before the secret was disclosed. In the interim, those who had been interested in the issue, after being divided between credulity and disbelief, had suffered the affair to rest in peace; but peace was not the portion allotted to the author. Stung with remorse for having wronged the character of a worthy man, he voluntarily sent to Dr. Coke the following letter dated

"London, *Jan. 24th*, 1801.

"Rev. Sir:—As the author of a silly pamphlet published some years ago, entitled 'An Impartial Review of the Life and Writings of the Rev. John Wesley,' I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject, for the purpose of disburdening my mind, in some degree, of that intolerable weight with which it has been oppressed, in consequence of the folly and wicked tendency of that publication; and I now

candidly declare to you and the world, that most of the pretended facts are groundless, the charges sometimes false, and the characters, as delineated therein, both of the Rev. Mr. Wesley and others, are generally unjust, and unsanctioned even by my own opinion, &c. Your humble servant,

"J. COLLET.

"P. S.—I forgot to say that the two infamous letters in the pamphlet, attributed to Mr. Wesley, are fictitious, being the invention of my own disordered imagination. J. C."

Dr. Coke's anxiety to make this letter public was not less ardent than his joy in receiving it. He wrote to Mr. Collet, requesting of him liberty to send copies of his letter into the world, through the medium of the press—that where the poison had been diffused, the antidote might follow. Mr. Collet complied with his request. These letters were accordingly made public in newspapers and periodicals. This account shows the readiness of Dr. Coke to vindicate the character of his deceased friend, and his high sense of honour in omitting to publish them till he had obtained permission from their author; and, above all, it exhibits to others the power of conscience, even after many years had elapsed between the crime committed and the confession which it extorted.

COKE ON ALTERING AN ARTICLE OF FAITH.

In the General Conference of 1804, a member, who wished the Eighth Article of our Discipline to "be made plain, so that it could be understood," having neither the fear nor the knowledge of *Latin* before his eyes, offered a resolution to substitute "assisting" for "preventing." The proposition took Dr. Coke so entirely by surprise that he lost control of himself for a moment, and cried out, with his shrill, piercing voice, "The brother's *a fool.*"

COKE AND MISS SMITH.

In pursuit of gold for the mission, he obtained something better than gold. Solomon says, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." The doctor was passing through England, raising from various persons funds for missions. In 1805 he visited Bristol. Mr. Pawson advised him to call on a Miss Smith, a lady who was at once generous and rich; but who was indisposed, and was then at the Hot Wells for the recovery of her health. Mr. Pawson introduced him to her. Dr. Coke having stated his object, Miss Smith, with a countenance beaming with generosity, immediately subscribed *one hundred guineas;* but observed that, as at that moment she had no money to spare, she would thank Dr. Coke to call on her at Bradford, when she would pay her subscription. At the same time she invited him and Mr. and Mrs. Pawson to dine with her in Bristol, with which invitation they complied, and found her soul truly alive to God. Astonished at the gift, which became enhanced in its value by the manner in which it was bestowed, Dr. Coke remained some moments absorbed in silent admiration, on the discovery of one hundred guineas being added to her name; and found himself at a loss for language to express the gratitude of his heart for this evidence of her strong attachment to the cause of God. He called afterward for the one hundred guineas, and he was overjoyed when she gave him *two hundred.*

This led to a more intimate acquaintance; and in April, 1805, she was no longer Miss Smith, but Mrs. Dr. Coke. A very suitable companion—a helpmeet, indeed. She had not only wealth, which was consecrated to God, but was amiable as well as deeply pious. The doctor went to advance the missionary interests, and he promoted his own; he went after gold, and found a diamond of unusual

brilliancy. "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

But the doctor was called to mourn her departure, and to learn "that they that have wives will be as if they had none." She died on the 25th of January, 1811. The doctor says in her epitaph, among other things, "She fed the poor by her bounty, and instructed the rich by her example."

COKE A JONAH.

Dr. Coke sailed with other missionaries for Halifax. It was a perilous voyage. Storm followed storm, and hurricane succeeded hurricane. During the succession of storms, Dr. Coke and his associates addressed themselves to God in prayer for the preservation of the ship, and of the lives of all on board.

The captain, instead of approving of their piety or joining in their devotions, became visibly agitated, and betrayed symptoms of an approaching storm within, attributing the calamities with which they were surrounded to the means made use of to avert the growing danger. At first he paraded the deck, muttering, in a species of audible whisper, "We have a Jonah on board,"—"We have a Jonah on board;" and, consequently, it was natural for him to conclude that a Jonah's conduct deserved a Jonah's fate. In this condition he continued until his fears, superstition, credulity, and agitation had wound him up to such a state of frenzy that he entered the doctor's cabin, and, in a paroxysm of fury, seizing his books and papers, threw them immediately into the sea. He was about to proceed further; but on seizing "the Jonah," he satiated his vengeance by grasping him with angry violence several times, and by giving loose to his passions in expressions of horrible imprecations. He did not offer him any further outrage; yet on retiring he swore

that, if the doctor made another prayer on board his ship, he was fully resolved to throw him into the sea.

But this gust of passion was of no long continuance. The removal of danger soothed the spirit of superstition to rest, and the cessation of the storm without reduced to a calm the tempest that raged within.

During all this the doctor was tranquil, feeling that Christ was in the vessel, and that he had an interest in the Ruler of the storm, who could say to the winds and waves, "Peace, be still."

COKE PRODUCING A CALM.

On the 6th of February, 1797, Dr. Coke sailed for Europe from Charleston. The vessel was driven by a favourable wind across the Atlantic, and brought into the mouth of the Irish Channel in twenty-five days. But the waves were so violent as to carry away the bulwarks on both sides of the vessel, so that the doctor durst not make his appearance on deck during this tempestuous voyage. One extreme often follows another. This tremendous storm was succeeded by a wonderful calm, which lasted sixteen days, during fourteen of which they saw no vessel of any description. This continued calm the captain attributed to Dr. Coke's reading a folio volume which he had on board. In the early stages of the calm he would sometimes hint his wishes that the book were finished. At length, being impelled more violently by a tide of superstition, than his vessel was by the natural breezes, he exclaimed in unequivocal terms, "We shall never have a wind until that book is finished!" "Sir, I will put it aside," replied Dr. Coke. "No," rejoined the captain, "that will not do; it must be finished, or we shall have no wind." Dr. Coke continued reading. "I doubt not," he observes, "that the captain was somewhat confirmed in his opinion; for just as I had finished the book the wind

sprung up, and in six and thirty hours brought us into harbour."

COKE AND THE CAPTAIN.

Dr. Coke was in the habit of making personal application for money to sustain the cause of missions. Sometimes he would succeed where he did not expect to, and again men would refuse him where he had no doubt of success. A singular incident of this description occurred near Plymouth, England. He called one day on the captain of a man-of-war who resided there, and introduced the case of the negroes in such an affecting manner as to prevail upon him to give a sum much larger than he expected. This he gratefully received and retired. The captain, who knew nothing of Dr. Coke, happened, in the course of the day, to call on a gentleman who had long resided in the place, and to whom Dr. Coke had frequently made successful applications. After conversing together for some time, "Pray, sir," said the captain, "do you know anything of a little fellow who calls himself Dr. Coke, and who is going about begging money for missionaries to be sent among the slaves?" "I know him well," was the reply. "He seems," rejoined the captain, "to be a heavenly-minded little devil. He coaxed me out of two guineas this morning."

COKE BOUGHT AT HIS OWN PRICE.

It was a favourite maxim of Dr. Coke, as well as Sir Robert Walpole, that every man might be purchased, if the person intending to buy him could find his price. Whether this be a libel on human nature, as some have contended, forms no part of the present inquiry; but it is certain that Dr. Coke, in adopting it, was far from being singular.

One day, having advanced this proposition before a crowded congregation, he was requested, on the conclusion of the

service by some persons present, who belonged to a town about six miles distant, to visit their place and preach. His route being fixed in his own mind, and this town not lying in his way, he refused to comply with their request.

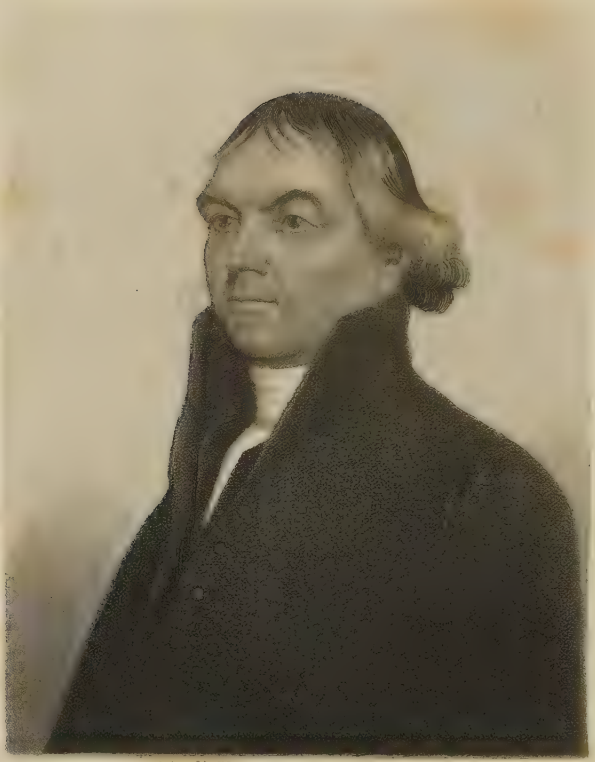
Being unwilling to abandon their object for a solitary repulse, they consulted together to contrive how they should proceed in their second attack so as to insure success. In this consultation it was observed by one, "The doctor told us in his sermon that every man was to be purchased, if the buyer could find his price. Let us tell him, that if he will come we will hold ourselves responsible for a good collection for the missions. Perhaps this may purchase him." His friends, assenting to this proposition, agreed to make the attempt, and the writer of this anecdote was delegated by them to introduce their contrivance to Dr. Coke. On hearing the manner in which they had applied his own principle to himself, he could not but smile. He paused for a few moments, and then, with joy sparkling in his eyes, exclaimed, "They have hit upon it most effectually; this is exactly my price, and I will endeavour to go to-morrow." He went accordingly, and was so well pleased with the collection, that in most of his future visits, Mevagissey, in Cornwall, was included in his route.

COKE AND HIS HOSTESS'S FAMILY.

Dr. Coke, in attempting to cross a river, when in America, missed the ford and got into deep water. He and his horse were carried down the stream, and were in considerable danger; he caught hold of a bough, and with some difficulty got upon dry land, and his horse was carried down the stream. After drying his clothes in the sun, he set out on foot, and at length met a man, who directed him to the nearest village, telling him to inquire for a Mrs. ———, from whom he had no doubt he would receive the kindest treatment. Dr. Coke found the good lady's house, and re-

ceived all the kindness and attention she could show him; messengers were sent after his horse, which was recovered and brought back. The next morning he took leave of his kind hostess, and proceeded on his journey. After a lapse of five years Dr. Coke was again in America. As he was on his way to one of the conferences, in company with about thirty other persons, a young man requested the favour of conversing with the doctor, and with Christian politeness he assented. The young man asked him if he recollected being in such a part of the country about five years ago. He replied in the affirmative. "And do you recollect, sir, in attempting to cross the river, being nearly drowned?" "I remember it quite well." "And do you recollect going to the house of a widow lady in such a village?" "I remember it well," said the doctor; "and never shall forget the kindness she showed me." "And do you remember, when you departed, leaving a tract at that lady's house?" "I do not recollect that," said he; "but it is very possible I might do so." "Yes, sir," said the young man, "you did leave there a tract, which that lady read, and the Lord blessed the reading of it to the conversion of her soul; it was also the means of the conversion of several of her children and neighbours, and there is now in that village a flourishing little society." The tears of Dr. Coke showed something of the feelings of his heart. The young man resumed: "I have not, sir, quite told you all. I am one of that lady's children, and owe my conversion to God to the gracious influence with which he accompanied that tract to my mind, and I am now, Dr. Coke, on my way to conference to be proposed as a preacher."

REV. WILLIAM M'KENDREE.



Engraved by F I

THE REV. WILLIAM M'KENDREE.

One of the most renowned heroes of Methodism, a distinguished leader of the Lord's host, was William M'Kendree, the colleague of the laborious Asbury, his successor in the office of senior bishop, one who caught the falling flag-staff from the palsied hand of his dying father, and bore it on to glory and to victory. M'Kendree is a name very dear to American Methodists. This great champion for the truth, this hero of a hundred battles, this conqueror of a thousand foes, is one whom the Church delighted to honour in life, and who is held in grateful remembrance now he is dead. There is no name on the pages of her history that shines with lustre more brilliant, and none will be more enduring.

William M'Kendree was born in King William County, Virginia, July 6th, 1757. In the year 1787 there was a glorious revival in Virginia under the ministry of that *Boanerges* the Rev. John Easter, of precious memory. The youthful M'Kendree heard him; an arrow of truth reached his heart, and he followed the preacher from one place to another, as he went preaching the word with power. While Mr. Easter, in a certain sermon, was showing the "way of salvation" by simple faith in the atonement, the arrow was withdrawn by the hand of mercy, the bleeding heart of the young man was bound up, the balm of Gilead was applied, and he was enabled to exclaim with Doctor Young:

> "With joy, with grief, the healing hand I see,
> That form'd the skies, and yet that bled for me,
> That bleeds the balm I want."

Soon after his conversion, Mr. M'Kendree was called upon to pray in public and exhort sinners to "flee the wrath to come." In June, 1788, he went with Rev. John Easter to the Virginia Conference, which was held in Petersburgh. Mr. M'Kendree felt that the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God was committed to his trust," that necessity was laid upon him. He trembled in view of the magnitude of the work, and his great responsibility, feeling that

> "'T is not a cause of small import,
> The pastor's care demands,
> But what might fill an angel's heart,
> And fill'd a Saviour's hands."

At that conference Mr. M'Kendree was received into the travelling connexion, though he had been converted only nine months, and had not been licensed as a local preacher. For twelve years his ministry was confined to Virginia, except a short time spent in South Carolina. In 1800, Bishop Asbury and Whatcoat travelled into the Western country, taking with them Mr. M'Kendree. The far-seeing Asbury saw the importance of that great Western valley, and the necessity of having the right kind of man to take the general oversight of the work; and he selected William M'Kendree, and his fidelity and success show the wisdom of the bishop's choice.

Mr. M'Kendree was appointed presiding elder, and had the great valley of the Mississippi for his district. For eight years he was presiding elder in the West, and was then in the very prime of manhood, and exerted a most powerful influence in favour of "Christianity in earnest." His preaching was in "the demonstration of the spirit and with power." The work of God received a new and mighty influence, and several new districts were formed.

At the General Conference held in Baltimore, May, 1808, Mr. M'Kendree was elected and ordained a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and during the eight following years, acted as a joint superintendent with Bishop Asbury.

The senior bishop died in March, 1816, and the whole weight and responsibility rested upon Bishop M'Kendree, and he showed himself just the man for the emergency.

As a preacher, Mr. M'Kendree possessed most wonderful power. All who heard him pronounced him the prince of preachers. He was like Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures," and mighty in the burning logic of heaven. He was endued with power from on high.

Judge M'Lean thus speaks of him as a preacher: "Bishop M'Kendree was not a classical scholar, and yet there has not appeared in the Methodist connexion a finer model as a preacher. He was eloquent in the true sense of the term. Few men ever filled the pulpit with greater dignity and usefulness, and the beautiful simplicity of his sermons was perhaps unequalled in our country."

As a presiding bishop, M'Kendree had no superior, and as a superintendent, he was worthy to catch and wear the mantle of the ascended Asbury. No man ever loved Methodism with a purer and stronger affection; no one ever laboured to promote it with more burning and unquenchable zeal, and few have employed in its advancement more distinguished talents. His memorable deeds commend him to the Church and to posterity. "He made full proof of his ministry." The bishop fell at his post loaded with honours, covered with scars, and crowned with imperishable laurels.

Twelve years he was presiding elder, and for nearly twenty-seven years a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For half a century he stood upon the walls of Zion, but on the 5th of March, 1835, he died at the house of his brother, near Nashville, in the 79th year of his age.

The following portrait of the bishop is from "A Layman." It is sketched and drawn by a masterly hand, and will be read with pleasure and profit:—

"As yet I have seen no sketch of this eminent preacher of the cross, which does justice to the high qualities with

which he was endowed; and I shall not now attempt to do justice to them, but merely give a hasty view of his character. I shall consider the elements of which his character is composed as embracing the entire qualities of the man, physical, moral, and intellectual.

"No man, either learned or unlearned, ever saw Bishop M'Kendree without being struck with the dignity of his personal appearance. It was said by Johnson of Edmund Burke, that if any man should meet Burke under a tree, in a shower of rain, he would at once conclude that he was in the presence of no ordinary man; and the same might have been said of Bishop M'Kendree. He was about the common height, and his form was finely proportioned. By his countenance were shown great mildness and intellectual vigour. His forehead was high and well turned; his eyes black, very expressive, and somewhat protruded when looking upward; his eyebrows heavy; his mouth exceedingly intellectual; his chin square and well proportioned. His likeness is faithfully given in the numerous engravings which are in the possession of his friends; and I doubt whether a finer countenance, one more expressive of benignity, piety, firmness, and intelligence, has been seen in any age or country.

"In early life Bishop M'Kendree had not the advantages of a classical education, but he employed a long life in the accumulation of useful knowledge. His acquirements were various, extensive, and accurate. With almost all the interesting topics of the day, and especially those connected with religion, he was well acquainted, and could converse on them with ease and fluency. He was deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, which were made the rule of his life; and both in his conversations and sermons he showed that he had not only read them with care, but that they had been the subject of his profoundest meditation.

"The prominent characteristics of his mind were the power of analysis and the faculty of drawing correct conclusions His process of reasoning was clear, simple, and conclusive

In the pulpit I have never seen Christian dignity, humility, firmness, piety, and persuasiveness so admirably blended as in Bishop M'Kendree.

"He had neither learned nor studied in the schools the arts of eloquence; but he was learned in the school of Christ. Nature had cast his form in the finest mould, and the inspirations of his subject seldom failed to give him that power which enlightens the judgment and opens the fountains of the soul.

"Never had an orator less pretension in his own estimation. While instructing others, you could see by his countenance and his whole demeanour, that he was himself willing to be instructed. His mind was full of his subject, and his earnest endeavour was, in all meekness, to impart to every hearer all that he knew and all that he felt.

"I have often thought that his illustrations and language approached nearer to the simplicity of the teachings of his Divine Master than any other preacher I have ever heard. He never indulged in rhetorical figures or uncommon words, but always used the most appropriate and the most simple language to convey his ideas. The eloquence, the power, was in the conception, the thought, the sentiment, and not in the words with which it was clothed. And what thrilling effects have I, and others who have heard him, witnessed from the bursts of eloquence with which his discourses often abounded. You could see the thought kindle: his eye, his mouth, his countenance, his whole frame seemed to be lighted up with more than human fires; and then, in a tremulous voice, soft as the evening zephyrs, would flow that beautiful stream of eloquence which carried upon its bosom the enraptured audience. None were able or willing to resist its force. Occasionally he would invoke the thunders of Sinai, and sometimes with such effect, that dismay and terror would be depicted in the countenances of his hearers. On one occasion, at a popular meeting, this appeal was made with such power as to fill the thousands

who heard him with the utmost consternation, and the orator, as if moved by compassion, released his hearers from the horror which had seized them, by thanking God that they were not yet subjects of hopeless torment. But this was not a strain in which he often indulged. His common theme was the love of God; and in so persuasive a manner did he commend this love to the hearts of his hearers, that I do not believe he ever preached a sermon in vain.

"Bishop M'Kendree was eminently qualified to fill the important station he occupied in the Church. It could not boast of a wiser or a better man. He had become closely identified with the early triumphs of Methodism in the United States, and with its rise in the Western country. After the death of Bishop Asbury, he was looked to by the preachers and the people as the patriarch of the Church; and all seemed willing to be instructed by his experience and piety. No man was better calculated to soothe excited feelings, and bring those heart-burnings which, from the imperfection of our nature, arise among the most exemplary and pious men, to a happy issue. And when the honour of the Church and the cause of God required firmness, no man was more immovable than Bishop M'Kendree.

"His intercourse with his fellow-men was such as became a Christian minister. He never for a moment forgot the responsibility under which he acted; for he seemed never to do or say anything on which he could not ask the blessing of heaven. While his soft and pleasing manners and intelligent conversation were adapted to the most enlightened and polished society, he was equally beloved in every circle. He never suffered a favourable occasion to pass without recommending the religion of his Master, and I doubt whether he ever associated with any individual, or in any circle, large or small, without fixing in the mind of every one a remembrancer of his deep and unaffected piety. His remarks were, indeed, like bread cast upon the waters. Prayer, solemn,

fervent prayer, was the element in which he moved and had his being.

"This is a short and very feeble outline of this man of God. His death was as peaceful and as eminently triumphant as his life had been devoted and useful. His body rests by the side of his father, the spot selected by himself, in the state of Tennessee. That tongue which charmed by its eloquence, exciting the fears of the sinner, and warming the heart of the believer, is now silent in death. Preachers, you shall never again hear in conference that more than parental admonition and advice which you have been accustomed to hear from your beloved M'Kendree. But he has left for you his precept and example, and what could he have left of so much value to you and the Church?"

At the request of the New-York Conference, Bishop Hedding preached a funeral sermon on the occasion of the death of Bishop M'Kendree. It was delivered in the Washington-street Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., in May, 1835. Bishop Emory was the presiding bishop at the conference, and was assisted by Bishop Hedding. The bishop's text was 2 Timothy iv, 6–8: "*For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*"

It was an appropriate text and an excellent sermon. The main points were, I. The apostle's exercises. (1.) He had fought a good fight. (2.) The faith he had kept. (3.) He had finished his course. II. The apostle's reward. The crown of righteousness, &c. This was the faithful minister's reward.

The bishop then made an application of the subject by portraying the character, conduct, triumphant end, and great reward of the departed M'Kendree.

In conclusion, he noticed two defects in his character. The one was depression of spirits, the other reproving too severely for little things, laying too much stress upon, and attaching too much importance to them.

Bishop Emory offered the concluding prayer, one of great beauty, pathos, and power, commencing: "O Lord, we thank thee that Methodism has had such honourable founders as a Wesley, a Fletcher, a Coke, an Asbury, a George, a M'Kendree, and others, who have fought the good fight, kept the faith, and finished their course, and gone up to receive their reward." He then thanked God for raising up a M'Kendree—for his talents, for his usefulness, and for his triumphant end. The prayer and the sermon were very impressive, and are remembered still, though both of the beloved men who officiated have fallen at their posts, and sleep in honoured sepulchres. Bishop Soule preached a funeral sermon before the General Conference, and was requested by the Conference to write the life of M'Kendree, but for some cause this work has not appeared. Strange, indeed, that we should have no written life of the apostolic Asbury, the holy Whatcoat, the pathetic George, and the eloquent M'Kendree. With what intense interest would their biographies be read! What a hallowing influence they would exert, for "though being dead, they yet would speak!" Well may one inquire: "Who will rescue their names from the oblivion that threatens to cover them? Are there not materials for the biographies of these men of blessed memory? Where are they? and who will weave them into a beautiful, instructive, and entertaining narrative?" O that some Methodist Plutarch might be raised up, wielding the "pen of a ready writer," to perform with fidelity this task, for which succeeding generations would praise him! It is due to the heroes of Methodism that they be embalmed in history; that their deeds be recorded. If ever this is done—and I trust it will be—the name of William M'Kendree will occupy a conspicuous

place among the noble heroes who have fought valiantly, and conquered nobly, and shouted victory over their enemies. His life was that of a Christian hero—his death equally heroic. "ALL IS WELL," said the dying sentinel. These were the last words that trembled upon his pallid lips. How they thrilled the heart of the Church, as they went over the hills and valleys where the good bishop had travelled and preached! They inspired the ministers with fresh courage, old men leaning on the top of their staves, with trembling voices repeated them; man in his prime echoed them; and childhood lisped forth the last words of the dying bishop, "All is well!" It was his last legacy to the Church—rich and valuable.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

M'KENDREE AND THE AGED MINISTER.

"In June, 1788, William M'Kendree accompanied brother John Easter to conference in Petersburgh, with his mind deeply affected respecting his call to the work of the ministry. He trembled at the undertaking, and hesitated to engage in it, but at the same time he felt all the weight of that sentence: 'Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.' In this state of mind, while walking alone in the parlour where he lodged, an aged minister came in, walked up, and took him in his arms. 'Brother,' said he, 'my mind is powerfully impressed that God has a great work for you to do, and I believe the impression is from the Lord. Do n't start from the cross—take it up—go to the work, and be faithful!' While pronouncing these words the tears ran

down the old man's cheeks, and he left young M'Kendree with his mind greatly moved. After solemn and fervent prayer to God, to know his will, he determined to make the trial, and if he found that his labours were not blessed, he would decline travelling, and go home; accordingly, he took an appointment from that conference, and became an itinerant Methodist preacher."—*Rev. T. L. Douglass.*

M'KENDREE AND HIS FIRST CIRCUIT.

There is something peculiar about the first circuit. Everything is new and untried. Much depends upon the reception the young minister meets with, and the counsel that is given him. Many of our strongest men have been informed, on their first fields of labour, that they had mistaken their calling, and that they had better return home.

From the Rev. Daniel De Vinne I received the following: "Mr. Epps, of Mississippi, gave me an account of young M'Kendree's first circuit, of the reception he met with, and his discouragements.

"Mr. M'Kendree was sent to a circuit in Virginia, and came to Mr. Epps's father's house, which was a home for the preachers. M'Kendree was at that time a tall, slim, unpolished young man, who had been raised in the woods, and had seen but little of the world. So unpromising was his appearance, and so unfavourable was the first impression made, that Mr. Epps said to a friend, 'I wonder who they will send next?' The hour for divine service arrived, and they went to the house of God; young M'Kendree trembling, and Mr. Epps with a very poor opinion of his talents as a preacher. After reading and prayer, M'Kendree took his text, and attempted to look at his audience; and such was his embarrassment that he could not lift his eyes from the Bible, but looked upon the book till he finished his sermon. After the sermon Mr. Epps left the house, and supposed the preacher would follow him; but not seeing him, he

returned to the church, and there found him seated on the lowest step of the pulpit stairs, his face covered with his hands, looking forlorn and dejected, as if he had not a friend on earth. Mr. Epps invited the young preacher to go home with him. Young M'Kendree said, in a mournful tone, 'I am not fit to go home with anybody.' Mr. Epps was not a man of a great deal of sympathy, and coolly replied, 'Well, you must have something to eat, any way.' He went home with him. They entered into conversation concerning his call to the ministry, Mr. Epps expressing an opinion that he could not preach; that he had no call to the ministry, and had run before he was sent; and concluded by advising him to return home. M'Kendree came to the same conclusion. In order to facilitate such an arrangement, Mr. Epps agreed to recall a number of M'Kendree's appointments that were nearest to him, and M'Kendree was to take up the most distant, and then return home. Mr. Epps recalled those he had agreed to, and M'Kendree went to attend to the same thing. With disappointed expectations and mortified spirit, he proceeded on his way. He came to the first appointment, and told the people his errand. Some one persuaded him to try to preach; at last he yielded, and God blessed him: the Holy Ghost descended upon the people, and sinners were awakened and converted to God. He then filled the rest of his appointments; and instead of returning home, continued to preach 'Jesus and the resurrection,' and had a year of great spiritual prosperity. And from that time he went on, became one of the most successful ministers, and continued in his work till

> 'His body with his charge laid down,
> He ceased at once to work and live.'"

It is very foolish to form a hasty opinion of a preacher's talents from his youth or his personal appearance. How many young ministers have been advised to return home, who afterward were burning and shining lights! This was

the case with Dr. Adam Clarke, George Roberts, Henry B. Bascom, and many others. Some have wished them to return home, because it was the "boy preacher;" but if they had listened attentively, they would have found the boy could preach a man's sermon. Some judge unfavourably from their personal appearance. Many of the strongest minds have inferior bodies. Mind is the standard of the man. Furthermore, talents are not always developed immediately. It was some time before the giant energies and god-like powers of Patrick Henry were developed, and some time before the oratorical talents of Henry Clay were discovered. Many a young preacher has been discouraged by cold reception, cold criticism, or injudicious advice, and their services forever lost to the Church.

M'KENDREE AND BISHOP ASBURY.

James O'Kelley was for several years the presiding elder of Wm. M'Kendree. His influence over him was powerful; and he succeeded in so prejudicing M'Kendree against Asbury and the Methodist Episcopal Church, that at the conference in 1792—when the difficulties came to a crisis—he declined taking an appointment, and sent Bishop Asbury "his resignation in writing." But soon after the conference adjourned he saw the bishop, recalled his resignation, and received an appointment. The Rev. Henry Smith says: "From a conversation with Mr. M'Kendree he learned that the character of Bishop Asbury had been shamefully misrepresented to him by Mr. O'Kelley, and that on this account he obtained leave to travel with the bishop, and, indeed, made it the condition of his remaining in the itinerancy. It is quite needless to say, that an intimate acquaintance with the beloved bishop created a confidence and friendship which each succeeding year cemented the more strongly, till they were separated by death." Bishop Asbury rejoiced when William M'Kendree was elected superintendent, and remarked in his Jour-

nal: "The burden is now borne by two pair of shoulders instead of one, and the care is cast upon two hearts and heads." Bishop Asbury spoke of Bishop M'Kendree in terms of the highest eulogy. He speaks of the election of Mr. M'Kendree to the office of bishop, and calls him "dear brother M'Kendree."

TWO POOR BISHOPS.

Bishop Asbury in his Journal sketches and draws the following living picture of himself and his colleague: "My flesh sinks under labour. We are riding in a poor thirty-dollar chaise, in partnership—two bishops of us; but it must be confessed it tallies well with the weight of our purses. What bishops! Well, we have great news, and we have great times; and each Western, Southern, together with the Virginia Conference, will have one thousand souls truly converted to God. Is not this equivalent for a light purse? And are we not well paid for starving and toil? Yes, glory to God!"

M'KENDREE AND MR. M'NAMAR.

When M'Kendree was presiding elder in the West, Rev. Mr. M'Namar, a Presbyterian clergyman in Kentucky, on the recommendation of Dr. C. went to hear him preach. His theme was the extent of the atonement, and salvation by faith in Christ. Mr. M'Namar was so charmed with his simple eloquence, and the force of his doctrine, that he said in himself as he went home, This is the doctrine that is calculated to do good. It so wrought upon his mind that shortly afterward, perhaps the next Sabbath, he began upon the same heavenly theme in his own congregation, and the mighty power of God came down upon him and his congregation, and many of them fell to the floor under it, and the preacher among the rest. I was not present, but was told of it by some Methodist friends who were eye-witnesses.

To the congregation this was strange work, but not so strange among the Methodists, for, thank God, we kept the fire burning in the midst of surrounding darkness and opposition. Some of the Methodists began to talk to those in distress, and also sung and prayed; but some of the elders, who were still on their feet, said, "If it is the Lord's work, let the Lord do his own work;" but they replied, "The Lord works by means," and persisted; some soon found peace and began to rejoice. As there was some crowding among those who were down, one said, "Don't tread upon Mr. M'Namar." He heard it, and cried out, "Yes, let them tread on me, for I deserve it. O, if I and my congregation had been called to judgment a few weeks ago, what would have become of us?" This was the beginning of the work among the Presbyterians on the east part of Kentucky, and soon spread nearly over the state.—*Rev. Henry Smith.*

M'KENDREE AND THE ENRAGED BROTHER.

"About the year 1798," says Rev. Francis M'Cormick, "the Rev. Wm. M'Kendree came to preside over us at a quarterly meeting held by him at brother Philip Gatch's. There were felt and seen the displays of mercy and grace; while our reverend brother was holding forth the word of life, sinners were cut to the heart in a wonderful manner; one young woman in particular shrieked aloud, as though a sword had been run through her. Her brother, in a rage, ran to her relief, and took her out of the crowd, but the Lord arrested him, and he began to cry for mercy."

M'KENDREE AND WILLIAM BURKE.

"In August, 1802," says the Rev. Wm. Burke, "we held a four-days' meeting in Shannon meeting-house, Kentucky. It continued night and day without intermission. I was employed night and day. For three nights I did not sleep. Rev. William M'Kendree preached on Monday morning, and

while he was preaching, the power of God rested on the congregation, and about the middle of his sermon it came down upon him in such a manner that he sank down into my arms while sitting behind him in the pulpit. His silence called every eye to the pulpit. I instantly raised him up to his feet, and the congregation said his face beamed with glory. He shouted out the praise of God, and it appeared like an electric shock in the congregation. Many fell to the floor like men slain in the field of battle. The meeting continued late in the afternoon, and witnesses were raised up to declare that God had power on earth to forgive sins, and many did say he could cleanse from all unrighteousness. From this meeting the work went on with astonishing power; hundreds were converted to God, and one of the most pleasing features of this revival was, that almost all the children of the old faithful Methodists were the subjects of the work."

M'KENDREE AND THE EXTORTIONER; OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

"In the summer of 1806, William M'Kendree, then presiding elder of the district, was preaching near Maysville, the landing-place for most of the emigrants to the upper part of the state of Kentucky. His subject naturally led him to enlarge on *extortion*. It was here that the emigrants were frequently exposed to impositions of various kinds from a want of knowledge of the prices of the commodities of the country, &c. With his usual ingenuity, M'Kendree pressed the subject very closely. 'Yes,' said he, 'it frequently happens that some take advantage of the poor emigrant too, that has removed to your fine country to become your neighbour and fellow-citizen; you sell him your corn or other produce at double price, and for the corn, when it is worth only fifty cents the bushel, you can ask a dollar—ah! and receive it too—of the poor man who has to grapple with misfortunes to support his family.' An aged gentleman sitting

near the door was discovered to become more and more uneasy. His hoary locks gave him a venerable cast, but the emotions of his mind were such as to operate upon the muscular movement of his features. As the subject was pressed his agitation increased; he could stand it no longer, but, rising from his seat, thus abruptly addressed the preacher: 'If I did sell my corn for a dollar a bushel, I gave them six months to pay it in.' 'Sit down, my friend,' calmly replied M'Kendree; 'sit down, sir, if you please. We are discussing a subject and delineating a character; we are not in the habit of making *personal* reflections.'"—*Theophilus Arminius.*

This anecdote illustrates the fidelity of the preacher. It shows that he "cried aloud and spared not;" and that there was in him an honesty and a fidelity equal to Nathan, when he went to David and said, "Thou art the man!"

It also illustrates the power of God's word. His word is "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword." It cut to the very quick. The guilty extortioner, who had ground the face of the poor in order to enrich his coffers, who had taken advantage of their necessities, felt as if the preacher was acquainted with his mean conduct, and that he was exposing him before the audience. God's word is not only a "sword," but a "hammer" and a "fire." It shows also the power of conscience. There was something within that interpreted and applied the sermon to the sinner himself. It was conscience that lashed him like a whip of scorpions. Happy the man who has the testimony of a good conscience, and woe to the man that has conscience for his enemy.

M'KENDREE AND THE GENTLEMAN.

In 1807, Mr. M'Kendree and a few preachers concluded to "visit the regions beyond," "to stretch themselves beyond themselves." So they penetrated far into the wilderness, into what was called the "Northwestern Territory," and

there he preached with great power and success the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." At one of his appointments a gentleman said to him: "Sir, I am convinced that there is a divine influence in your religion; for though I have resided here some years, and have done all within my power to gain the confidence and good-will of my neighbours, you have already made more friends here than I have."

THE SERMON THAT MADE M'KENDREE BISHOP.

Mr. M'Kendree was a member of the General Conference that met at Baltimore, May, 1808. Two bishops were elected. On the Sabbath before the election he was appointed to preach in the morning, at the Light-street Church. This sermon, which had such a powerful influence on his future position, has been glowingly described by Dr. Bangs, our Church historian. I shall give it in his own words:

"The house was crowded with strangers in every part, above and below, eager to hear the stranger; and among others, most of the members of the General Conference were present, besides a number of coloured people, who occupied a second gallery in the front end of the Church. Mr. M'Kendree entered the pulpit at the hour for commencing the services, clothed in very coarse and homely garments, which he had worn in the woods of the West, and after singing he kneeled in prayer. As was often the case with him when he commenced his prayer, he seemed to falter in his speech, clipping some of his words at the end, and occasionally hanging upon a syllable, as if it were difficult for him to pronounce the word. I looked at him, not without some feelings of distrust, thinking to myself, 'I wonder what awkward backwoodsman they have put in the pulpit this morning, to disgrace us with his mawkish and uncouth phraseology.' This feeling of distrust did not forsake me

until some minutes after he had announced his text, which contained the following words: 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?' Jeremiah viii, 21, 22.

"His introduction appeared tame, his sentences broken and disjointed, and his elocution very defective. He at length introduced his main subject, which was to show the spiritual disease of the Jewish Church, and of the human family generally; and then he entered upon his second proposition, which was to analyze the feelings which such a state of things awakened in the souls of God's faithful ambassadors: but when he came to speak of the blessed effects upon the heart of the balm which God had provided for the 'healing of the nations,' he seemed to enter fully into the element in which his soul delighted to move and have its being, and he soon carried the whole congregation away with him into the regions of experimental religion.

"Remarking upon the objections which some would make to the expression of the feelings realized by a person fully restored to health by an application of the 'sovereign balm for every wound,' he referred to the shouts of applause so often heard upon our national jubilee, in commemoration of our emancipation from political thraldom, and then said, 'How much more cause has an immortal soul to rejoice and give glory to God for its spiritual deliverance from the bondage of sin!' This was spoken with a soul overflowing with the most hallowed and exalted feelings, and with such an emphasis, that it was like the sudden bursting of a cloud surcharged with water. The congregation was instantly overwhelmed with a shower of divine grace from the upper world. At first, sudden shrieks, as of persons in distress, were heard in different parts of the house; then shouts of praise, and in every direction sobs and groans. The eyes of

the people overflowed with tears, while many were prostrated upon the floor, or lay helpless on the seats. A very large, athletic-looking preacher, who was sitting by my side, suddenly fell upon his seat, as if pierced by a bullet, and I felt my heart melting under emotions which I could not well resist.

"After this sudden shower the clouds were dispersed, and the Sun of Righteousness shone out most serenely and delightfully, producing upon all a present consciousness of the divine approbation; and when the preacher descended from the pulpit, all were filled with admiration of his talents, and were ready to 'magnify the grace of God in him,' as a chosen messenger of good tidings to the lost, saying in their hearts, '*This is the man whom God delights to honour.*'"

Bishop Asbury, who was present, was heard to say that the sermon would make him a bishop, and his prophecy was true; for on the 12th of May, the day that the resolution passed to elect and consecrate an additional bishop, he was elected. The number of votes cast was one hundred and twenty-eight; of which Mr. M'Kendree had ninety-five in his favour, and the remainder were divided between E. Cooper and Jesse Lee. It was the largest majority by which any bishop has been elected, except Bishop Asbury. He was consecrated to the office of bishop, or superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the 17th of May, 1808, in the Light-street Church, by Bishop Asbury, assisted by Rev. Messrs. Garrettson, Bruce, Lee, and Ware, who were the oldest and most prominent elders in the ministry at that time.

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE PENITENT.

In the summer of 1809, a camp-meeting was held on the farm of the Rev. John Collins, in Ohio. Bishop M'Kendree with many others attended. On Monday morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The ministers

were all invited around the table to partake of the holy emblems. The venerable bishop offered the consecratory prayer, and then distributed to the under-shepherds the bread and wine. A solemn stillness reigned around, only broken by a deep sigh or a half-suppressed sob, while one after another of that large congregation came to celebrate the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. Nearly in front of the bishop, beyond the altar, stood the weeping penitent, reclining her head upon the shoulder of a converted sister, and sobbing as if her heart would break, while she gazed upon the scene. Her appearance and manner attracted the attention of the benevolent M'Kendree, and, looking toward her, he said, "My child, come here, and kneel at the foot of the cross, and you shall find mercy."

"Do you think," said she through her tears, "so vile a sinner as I may venture to approach the sacramental board, and take in my unholy hands the emblems of the Saviour's dying love?"

"Yes, my child; it was for just such sinners as you the blessed Jesus died, and while writhing in his last agonies, he demonstrated his power and willingness to save by taking the penitent malefactor with him to heaven."

"Then I'll go to Jesus," said she; and hurrying to the table, she fell upon her knees and cried aloud to God. With streaming eyes the bishop administered the bread, and just as her lips tasted the wine of the sacramental cup, pardon was communicated and heaven sprung up in her heart. Instantly she rose to her feet, her face shining like that of an angel, while, with an eloquence that went to every heart, she told the story of the cross and the wondrous power of Christ to save. All seemed to partake of the common joy of that renewed spirit. This young lady accompanied us to the camp-meeting. To the graces of her person, for she was charmingly beautiful, were added a brilliant mind. She was amiable and lovely, the charm of the neighbourhood. Scarcely had we arrived on the ground before she was con-

victed. During Saturday and Sunday she seemed to be in extreme agony of mind. Her prayers and tears excited the sympathy of all hearts. I had supposed that only such as were converted, and were the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, were entitled to a place at the Lord's table.—*Finley's Autobiography.*

M'KENDREE AND THE CALVINISTS.

In 1811, on a western tour, Bishop M'Kendree preached at Granville, and the Calvinists sent him a note, requesting him to preach his principles in full. This he did to their satisfaction; and in addition thereto, as a work of supererogation, gave an exposition of Calvinism. After the discourse three elders of the Presbyterian Church came to his lodgings and attacked him with great zeal. In a short time, however, they were so completely confounded that they went away ashamed of the inconsistencies of their doctrines.—*Finley's Autobiography.*

M'KENDREE AND THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.

"In the fall of 1804," says the Rev. John Meek, "our conference was held at brother Griffith's, in Kentucky. Bishop Asbury did not get there. Rev. Wm. M'Kendree was elected president of the conference during its session. When it was announced that he was the choice of the brethren, as chairman of the conference he arose, and in a flood of tears, expressed his deep sense of obligation to his brethren for the confidence they had placed in him, and begged their indulgence, and also their fervent supplication to the great Head of the Church that he might be sustained. And, indeed, there appeared to be but one feeling to pervade the whole, *pure friendship;* for here let me say in those days of suffering and of toil, the blessed law of kindness was the governing principle. And verily, we had a blessed season of

the divine presence; for the God of the wilderness was with us of a truth. Our beloved M'Kendree presided with great ability, and I believe I am correct when I say that the preachers seldom, if ever, received their appointments with a better state of feeling, or went more cheerfully to their different fields of labour."

M'KENDREE AND THE QUARTERLY MEETING.

"In 1804," says the Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, "a quarterly meeting was held at John Prathers', Kentucky. William M'Kendree was the presiding elder of the district. On Saturday preaching was held in a grove adjoining the house. On Sunday morning the Lord rained down righteousness upon his people. At 11 o'clock M'Kendree preached in the house, and John Sale in the barn at the same time. The power of God fell upon the people, and some were prostrated, and cried to God for mercy, and some found peace in believing. Mr. M'Kendree fell prostrate under the mighty power and glory of God also. A number fled out of the house, but fell in the yard, and cried aloud for mercy. As the preaching in the barn was over at the same time, the two congregations met in the yard. The Lord then made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people. Sinners were cut to the heart. Many fell under the mighty power of God, and cried out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' It was a memorable day, such as had never been witnessed in that section of country before. Among the converts on that occasion was the Rev. George C. Light. Bishop M'Kendree was often heard to say, that in all his previous travels he had never witnessed so remarkable a display of converting power."

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE CONFLAGRATION.

Bishop M'Kendree was remarkable for his great presence of mind. He illustrated this trait in his character in 1812,

while preaching in John-street, one Sabbath morning. During the service the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" was heard. The fire was not far off. It was the great fire in Chatham-street, that burned from what is now the Park, to Pearl and William streets. The alarm threw the congregation into confusion, and they commenced running out. With the utmost calmness said Bishop M'Kendree, "Let the men go to the fire, for they probably can do some good; let the women remain, and I will preach to them." He did preach, while the fire was raging, a solemn and impressive sermon to the women.

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND SAMUEL PARKER.

The Rev. Samuel Parker excelled in singing. His voice was one of uncommon melody, and well cultivated; and he understood the science of music. "We were told," says the Rev. J. B. Finley, "by Bishop M'Kendree, that when he was on the Hinkston circuit, at one of brother Parker's quarterly meetings, the bishop mentioned to Mr. Parker a tune which he had heard in the southern part of Kentucky, that so interested and thrilled him that it had been sounding in his mind ever since. The bishop was deprived, like many others, of the wonderful gift of song, though he had an exquisite ear for music, and was said to be a connoisseur. Mr. Parker told the bishop he thought he could produce the tune; and for this purpose they both retired to the woods. The plan for its production, or rather reproduction, was this. The preacher sounded the various notes, and the bishop would tell him when a note accorded with the tune. Thus he continued till he had written every note of the entire piece. The time for preaching having arrived, they went into the congregation, and, to the utter astonishment of the bishop, the tune was sung to appropriate words; but with a melody and a power which not only affected the bishop, but the whole congregation to tears."—*Sketches of Western Methodism.*

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

"When I was stationed in Newbern, North Carolina," says the Rev. J. F. Wright, "my first station, Bishop M'Kendree made an Episcopal visit to that place, and spent some time with us. As I was a young preacher, he gave me much instructive and excellent advice; but there was one sentence which made a deeper impression on my mind than all the rest. 'John,' said he, 'you must be guarded here, and not get as flat as a pancake in your preaching; try to keep as round as a bullet.' This advice had a fine practical effect upon the preacher, and will continue its influence on him until he dies. A word in season, how good it is!"

This is not a distinction without a difference. What a vast difference there is between pancake and bullet preaching! The one flat, the other round; the one soft, the other hard; the one inefficient, the other effectual. What effect would pancake preaching have had upon the extortioner? would it have pierced the crust of his selfishness? No, nothing but bullet-preaching would answer. Who would not pray to be delivered from preaching as soft and flat as a pancake, and earnestly desire bullet-preaching, the preaching that is efficient?

BISHOP M'KENDREE'S SERMON BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

The Rev. W. C. Larrabee gives the following beautiful and life-like description of the personal appearance of the bishop, and his sermon on that occasion:

"I had once, and only once, the good fortune to see and hear Bishop M'Kendree. It was at the session of the New-England Conference, at Durham, in the state of Maine, in the year 1814. I was then a small boy, but I had heard of the fame of Bishop M'Kendree. On Sabbath morning I

made my way over the fields and pastures, and through the woods, to the old Methodist Church, which stood in a rural region on the hill-side. When I arrived at the house I found no room—not so much as about the door. Being, however, a little fellow, I contrived to work a tortuous passage through the crowd, and to reach a position near the altar, in full view of the preacher. He was just rising to give out his text. His tall and manly form, his dignified and commanding appearance, struck me with admiration. Distinctly and impressively he read his text, Deuteronomy xxx, 19: 'I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing. Choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.' Without apology or laboured introduction he proceeded at once to his main subject. His manner of speaking was different from any I had ever heard. He would speak for a few sentences rapidly, in a colloquial style; then he would rise in declamation, and make the old house ring with the powerful tones of his magnificent voice. Suddenly he would descend to a lower key, and employ under-tones, sweet and soft as the Æolian lyre. At times the feelings of the audience would become, under his stirring appeals, most intense, and one simultaneous shout would leap from a hundred tongues. Young as I was, I was deeply affected with wonder and delight at the powerful eloquence and commanding appearance of the distinguished stranger. The man, the manner, the voice, and the discourse, all made on my youthful heart an impression, which the long years that are passed have failed to wear away."

BISHOP M'KENDREE'S SERMON AT PARIS, NEW-YORK.

"During the session of the Genesee Conference in Paris, N. Y., in 1816," says the Rev. Abner Chase, "Bishop M'Kendree preached on the Sabbath a sermon which is remembered by many until the present time. The multitude

assembled on the occasion was very great. The entire church was given up to the female part of the assembly; and even then, perhaps, not one-half of that class were able to get in. A staging was prepared, reaching through one of the windows of the church—the sash being removed, so that the bishop could stand within or without the house, as he might choose to vary his position—and seats were prepared on the north side of the house, where the bishop stood; but not sufficient to accommodate more, perhaps, than one-fourth of the assembly. The greater part were obliged to stand, or lose the opportunity to hear. The bishop took his stand; but the current of air was so strong through the window, and his asthmatic affection was so severe, that he hesitated to commence. After standing a short time, he called me to him, and said, 'I think I cannot succeed in an attempt to speak here.' I told him if he thought he could not preach there, we would clear his way to the pulpit, and those who could not hear must bear their disappointment. The bishop paused again for a moment, and then stooping toward me, as I stood upon the floor, said, with a smile which was peculiar to himself, 'I will try it here, in the name of the Lord.' That expression and that smile are as vividly before my mind now as though it were but yesterday. He commenced and gave out a hymn; after this was sung he knelt upon the staging, and while at prayer his voice became more and more clear and strong. He arose and gave out his text, 1 Cor. i, 22–24: 'For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' He proceeded for a few minutes, and was evidently rising above all his embarrassments, and exclaimed, 'Thanks be to God, the shackles are all off; there is no trammelling here now!' I can only say, What a sermon! and what power attended it! There were present to hear this sermon

several ministers of different denominations besides our own; and when the services were closed there was an inquiry among them, one after another, what they thought of the sermon. 'Why,' said one of them, 'Doctor —— cannot hold a candle to him.'"

Bishop M'Kendree was an acquaintance and warm friend of General Andrew Jackson; and in the course of this sermon he gave some striking anecdotes of the general, which produced a fine effect upon the congregation. I will relate one of them.

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE NOISY PRAYER-MEETING.

The memorable 8th of January, the day of the battle of New Orleans, was a Sunday. The general, expecting every hour an attack from the British army, had, in the morning, given orders that no man should be far from his place, and that the strictest order should be preserved, and no unusual noise made in the camp. There were some pious men in the army, who had assembled in one of the tents after breakfast, and engaged in a prayer-meeting. Becoming fervent and animated in prayer, one of the officers came to the tent and ordered them to discontinue the meeting, alleging that they were disobeying the orders given in the morning by General Jackson. They assured the officer that they had no disposition to disobey, and if he would allow them the privilege, they would appeal to the general. To this proposition the officer assented, and agreed to accompany two of their number to the general's quarters, to hear his decision of the question. They went, accordingly, and the officer stated the case to the general, remarking that he had forbidden the continuance of the meeting because they had become warm and loud in their prayers, which he considered a violation of the general's order given in the morning, that no unusual noise should be

made in the camp. Upon which the general replied, "God forbid that prayer should be an unusual noise in my camp." They returned, and the prayer-meeting went on until they were called into the field of battle.

A NOBLE WOMAN AND A NOBLE TOAST.

The other anecdote related by Bishop M'Kendree was this. There was in New Orleans, soon after the battle, a meeting of the officers of the army, to celebrate the victory which had recently been obtained, to which celebration the officers, whose wives were in the vicinity, were invited to bring their ladies with them. After dinner toasts were given by the different officers, in praise of General ——, Colonel ——, Major ——, Captain ——, &c. After which the ladies were called upon for toasts; and the wife of the officer at the head of the table was personally requested to give the first. She hesitated, but, being urged, finally gave this short sentence, "Glory to God!" Upon hearing this all seemed struck with amazement; and, after a short pause, one of the officers expressed his surprise, and desired the lady to explain. In reply she said: "I have sat here and heard glory given to man, and I would by no means withhold or oppose giving due honour to the good and the brave. But there is a power above all these, without the aid of which these valiant men could have achieved no victory; and as I was urged to express a sentiment, I felt in duty bound to acknowledge the hand of Jehovah in the victory which you are celebrating:" and then added, "Gentlemen, I again say, Glory to the God of armies, by whose aid you have obtained this victory." To this sentiment the company then responded with apparent cheerfulness.

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE LITTLE BOY.

"At a camp-meeting," says the Rev. J. B. Finley, in his "Sketches of Western Methodism," "held on C. S. camp-ground, the venerable Bishop M'Kendree was present, and preached to the children and young people. On this occasion the bishop noticed a little boy who was much affected. Being intimately acquainted with the family, and knowing the child well, the bishop invited him into the tent, and conversed and prayed with him, laying his hand upon his little head, and commending him to God. That afternoon the doors of the church were opened, and this boy went forward and presented himself as a probationer. He was received, and continued to attend regularly to his religious duties, never absenting himself from a prayer-meeting or a class-meeting, or preaching, when he could attend. He was but a mere child, and as he would sit in class, no one, either leader or preacher, would speak to him, or pay him any attention. At this his young heart was much aggrieved, and he was sometimes tempted to go no more; but he continued to hold on till his grandfather, who was a travelling preacher, should visit them, and he would speak to him on the subject. At length the grandfather came; and when he was sitting alone one day, he came to him and said:

"'Grandfather, I want to ask you a question.'

"'Well, my child,' said the old man, 'what is your wish?'

"'Well, it is this,' said he: 'Do you think I am too young to serve God, and belong to the Church?'

"'No, not at all, my child, said the venerable saint, with emotion. 'Your mother embraced religion when she was only seven years of age; and we have many examples in the Bible where children became religious in the dawn of life, such as Samuel, and Josiah, and Timothy; and the Scriptures say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise." But why did you ask this question?'

"'At a camp-meeting,' said the child, 'where Bishop M'Kendree preached to us children, I resolved I would be a Christian; and when brother C. opened the doors of the church, I went forward and joined. I have been to meeting every time since, and staid in class; but no person says a word to me about religion, and I thought they considered me too young to be noticed.'

"'Well,' said the grandfather, 'I will go with you to meeting next Sunday, and if the preacher does not speak to you when he meets the class, do you rise up and ask him the reason. Do you understand?'

"'Yes, grandfather, I will.'

"The day came, and the grandfather and the child were at meeting. When the congregation was dismissed the preacher commenced leading his class; and all were spoken to, as usual, but the little boy. He made an effort to rise, but his heart failed him. The grandfather seeing this, said, 'Brother L., little J. has a question to ask you.' The child then rose, and in a simple manner gave his experience, not forgetting to allude to his not having been spoken to. At this the preacher blushed, and the class-leader wept, one after the other confessing their delinquency, and promising to do better for the future. That child has grown to manhood, and has a family, and has been a useful and highly acceptable member of the Church."

There is a moral to this touching incident. Never neglect or overlook a child. The example of Bishop M'Kendree is worthy of imitation as well as admiration.

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE UNION MEETING-HOUSE.

Union meeting-houses have been no blessing to us, but a great injury. For two years I was stationed in a Union Church. From ever being stationed in another, "good Lord, deliver me."

The following incident, related by the Rev. Abner Chase, will illustrate the evil: "We had in the town of Litchfield, N. Y., what was called a 'Union meeting-house,' built by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists; but, as is the case in most instances of the kind, instead of a union it was a contention house. In 1814 we had a love-feast and a sacramental season appointed there. Bishop M'Kendree was passing through that part of the country, and he spent a Sabbath with us. When Sunday morning came, a certain man, who claimed to be a proprietor in the house, went early in the morning and took one of the doors from the hinges, laid it down upon the floor, and sat upon it, to prevent our holding the love-feast in due form. Having learned what was going on, I asked the bishop if he was willing to preach in the grove, which was near by, to which he consented. We therefore gave up the love-feast, and before preaching held a meeting for prayer and speaking in the grove, having previously posted a man in front of the church-yard, to notify the people where the meeting was, and to request all not to go to the church, so that the man had the privilege of sitting upon his door unnoticed by any one, until he was weary and ashamed; and then he got up and went home."

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND HIS DYING SISTER.

We have seen the bishop on the circuit, in the pulpit, in the chair presiding at the conference; we are now to behold him in a different attitude—in the room of his dying sister. We enter the chamber where the dying sufferer lay, and behold the brother, an angel of mercy, watching by her dying bedside till angels whispered,

"Sister spirit, come away."

We read of a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Then a brother will stick very close; the love of a true brother indeed is pure, genuine, lasting. This was the case with Bishop M'Kendree. The following pages show the

kind of heart that beat in his bosom; the sympathy of his nature, the tenderness of his soul. Never does he appear greater or better than in the room where his sister exchanged mortality for immortality.

The bishop's sister, Frances, was converted under the labours of that mighty man of God, John Easter, July 22d, 1787. Two years after, her mother sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. In 1810 the family moved to Tennessee, where the father died triumphantly in 1815, having lived four-score and eight years. A few weeks before the death of the venerable father, the daughter, Frances, was married to the Rev. Nathaniel Moore. In 1823, consumption began to undermine her constitution, and threaten her dissolution. "On the 18th of November, her brother, Bishop M'Kendree, in company with Bishop Soule, arrived at Mr. Moore's, and found Mrs. Moore sinking very fast under the pressure of disease; but her mind was composed and calm. She had felt the want of religious conversation in that free and particular manner which treats of the feelings of the heart, and the peculiar exercises of the mind under various and complicated afflictions; for her friends had by some means omitted indulging in that degree of freedom with her which would have led to this point. The way being opened by the bishops, she conversed very freely and frequently on the important subject of religion, in which she unreservedly spoke of her experience and manner of living for thirty-six or thirty-seven years; of the evidence she had of her acceptance with God, her faith in Christ, and her hope of eternal happiness. She said she felt no condemnation, yet she was conscious of not having improved the grace and opportunities afforded as she ought; that she was sensible of the want of more grace, and earnestly desired a more free and easy access to a throne of mercy, and more intimate communion with Jesus. She said she was not willing to finish her course without clearer views and a stronger evidence of everlasting happiness.

"On the 24th the bishops left Mr. Moore's to attend the conference in Columbia; and having finished the business of conference, they returned to Mr. Moore's on the 2d day of December, and found her mind nearly in the same situation as when they left her, while her system was rapidly declining. She earnestly prayed for clear views, and a strong evidence of future happiness, and was supported by an encouraging expectation that her prayer would be answered. She knew that God was with her, and believed that he would take care of her. She was not flattered either by her physicians or friends: they had for some time given up all hopes of her recovery, and she was informed of their opinion, nor did she manifest any symptoms of alarm at the information; for she believed as they did; and her desire to know God more fully increased as her health declined.

"On the 16th her brother left her to visit a neighbouring society, and on the 20th he returned, and found her mind still calm and composed, and much resigned to the will of God: her comfort was increased, but her strength fast declining. She was very free and particular in conversation on her situation and prospects of future bliss and happiness.

"On the night of the 23d, about midnight, the bishop was waked up and called to visit Mrs. Moore. He hastened to her apartment, and found her, for the first time, much excited, and her sister, who was watching alone, deeply affected: neither could comfort the other. Mrs. Moore's mind was strongly excited, but there was no appearance of confusion or fear: it assumed the character of deep concern, produced from conviction. With nerves, countenance, and voice firm and regular, she briefly rehearsed her walk with God, her faith in Christ, and her hope of happiness after death; 'but now,' said she, 'when the time draws nigh, I am afraid. I have been thinking on the dreadful consequences of being deceived. How if I never had religion! if it has all been delusion! How shall I appear before my Judge! It is an

awful thought! I feel fear, and it alarms me.' This was an eventful and important moment. The grand enemy had assailed her with all his art and subtilty, and was about to succeed in depriving her of those comforts and enjoyments which enable the Christian to die triumphantly; but, fortunately for her, a minister of Jesus was at hand, who was not ignorant of Satan's devices, and who reflected as she made those statements, and at once saw the design of the enemy. When she had finished her observations, the bishop took up the subject of *temptation*, and made some remarks on its *nature*, the *design* of the tempter, the artful form of his insinuations, and the consequences of admitting the probability of his suggestions, and reasoning on them. In a situation like this he pointed out to her the Christian's recourse, showing that the strength of Jehovah was pledged for his deliverance, and the safety to be enjoyed by trusting in it; how the enemy ought to be met on such occasions, and the way of exercising faith in the exceeding great and precious promises given us in the word of God, together with the certainty of help and deliverance from the Most High. To these statements Mrs. Moore listened with silent and solemn attention; after which she paused, as if her mind was examining their force; then asked some questions, in order to remove more fully every shadow of difficulty from her mind; after which she reflected some moments, and said, 'I am satisfied,' and requested that she might lie down. After remaining composed for some time, she was asked if her mind was at rest. She replied, 'Yes, bless the Lord!' 'Has your confidence returned,' said the bishop. She answered, 'Yes, glory to God! it is stronger than ever.' After this her mind remained, as usual, tranquil and calm, her faith firm in Christ, and her hopes and confidence in God strong and unshaken.

"On the morning of the 25th, about six o'clock, the bishop was requested to hasten to her room. He found her sitting in the bed, supported by her nephew and his wife,

her sister and two servants, all bathed in tears, expecting her hour had come, and that she was just about to take her flight from this world; but it proved to be a transport of holy joy, altogether out of the ordinary way with her. She exclaimed, 'Jesus is come! Glory! O, the joy—the consolation—the fulness of free salvation! There is enough for all as well as me! Bless the Lord, O my soul! I am not only happy, perfectly happy, but my pain is all gone. I feel well and strong enough to run a mile. Glory—honour! O, love Jesus! for he is good—very good to me.' Her observations and her actions throughout this extraordinary season of transport and joy were fully expressive of an entire exercise of reason, a firm and unshaken faith, together with a satisfactory knowledge of the evidences on which her faith rested. It was divine love filling the heart, and running over; and the sacred flame was felt by all in the room.

"On Wednesday, the 29th, the bishop visited her very early in the morning, and found her composed and happy: but she observed, 'Last night in my meditations, as I thought seriously on *death*, I tried to bring it as near as I could; but in approaching it I felt some fear. For some time I have felt no fear of death; but now, as he approaches nearer, I am afraid. What can be the cause? Is it want of grace?' He asked her if *death*, the solemnity and pain of dying, was the object of her fear; or was the object of her fear *beyond* death. To this she replied, without the least hesitancy, 'It is *death!* *Dying* appears to be very solemn and awful; but, thank God, there is nothing beyond death but what appears to be desirable to me: but why should we fear to die?' This seemed to be the last effort of the enemy to assail her, and, if possible, to deprive her of uninterrupted comfort; but the Lord, in his mercy and providence, had sent her affectionate brother, Bishop M'Kendree, as an angel of peace, to minister comfort and consolation to her in this trying moment. After some remarks on our innate aver-

sion to *pain*, which in its nature is an object of fear, he observed to her that affliction is not joyous, but grievous; that our Lord prayed, if it were possible, that this cup (of suffering) might pass from him; and that if martyrs and saints in every age, and to the present day, triumphed over death, it was not because *death* and *pain* were changed in their nature, or ceased to be what they really were, the last enemy we had to contend with; but by obtaining such transporting views of Jesus, heaven, and glory, as St. Stephen and many others have had, by which their faith and confidence are so confirmed and strengthened that they are enabled to pass triumphantly through death, in anticipation of the joys which enable us to say, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Her mind from that time appeared to be perfectly satisfied: the enemy was not permitted to molest her, or interrupt her peace.

> 'Not a cloud did arise to darken the skies,
> Or hide for a moment the Lord from the eyes.'

"On the morning of the 31st, immediately after prayer, which was by seven o'clock, her brother took a seat near her bedside, but said nothing. 'Brother,' she said, with a very feeble voice, 'I am very sick this morning. I am sick all over.' He replied, 'Yes, you are sick; we see it, and none of us can help you.' 'No,' said she, 'you cannot help me; but you would if you could.' 'But,' said he, 'the Lord can help you, and he is all-sufficient.' Her countenance instantly revived, her voice resumed its usual tone, and she said, 'Yes, the Lord can help me: in him is my trust; to him I constantly pray when I am awake, and I have confidence that he will stand by me and support me to the last.' About twenty or thirty minutes afterward she was raised and supported on the bed, and prayer was again proposed, of which

she approved, and desired all present to pray constantly for her, and to bear her up. While at prayer she would add very fervently, 'Amen! Lord, hear prayer.' The company rose from their knees weeping, and deeply affected. Being supported as she sat up on the bed, she rejoiced and praised God. Said she, 'I have an abiding confidence in God: my joy is inexpressible. I am perfectly easy: no pain—no disorder about me;' and for a short time her actions in some degree corresponded with what she professed to feel. She said, 'I am resigned to the will of God. The Lord is good. I have no cause of complaint. He has wiped away all my tears. I have no tears to shed with you.' Those who were present remarked the change from extreme debility to a surprising degree of strength, and also her composure and deliberate manner of expression; but the surprise ceases when we consider the astonishing effects of the grace of God manifested to a believer in Jesus. This being the day in course for preaching at the meeting-house, she was informed that the bishop desired to go to meeting, if it met with her approbation. She said, 'Yes, O yes! go to meeting.' Sometimes she was suddenly attacked with overwhelming sickness; and when asked what part was most affected by those sudden attacks, she would say, 'I am sick all over; my feelings are indescribable.' Once she observed, 'I feel very strangely; it affects me all over;' and very composedly asked, 'What can be the cause? Is it death?' On this day, about eleven o'clock, a very sudden attack of this sickness took place. She apprehended approaching dissolution, and expressed a wish to see her brother. The affliction progressed to an alarming degree. She became pale as a corpse; the organs of speech ceased to perform their office; she was perfectly limber; and every one present expected that death must ensue. However, she survived. Thirty-five minutes after twelve her brother returned, and found her considerably revived, tolerably easy, quite composed, and perfectly resigned; but she was exceedingly

weak and feeble, and from this time she sunk very fast.

"On the morning of January 1st, 1825, she was very feeble, having been much troubled by her cough, and slept but little the preceding night. At half past ten o'clock she was asked, 'How do you do?' She replied with a feeble voice, 'I have no pain: I am easy, except a pressure on the lungs, which makes it hard to breathe and cough. I am very feeble. I am going fast, as you see.' She was asked if she had supporting faith; to which she replied, 'Strong in faith—all is well—bless the Lord!' One present said, 'Let me die the death of the righteous:' to which she responded, 'And let my last end be like his.'

"On Sabbath morning, January 2d, she said in broken accents, 'O that I could talk!' About four o'clock, as her nephew and sister stood by, and supported her—for her cough was so troublesome she could not lie down—she said, 'Children, how is your faith for me?' He replied, 'Mine is very strong.' She said, 'Nancy, how is yours?' The answer was, 'Our faith is strong.' 'So is mine,' said she, and added, 'I wanted to know, for I am almost gone, but have a strong hope.'

"Between five and six o'clock on the morning of the 3d, her brother came down stairs, and on entering her room, he asked, 'Is all well?' She answered, 'Yes, I am easy.' 'Have you peace and comfort still?' said he. She replied, 'Yes, my peace is like a river.' He again asked her, 'Can you trust the Lord?' and she readily answered, 'I have full confidence in God—bless the Lord.' About nine o'clock her brother was called in haste into her room. She sat leaning on her nephew, supported by his wife and her sister, who were all absorbed in tears. Her aspect was indicative of dissolution. After a solemn pause, the bishop asked her, 'Is all well?' by which expression she knew he meant much; and she answered, 'Yes, Jesus is come.' He said,

'Amen—even so, come Lord Jesus!' when, with her hands feebly raised, she responded, 'So be it! Glory! O, the beauty!' These were her last words. She was gently inclined, leaning on her nephew, and supported as already mentioned; and in this position, as one sweetly falling asleep, she remained perfectly calm—no cough or appearance of pain. Once, on attempting to swallow, her throat being very sore, a wrinkle was seen in her face; but it was only for a moment, and her face resumed its natural smoothness. In about fifteen or twenty minutes her breath grew shorter, but she breathed easily with her mouth closed: her hands and eyes were in their usual praying position. At length she extended her arms, with an easy, regular motion, and moved or straightened them twice; her chin gradually dropped; and without a struggle, or the least appearance of any exertion, reaching after breath, a groan or sigh, she fell asleep as in the arms of her Saviour. An exit from this world so composed and easy, and at the same time so triumphant, falls to the lot of but few; and as her nephew's wife said, a few minutes after she ceased to breathe, so will I say, 'O that my last end may be like hers.'"

Such is the description given by the Rev. Thomas L. Douglass, of the bishop and his dying sister, Frances, who was lovely in life, and still more lovely in death. The account was published in the Methodist Magazine in 1826, from which I have made the above extracts.

It is singular that the words which the bishop twice addresses to Frances, "Is all well?" were his own last words as he was "passing away." The dying hero exclaimed, "All is well!"

Long ago the brother and sister have met where all will be eternally well, in the regions of perpetual sunshine, "where no friend goes out, no enemy comes in."

BISHOP M'KENDREE'S FAREWELL TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

"I was present," says the Rev. James Quinn, "when Dr. Coke presided for the last time in the General Conference; also when the sainted Whatcoat for the last time sat in the chair of the General Conference. So, also, when we were blessed for the last time with the presence and godly counsel of the never-to-be-forgotten Asbury. I was present at the General Conference in which George—the holy, fervent, spirited Bishop George—last presided. I also heard with strong emotion our dear M'Kendree's valedictory, which he delivered, placing his right hand on the shoulder of Bishop Soule, who leaned forward to support him, while Bishops Roberts and Hedding supported him on the left, and Bishops Andrew and Emory sat before him, within the railing around the communion table. As the venerable man retired, supported by Dr. Bangs and Bishop Soule—one on either hand—I said to brother Akers, 'I think we have seen his face, we have heard his voice, for *the last time* in the General Conference.'" It was so. The General Conference spoken of was held in Philadelphia, May, 1832. When the venerable M'Kendree was leaving the conference, conscious that it was the last time, he bade them an affectionate farewell. Most touching was the scene, worthy of a painter's pencil. It is thus described by Dr. Bangs, and nothing in his whole History is more graphic. He says, speaking of the venerable M'Kendree: "Like a patriarch in the midst of his family, with his head silvered over with the frosts of seventy-five winters, and a countenance beaming with intelligence and good-will, he delivered his valedictory remarks, which are remembered with lively emotions. Rising from his seat to take his departure, the day before the conference adjourned, he halted for a moment, leaning on his staff; with faltering lips, his eyes swimming with

tears, he said: 'My brethren and children, love one another. Let all things be done without strife or vainglory, and strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace.' He then spread forth his trembling hands, and, lifting his eyes toward the heavens, pronounced, with faltering and affectionate accents, the apostolic benediction."

Says another: "They all gazed upon his bowed and feeble form as he passed from their midst, and felt but too fearful forebodings, that he was present for the last time. Prayers and tears marked his exit; but there was joy in his heart—the joy of a weary labourer who feels that the sun has well-nigh approached the horizon, and that its setting will bring him the sweetest repose."

BISHOP M'KENDREE AND THE NEW-YORK CONFERENCE.

Bishop M'Kendree, in his administration, was generally mild, and at the same time firm as the hills. Even the vote of an annual conference could not induce him to perform an act he knew unconstitutional.

"A debate once arose," says Dr. Bangs, "in the New-York Conference, respecting electing a man to elder's orders, who had been a travelling deacon only one year, because he had travelled for several years in connexion with the Wesleyan Conference in England, and he was finally elected. In the course of the debate, one of the speakers, averse to the proposed election, pleaded that if elected, the presiding bishop would be compelled to assume the character of a pope, and refuse to ordain him. After the question was decided, the bishop arose and informed the conference, in mild but firm tones, that, with all his respect for the decision of the conference, he must decline to ordain the brother; 'But,' said he, 'in doing this, I deny the imputation that I assume the character of the pope, for I act according to your laws, by which I am forbidden to consecrate a per-

son to the office of an elder until he shall have travelled two years as a deacon, unless in case of missionaries, and this brother does not appear in the character of a missionary. Were I, therefore, to ordain him according to your vote, I might be impeached at the next General Conference for an unconstitutional act, for which I could offer no reasonable excuse. Hence it is not an assumption of unauthorized power, in imitation of the Pope of Rome, in defiance of law and order, by which I refuse to comply with your request, but it is a deference I feel for constitutional law, made and sanctioned by yourselves, and from the infraction of which I am bound, by my office, alike to protect both you and myself. Repeal your law, and make a different regulation, and I will bow to it with all readiness; but while the law exists, I am bound to obey it, and to see that it is obeyed by others.' This sensible appeal induced the conference to reconsider its vote, and the motion to elect was withdrawn. Thus the good sense of the bishop, united with such a commendable firmness, saved both him and the conference from perpetrating an unconstitutional act."

M'KENDREE AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

The historian of Methodism says, "I remember, on a certain occasion, a young preacher of more confidence than prudence, who had left some small business to become an itinerant, was boasting of the great sacrifices he had made for the cause, when Bishop M'Kendree checked him by asking, in his peculiarly soft and mild manner, 'Brother, have you made greater sacrifices than St. Paul resolved to do when he said, "*If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world standeth?*" Or those who said, "*We have left all for thy sake?*"' I need not say a sense of shame sat on the countenance of this vain boaster."

REV. ENOCH GEORGE.

THE REV. ENOCH GEORGE.

Virginia is not only the mother of presidents, but the mother of bishops. To her we are indebted for two of our excellent bishops, William M'Kendree and Enoch George, as well as another who was worthy of the office, and came very near it, namely, Jesse Lee, the apostle of Methodism in New-England. They were not only natives of Virginia, but were both converted under the labours of the Rev. John Easter.

Enoch George was born in Lancaster county, Virginia, in 1767 or 1768, he could not tell which, the family records having been consumed by fire. John Easter was the first Methodist minister he ever saw or heard; and young Enoch was disposed to ridicule his parents, who attended his preaching, and were seriously inclined. His father overheard it, and said to him in a tone of parental authority which his son never forgot, "Let me never hear anything of that nature escape your lips again."

Soon after this he was converted to God, and identified himself with the Methodists, whom he had formerly affected to despise. Afterward he was thrust into the ministry, for, through diffidence, he reluctantly obeyed the heavenly call. He travelled first with the Rev. Philip Cox, who was at that time "book .steward," and who was a father to young George, and to whom he felt under a lifetime obligation for his kindness to him at this critical point in his ministerial career.

In 1791 Enoch George was received on trial in the travelling connexion. His health failed, and in 1801 he

located, and was employed in teaching school. The reason for his location was very commendable, and showed the heart of a man—that he might not be supported by the conference funds, while he was not doing the work of an evangelist. When his health was restored, in 1803, he again with joy entered the itinerant ranks, and never located till he located in the neighbourhood of the throne of God.

In May, 1816, he was elected and ordained bishop. For twelve years he performed the arduous and responsible duties pertaining to his office, and then died in the triumphs of our holy religion, at Staunton, Virginia, August 23d, 1828. "Bishop George was a man of deep piety, of great simplicity of manners, a very pathetic, powerful, and successful preacher; greatly beloved in life, and very extensively lamented in death."—*Minutes*, 1829. What a testimony to his character as a man, as a preacher, as a bishop! What more could any person wish said concerning him when the clods of the valley cover him! It can be truly said of him as of one of old, "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

The following description of his person and of his preaching is extracted from a memoir by the Rev. S. Luckey, D. D.:

"Bishop George was a man of an interesting personal appearance, especially for the grave profession of the ministry. He was about five feet ten inches high; the frame of his body was large and well-proportioned, with something of an inclination to corpulence; and he appeared every way formed for physical strength and energy. When standing, whether in conversation or otherwise, he usually maintained a very erect posture, with his hands thrown behind him; but when walking, he inclined a little forward, with his hands in the same position, and moved with a short, quick step.

"The aspect of his countenance, as well as the frame of his body, impressed the beholder with an idea of strength

and energy. His face was broad; the forehead prominent, and well spread; the nose large, and rather flat; the eyes of a blue cast, and deep set in their sockets; the eyebrows dark, and considerably projected; the mouth and lips in due proportion with the other features of the face: a full suit of hair, dark and mixed with gray, rather neglected, yet graceful, hung about his neck; and his complexion, which was once probably fair, had become sallow through excessive exposures and fatigues. Whatever impression his strongly-marked countenance might have been calculated to give, had it been moulded by the internal workings of corrupt and malignant passions, in the light of the holy affections which beamed in it, there were charms displayed which rendered it lovely, calculated to impress the image of it indelibly on the affectionate remembrance of the numerous friends who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"His body and mind were symmetrically constituted, with a remarkable adaptation to each other. Like the former, the latter was fashioned after an enlarged model. Under all circumstances it appeared to be of an original cast and independent bearing. He was everywhere the thinking, active agent, rather than the sequestered, plodding theorist. All his powers were employed in carrying into effect such measures of practical utility as he deemed best calculated to promote the cause of Christ. To *do* was, in fact, his motto; and no man ever adhered more strictly and perseveringly to the true import of it. Everything about him, mind or body, was energy. He thought rapidly, spoke fluently, decided promptly, and permitted nothing in which he was engaged to hang heavily upon his hands. He detested tardiness, as the murderer of time; and never failed to signify his disapprobation of a dull and languid course of proceeding in the transaction of business, or of unimportant discussions calculated to retard its progress. Wherever he was, everything with which he had any connexion was destined to feel the impulse of his propelling energies.

"As a preacher, Bishop George was a burning and shining light. He was possessed of rare and commanding talents for a public speaker. His voice was strong, yet sweet and musical, and incomparably adapted to grave and pathetic subjects. These captivating and attracting peculiarities gave to his ecstatic effusions, in which he abounded, an air of solemnity, which apathy itself could not resist. Nothing could be calculated more effectually to touch the feelings of the human heart, to wither the shoots of pride springing up in it, and to melt down its hardness, than was the strain of original eloquence which characterized the preaching of this excellent man. Originality was, indeed, a prominent feature of his preaching. Endowed with all the qualifications which are necessary to constitute an impressive natural public speaker, he imitated no one, and drew always from his own resources. The ornaments and flowers which embellished his sermons were not gleaned from the fields and gardens cultivated by any scientific master; but were the natural production of his own fertile mind. His style was a mixture of the sublime and the pathetic, and might be considered, alternately, a very good specimen of each, in purely extemporaneous productions. To the rules of rhetoric, or the arts of studied eloquence, he paid little regard; but if the true eloquence of the pulpit be, as Blair defines it, 'to make an impression on the people—to strike and seize their hearts,' he was a master, and, in comparison with thousands who claim to be such, more than a master. No man ever succeeded more uniformly to move his congregation to tears, and, sometimes, even to trembling and loud cries, than did Bishop George."

The late Abner Chase, of the Genesee Conference, who was intimately acquainted with Bishop George, and frequently corresponded with him, thus describes him as a man and a preacher:

"I was more familiarly acquainted with Bishop George than with any other of our superintendents, having been his

travelling companion at different times for many hundred miles. I am aware that my powers of description are quite too meagre for my subject; yet I will state a few things of the man, and his manner or style of preaching. For apostolic simplicity and zeal, I believe he has had few equals, and no superiors, since the commencement of the present century. Many solemn and pleasant seasons have I spent with him in prayer, when in the evening shades we have walked together into the fields or groves. The bishop had an utter aversion to everything like show or parade, and cared but little for appearances or the customs of the world, and, therefore, would never have his likeness taken. Though he was a warm friend of learning and science, and spent a great number of years in teaching, yet he loathed the appearance of a pedantic display, or the foppery of learning. As to his style in preaching, those who have had the privilege of hearing him will not think themselves under any obligation to me for attempting to describe it; yet for the sake of those who have never heard him, I will state that his style was simple, chaste, and flowing, and at the same time pathetic beyond comparison; and his flights of eloquence were often overpowering, when he would carry his congregation away as with a flood, which was raised they knew not how. Often he would say, 'It is the grammatical eloquence of the Holy Ghost that deeply, lastingly, and profitably affects the hearts of men.'"

The following was written by Dr. Wilbur Fisk, late President of the Wesleyan University. It shows the exalted estimation in which the doctor held the pathetic George. Long since they have met in that world where

> "Perfect love and friendship reign
> To all eternity."

It was written in a lady's album, and was the spontaneous effusion of a heart full of love and veneration for the departed bishop:

"Bishop George has gone to heaven. He left this world for glory on the 23d of August last; and from the known tendency of his soul heavenward, and his joyous haste to be gone, there can be little doubt but his chariot of fire reached the place of its destination speedily, and the triumphant saint has long ere this taken his seat with the heavenly company. And since he is gone, the owner of this, to whom I am a stranger, will pardon me if, upon one of her pages, I register my affectionate remembrance of a man whom I both loved and admired, and at the report of whose death my heart has been made sick. I loved him, for he was a man of God, devoted to the Church with all his soul and strength. I loved him, for his was an affectionate heart, and he was my friend. But the servant of God—the servant of the Church and my friend is dead. I admired him, not for his learning, for he was not a learned man; but nature had done much for him. She had fashioned his soul after an enlarged model, and had given it an original cast and an independent bearing; into the heart she had instilled the sweetening influences of a tender sympathy, and infused into the soul the fire of a spirit-stirring zeal, sustained by a vigorous and untiring energy; but to finish his character, grace comes in and renews the whole man, and the Spirit anointed him to preach the Gospel, and the Church consecrated him to be one of her bishops. He superintended with dignity and faithfulness, he preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. The unction that attended his word was not merely like the consecrating oil that ran down Aaron's beard, but it was like the anointing of the Spirit that penetrates the heart. He preached with his soul full of glory. No wonder, then, that his dying words were, 'I am going, and that's enough! Glory! glory!' Yes, thou triumphant spirit, that is enough. 'May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!'"

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

ENOCH GEORGE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP ASBURY.

Shortly after Enoch George commenced preaching, while travelling with Philip Cox, they met Bishop Asbury. Mr. Cox said to the bishop, "I have brought you a boy, and if you have anything for him to do, you may set him to work." Mr. George, in his autobiography, says, "Bishop Asbury looked at me for some time; at length calling me to him, he laid my head upon his knee, and stroking my face with his hand, he said: 'Why, he is a beardless boy, and can do nothing.' I then thought my travelling was at an end." But it had only just begun. The next day the bishop accepted of his services, and gave him a circuit. Young George, without "conferring with flesh and blood," entered upon his new and untried field of labour. The bishop would often treat young preachers in the same way. He pursued a similar course with Thomas Ware and many others. It appears to have been his design to see if they had any moral *back-bone*, the boldness necessary to be a successful hero at that period of the history of the Church.

ENOCH GEORGE'S PERSONAL RELIGIOUS HABITS.

The following account I have received from a friend who was intimately acquainted with Bishop George:

"I had a better personal knowledge of Bishop George than of any of the other of our bishops. I have heard him preach often. His sermons were full of energy, pathos, and the Holy Ghost; they were calculated to do much good.

Early in the winter of 1826 the bishop visited Elkton, the county town of Cecil county, Maryland, where I then lived and travelled Cecil circuit. I had the privilege of entertaining him and of accompanying him to several appointments. He was deeply pious, grave, and dignified, yet was social and courteous, and very humble. He certainly exceeded any person I ever knew in private prayer. Having lodged with him, I have personal knowledge of this. He would wrap his cloak around him, and no matter how cold, he would continue over half an hour praying, groaning, wrestling, agonizing; thus he had close and intimate communion with God. This accounts for the holy unction that generally attended his preaching. He was a good minister of the New Testament, great in zeal, great in energy, great in usefulness, and, if he had no abiding-place on earth, he had a home in heaven."

GEORGE AND THE VALLEY OF BACA.

Enoch George was emphatically the weeping prophet. His soul was full of sympathy, and his eyes often filled with tears. He could say with David, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law;" or, like Paul, "I have told you often, and tell you again, even weeping," &c. He would take his fingers and wipe the tears from under his spectacles in a peculiar manner. His sermons were steeped in tears. Some suppose it a mark of weakness to weep. Was it weakness in David, in Jeremiah, in Paul, in Jesus? No. It is manly to weep when there is cause for tears; manly to feel when there is cause for feeling. It was the overflow of the bishop's soul. It was the gushing forth of his amazing sympathy. His tears did not lie directly under the surface, where they could be called for at any time, but they came from a deep spring within, a fountain of feeling, that told what kind of a heart beat in his bosom, and what kind of a soul dwelt in his body. The bishop sowed in tears, and no doubt is reaping in joy. He went forth weeping, bearing

precious seed, and will doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Dr. Bangs says, Bishop George was "naturally eloquent, and his eloquence was all natural." Another says, "His deep and irresistible pathos rendered him one of the most popular preachers that were ever raised up among our fathers. His was the talent to move the heart."

GEORGE AND HIS FIRST CIRCUIT.

The "beardless boy" went to his circuit and commenced his work; it was new, large, rough, and mountainous. He fared poorly, and had often to put up with irreligious people. He was without money, and his clothes were worn out. He became disheartened, and wrote to Bishop Asbury, describing the difficulties under which he laboured, and requesting to be removed to some other circuit.

Bishop Asbury answered his communication in his own affectionate and pleasant way, saying, "It was good for him and all others to bear the yoke in their youth; that itinerant labours must be hard if properly performed, and that it was better to become inured to poverty and pain, hunger and cold, in the days of his youth, that when he was old and gray-headed the task would be easy."—*Autobiography.* This advice he followed to the letter, and continued on his rough circuit, in the midst of hard rides and poor fare, to "preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." Enoch George ever after remembered the sentiment of Bishop Asbury, "Itinerant labours must be hard if properly performed."

GEORGE AND THE EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

In 1790 Enoch George was travelling a circuit in North Carolina, which was that year blessed with a revival of religion. The success of this good work, which excited joy in the bosoms of seraphs—for there is "joy in the presence of the

angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"—excited a different feeling on earth, a feeling of jealousy and a spirit of persecution. "An Episcopal minister and some of his officials expelled the Methodists from an old church, at a certain point on the circuit, where the little society was accustomed to meet for worship. They came into the altar armed with heavy clubs, and when the service commenced they ordered Mr. George and his congregation to depart, as they were dissenters from what they were pleased to call *the* Church. When it was perceived that they were prepared for carnal warfare, Mr. George left the house, and begged his brethren to follow him. They therefore worshipped in the open air. This persecution resulted in their favour; for religion spread, and the wicked clergyman was soon without a congregation."

BISHOP GEORGE AND ABNER CHASE.

On their way to the conference held at Lundy's Lane, Upper Canada, in 1820, on this side the line the country was new and the roads very rough, and the ride most uncomfortable. The bishop frequently asked during the day, "Can you conceive of a more disagreeable situation for a man to be in, who has his health and liberty, than to be riding over a log causeway on wheels?"

"The business of the conference," says Mr. Chase, "had not proceeded far when Bishop George notified me of his design to appoint me to the charge of a district. With this notice came a time of trial such as I had never known before in relation to my work as a Methodist preacher. Up to that time I had never asked a bishop or presiding elder to give me this or save me from that. We did not in those days, so far as I was acquainted, go to conference with arrangements previously made, either in our own minds or with preachers or people, as to our field of labour. But believing that by submitting it, under God, to the authorities of the Church, we

should be more safe than in choosing for ourselves, we went cheerfully to the fields assigned us. But now I was brought into a strait: for though I had previously felt, in some degree, the responsibilities of a Christian minister and pastor, yet this was little in my estimation when compared with the charge of a district. I therefore remonstrated, argued, and entreated, day after day, while the conference was proceeding with its business. But the bishop was inexorable, and on a certain day he took me far down into a meadow, and there assured me that he should appoint me to the Ontario district, unless I absolutely refused to go. He then, after kneeling and praying for me, said he would relate the circumstance of the first appointment of the Rev. J. B. Finley to the office of presiding elder. I will relate it, because it may be useful to others. The appointment was made by Bishop M'Kendree, and the circumstances, as near as I can remember, were as follows: Brother Finley had been set down in the list of appointments as presiding elder of the Ohio district, without his knowledge of the fact, and when the appointments were read out, brother Finley came to the bishop much agitated, and in tears inquired, 'Do you think, sir, that I am fit for a presiding elder?' To which the bishop replied, 'We think if you go to your work, and diligently inquire and search to know, and faithfully perform what you find to be your duty, you will become more fit for the office.'" Mr. Chase yielded, and his labours and success on the district showed that Bishop George had not misjudged in making the appointment.

BISHOP GEORGE AND HIS PORTRAIT.

It is to be regretted we have no likeness of this distinguished and holy man. The bishop could never be induced to sit for his portrait. He said to a friend of mine, "that he would not have his likeness sold for three cents all round the country when he was in his grave." Bishop George,

when speaking on this subject to Rev. A. Chase, said "If any painter ever gets my likeness to exhibit, he shall steal it, or catch it flying." This is the reason we have no image left of the bishop. His countenance is daguerrotyped upon the hearts of the few that remain who knew, and valued, and loved him. But the last one that had a personal recollection of Bishop George will soon pass away, and he will live only in the brief records of the Church.

BISHOPS GEORGE, HEDDING, AND THE LANDLORD.

In 1824 Bishops George and Hedding were on their way to attend the Canada Conference. "They often," says the biographer of Bishop Hedding, "found it difficult, in their journey through the new settlements, to procure food for themselves and their horses; and still more difficult to obtain comfortable lodgings. One day they had been unable to procure anything to eat. Jaded and hungry, they at length came in sight of a log-cabin, with a tavern-sign hanging out. Their courage revived, and they drove up to the door, and asked if they could have entertainment. The landlord looked at them quizzically, as if he would say, 'What *kind* of entertainment do you want?' They inquired, 'Can we have hay for our horses?' The laconic reply was, 'No, have none.' 'Oats?' say they. 'No, have none.' 'Pasture?' 'No, have none.' 'Well, can you furnish *us* with anything to eat?' 'No,' replied the landlord; 'have nothing to eat in the house.' 'What have you, then?' they inquired. 'O, plenty of whisky!' Satisfied with their colloquy, the hungry and weary travellers resumed their journey, and at length found a hut where they could obtain food for their horses and rest for themselves.

BISHOP GEORGE'S VISIT TO DANBURY, CONN.

In 1826 Bishop George came to Danbury, Conn., and spent a few days, and preached in the old house, that remained for many years unfinished. The Rev. John Luckey was his travelling companion. It was the first time I had ever seen a Methodist bishop; and the first sight generally makes a lasting impression. I yet remember his venerable form, his benignant countenance, his mild eye, and the tears that rolled down his cheeks. It was on a week-day, in the forenoon. I remember the text and some of the sermon, though about thirty years have passed away since it was my privilege to hear this distinguished servant of God. The text was one I never heard preached from before or since, 1 Thess. v, 14, 15: "Now we beseech you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men. See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good both among yourselves and to all men." A practical text, and we had a practical sermon. Well I remember how he exnorted to warn the unruly, and with what touching tenderness and melting pathos he dwelt on comforting the feebleminded; how they in their feebleness needed comfort. Then supporting the weak; how the weak needed support, and what a claim they had on our sympathy. Then the grace of patience—patience toward all men. Then the caution not to render evil for evil, under any circumstance whatever.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE REV. MOSES HILL.

Bishop George, while in Danbury, was entertained at the house of Rora Starr, a local preacher. The state of Maine at that time was very destitute of preachers, and Bishop George was trying to enlist volunteers to go there to preach

the Gospel. Moses Hill, a young man of much promise, who had been employed in teaching school, but was just engaging in the work of the ministry, had an interview with the bishop at the house of Mr. Starr, and there volunteered to go to Maine. A great portion of the state was then rough and uncultivated. Bishop George was so overjoyed to find Mr. Hill ready to go, that he encircled him in his arms, and then, in the most feeling manner, as he laid his hand upon his head, pronounced upon him the apostolic benediction: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you." That benediction made a lifetime impression upon the mind of Mr. Hill. Nearly thirty years after, with much emotion, as the tear started in his eye, he told me of the bishop's benediction. He also told me of his father's frown. His father was a Methodist, and was glad to have Moses become a Methodist preacher, but was unwilling he should go to Maine. He himself had travelled in Maine a few years before, and fared hard, and had a great prejudice against that state. When he heard that Moses had volunteered to go, he was so displeased that he disinherited his son.

Young Hill left his father's house and the home of his childhood—the scenes he could not but love—with a heavy heart. The parting scene was affecting; the sundering of ties, and then the going away under his father's displeasure. The young preacher had learned that he "that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me;" and the words of the Psalmist: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Not "conferring with flesh and blood," not consulting his own ease or temporal interest, young Hill went to Maine, and preached, not far from a quarter of a century, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He filled important stations, and was several times a member of the General Conference. Noble service he did for God and truth in the state of Maine, when the country was new. His father was reconciled before he died, and gave Moses

his benediction. The bishop and the father are now, no doubt, in paradise, while the son yet lives, but holds a superannuated relation to the Church—no doubt the effects of his early labours—but he never regrets that he was a volunteer to go to Maine.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

The bishop was not one that overlooked little children. He never forgot the value of a child, and the relation it sustains to two worlds. He ever remembered who it was that took them in his arms and blessed them, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." He would instruct them, bless them; let them see that, like his Master, he was the children's friend.

A year or two before his death, Bishop George was in Philadelphia, stopping at the house of Rev. Lawrence M'Combs. The bishop was going to preach in the evening. A very little girl from Trenton, N. J., was visiting there, and she cried to go to meeting with the rest of them. The bishop seated her upon his knee, kissed her, gave her some good advice, and his blessing, and urged her to stay at home and learn some verses of the hymn, beginning,

> "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
> And did my Sov'reign die?"

While he was gone to meeting, Rosetta, a coloured woman, who lived with Mr. M'Combs, taught the child that hymn; and when the bishop returned he requested her to repeat what she had learned, which she did to his great delight. He said it had always been a favourite hymn of his; and he commented on the beautiful sentiments it contained. The little girl has expanded into womanhood: the bishop years ago passed on to the spirit world; but Bishop George, that sweet hymn, that evening at Mr. M'Combs', all are as fresh to her mind as if they occurred yesterday. I had it from her own lips a few days ago.

BISHOP GEORGE PREACHING THE PEOPLE UP TO THE THIRD HEAVEN.

Bishop George preached at the session of the Genesee Conference, in 1820, a sermon of great beauty and power. "I wish," says the Rev. Charles Giles, "I could give the reader his sermon with all its beauty, power, and eloquence; but it is beyond my reach. Near the close, as he was bringing the strong points in his discourse together, that their united strength might impress the assembly effectually, he produced a climax the most sublime and thrilling I ever heard. He ascended from thought to thought in his towering theme, like an eagle soaring and wending up the distant sky.

"I heard with admiration, and almost trembled to see him rising to such a fearful eminence. Several times I imagined that he could go no higher, but he would suddenly disappoint me. At the very point where expectation fixed his return, he seemed to inhale new fire, and soared away on the wing of thought again; then higher and higher still, till it seemed that his inspiration would become his chariot, and, by the grasp he held on the enchained assembly, would take us all with him to the third heaven.

"Some of the hearers appeared motionless as statues, absorbed in thought and charmed with the grand scene before them, while strong emotions were rolling in waves through the excited congregation; and as the man of God was about to descend from his lofty elevation, thrilling shrieks burst out from the awakened crowd in the gallery. Immediately some of the preachers who were acquainted there pressed through the multitude to conduct these sighing penitents down to the altar; and soon they were seen weeping and trembling, and urging their way along to the consecrated spot, where a prayer-meeting was immediately opened, and ardent supplications offered up to heaven in their behalf. The time was well improved, and it was a season of great power and glory.

Some, I believe, found the great salvation before the exercise was closed. It is believed that more than one hundred souls were awakened during the session of that conference."

BISHOP GEORGE AND HIS PURSUER.

For the following characteristic anecdote of Bishop George I am indebted to the Rev. John Luckey, who was his travelling companion. The bishop was in constant fear of being catechised by curious strangers. "On our way to the New-England Conference, some twenty-five years ago, he espied a New-England farmer, in appearance, on his horse along side of the road. The farmer was in conversation with a neighbour, and therefore did not perceive us until our carriage was nearly opposite to him. 'Stop,' said the bishop to me, 'stop, bub, and let me get out; for I perceive that old body is preparing to fire a platoon of questions at me, which I can never answer.'

"I of course complied with his request, and the bishop was off at double quick step.

"The farmer was off also, belabouring his old nag's side with his boot-heels most unmercifully.

"The bishop, looking over his shoulder, perceived the increasing speed of his persecutor. The bishop travelled still faster, but all to no purpose; his tormentor was close upon his track; there seemed to be no way of escape; he must be made prisoner, for the enemy was upon him, and about to open his battery and shoot his questions at him, which he feared more than some men do arrows or bullets. Just as he thought he must surrender, when there appeared to be no hope and no alternative, an unfenced thicket came in view. Hope sprung up in the bishop's bosom, and he darted into the thicket with the swiftness of a hunted hare, and was soon where his pursuer could not find him. While the bishop, was rejoicing that he had thus fortunately made his escape, and found a refuge, the farmer paused, looked cheap, and

muttering his disappointment in monosyllables, passed slowly up the hill.

"The bishop positively refused to leave his asylum, till he could be assured that his disappointed pursuer was fairly out of sight. When he was satisfied of this, he consented to leave the thicket, to which he was so deeply indebted for his protection.

"'Did I not tell you,' said the bishop, 'he was preparing to catechise me?' The bishop added: 'It is very annoying to me, as I cannot answer their principal questions, which generally are these: *First*, "Where do you live when you are at home?" Now the truth is, I cannot answer this question, for I have no home. The second question is, "How old are you, if I may be so bold?" This question I cannot answer, as the family records were destroyed at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Therefore, as I cannot answer their principal questions, neither can I others, and I do not wish to be perplexed by a constant catechetical course; and I will run at any time, if I can only avoid such tormentors.'"

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE PREACHERS OF THE GENESEE CONFERENCE.

Rev. Abner Chase, in his reminiscences, says: Bishop George ever manifested a deep interest in the cause of God in general, but especially for the Genesee Conference. He seemed to have a very favourable opinion of the piety, zeal, and usefulness of the preachers in this section of the Church. I will relate an incident which will confirm this statement. At the General Conference of 1820, which was held in the city of Baltimore, I was invited, with several delegates from different conferences, to dine on a given day with a certain gentleman of the city. When I arrived at the place, James Bateman, of the Philadelphia Conference, was relating what he heard Bishop George say of the preachers of the Genesee

Conference. The bishop said that he always knew, from his first acquaintance with Methodist preachers, that they would get men converted who *would* convert; but he never knew until he visited the Genesee Conference, that Methodist preachers would get men converted whether they *would or not:* that when he came to this conference, he found the preachers laying siege to the hearts of men, and to a throne of grace, and that they took no denial from earth or heaven, but struggled till they prevailed with both.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE IMPOSTOR.

The following is from the Rev. Abner Chase's "Recollection of the Past." The Genesee Conference for 1820 was appointed to commence at Lundy's Lane, Upper Canada. Bishop George had, on our return from the General Conference at Baltimore, agreed to be at my house, in Oneida, on a given day, as he passed from Nantucket, the seat of the New-England Conference, and I had agreed to carry him to ours. We did not in those days travel by steam, as we do now, except on some of the most important waters. Our land journeys were tedious and wearisome. The bishop and myself started from my house in a buggy on Saturday, and proceeded to the town of Madison, Madison county, where we spent the Sabbath; and the bishop gave us a good sermon in a private house, as we had no churches built in that section of the country at that time. On Monday we put up at the house of William Ferguson, living between Vienna and Clifton Springs, Ontario county; and here I witnessed an instance of what has always been a mystery to me, that is, that a human being should assume the garb or profession of piety, under which to serve the devil. There was at that time living near to brother Ferguson a preacher who had been an acquaintance and class-mate of mine in the days of our youth. I called on this brother in the evening, who stated that a member of the Ohio Conference was stop-

ping at his house, who had been on a visit to his friends in the east, and was now returning, and was intending to take our conference in his way, and spend a few days with us, and that his name was Cornelius Springer. I knew from the Minutes that there was a preacher of that name in the Ohio Conference, but I had never seen him. On being introduced to the stranger, and hearing some of his statements concerning his journey, I was immediately impressed with the idea that he was an impostor, and had imposed upon the family who had received him, and with whom I learned he had been staying for a day or two previous to our arrival; and that the family had been furnishing him with some articles of apparel, he having stated, as nearly as I can recollect, that he had lost his horse, and had, therefore, been under the necessity of leaving his portmanteau, in which was his clothing.

Believing that he was an impostor, I went directly back to brother Ferguson's, and inquired of Bishop George if he was personally acquainted with Cornelius Springer, of the Ohio Conference. He answered that he was. I then requested him to give me a description of his personal appearance, and told him of the stranger to whom I had been introduced. The bishop's description in no way corresponded with the appearance of this stranger. The bishop assured me at the time that Cornelius Springer was a man of property, and would not be found abroad under the circumstances in which this person appeared. I took some of the brethren with me, and went immediately back, and asked the stranger to show me his parchment, or certificate of ordination; but this he said he had left with his portmanteau. I then told him I doubted the truth of his statements, and believed him to be an impostor; but if he was the man he professed himself to be, he could readily satisfy us of the fact by going to the bishop's lodgings. This he declined doing; but said, as we had such views of him, he thought he would stay no longer; arose and adjusted his

apparel, for he was partly undressed for the night, and hastily left the house. I followed him, and insisted that before he left he should confess the truth, and the deception which he had used. He, however, started from me, and, taking the road westward, ran with great speed. There was a young man in the company who was extremely light on foot. I asked him if he thought he could overtake him; if so, I wished him to pursue him. The night was dark, and we could see nothing, but we heard the race for some distance, and then the voice of the young man, saying, "I have got him!" We went where he was; but not knowing what to do with him, as no peace officer was near, we agreed to let him go if he would confess he had imposed upon the family who had received him. This he finally did, still saying his name was Cornelius Springer, but not the person whom he had pretended; and so we parted in the darkness of the night, after giving him such advice as we thought suitable. The preacher who had kindly received this unworthy man, had from one to two hundred dollars of book money in his possession, which he had that day been arranging for Conference, and which had been deposited in a drawer in a room where the stranger was to lodge, and of which he had knowledge, and with which he would undoubtedly have been missing the next morning, had he not been detected.

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE PREACHER WHO WISHED TO BE ACCOMMODATED.

In May, 1827, the New-York Conference was held in Troy. Bishop George presided, assisted by Bishop Hedding. "At this conference one of the preachers, who was wanted for Vermont, came to the bishops and desired to be appointed elsewhere, alleging that it would be inconvenient for his family, and that his wife was then with her parents on a circuit quite down toward New-York. He therefore asked to be appointed near to her. Desiring as much as possible

to accommodate him, the bishops sent him to a circuit in that region. It appeared, subsequently, that he wanted to go to the circuit where his wife was. After the conference had adjourned, and the bishops had retired to their lodgings, the preacher came stamping and frowning into their room, and said, 'I thought you were to give me an appointment to accommodate me, near where my wife is.' Bishop George replied, 'We could not appoint you to the circuit where your wife is, but we have appointed you as near as we could.' The preacher said, 'You have not accommodated me at all; I cannot go to the circuit.' Bishop George then said, 'Go home, then, and take care of your wife, and stay with her.' The preacher replied, 'And what will you do with the circuit then?' Bishop George answered, 'Never mind the circuit; we'll take care of that; you take care of yourself, and go home and take care of your wife.' The preacher turned on his heel, and, grumbling, went away. But, on sober reflection, he concluded to go to his circuit, and notified the bishops to that effect."—*Life of Hedding.*

BISHOP GEORGE AND THE UNWELCOME PREACHER.

In the fall of 1823, the Methodists of a certain town in Kentucky concluded that they were able, though but twenty-two in number, to support a preacher by themselves. Accordingly, they wrote, to the conference, requesting the bishop to make a *station* of their village. But, considering their want of numerical and financial strength, it was deemed all-important that the minister sent them should be a man of popular talents; because, unless he could command the admiration and conciliate the favour of the people, there was danger of failing to support him.

They therefore asked for a brother Johnson—at that time one of the most popular and effective ministers in the state—and made the getting of that particular man the condition

upon which they wished to become a station. To them it was clear that the destinies of Methodism, if not of Christianity itself, in that particular region, depended upon their having the man they wanted that very year. It was thought advisable, however, to station brother Johnson elsewhere.

There was in the conference at the time, a young man who had just been received into full connexion, without experience or reputation as a preacher, and by nature singularly unqualified for any position where his sensibilities were likely to be tried. Tender-hearted and addicted to gloom, exposure to rude treatment, or, what would be worse, a cold reception from those to whom he might be sent, would dishearten him at once. Some such treatment most probably awaited any man save brother Johnson, who might be sent to the town of which we speak; yet this young man was selected to go. Fortunately, however, the bishop was to accompany him.

It is known to as many as were acquainted with Bishop George, that his most noticeable characteristic was *prayerfulness*. The frequency, fervour, and singular power with which he addressed the throne of grace, are mentioned as often as a reminiscence of him is made. During their journey of some two hundred miles, on horseback, the young preacher had abundant opportunity to observe and imbibe the spirit of this excellent man. Whenever they stopped for meals, rest, lodging, or to see and encourage some pious family, whose residence by the way was known to them, they had a season of prayer.

When about twelve miles from the place of the young man's destination, at the house of a brother S., the bishop was attacked with asthma, a disease to which he was very liable. The remedies which usually relieved him were tried without effect; the man of God got no better. At length he sent for the young preacher, and directing his attention to the sublime description of the new Jerusalem, contained in the book of Revelation, desired him to take his Bible

into the grove, meditate upon that passage for a season, and then come in and preach to him about it.

"For," said he, "I want to get happy. If my soul were powerfully blessed, I think it would cure my body."

The young man, ever distrustful of his own powers, was alarmed at the idea. He begged to be excused; and, prompted as much, perhaps, by fear as by faith, recommended to the bishop his never-failing expedient for "getting happy" —prayer.

"Well," said the sick man, "go out, my son, and shut the door; let me be left alone."

His wish was complied with. In another moment he was composing his mind to his favourite employment: Elijah, wrapped in the mantle of prayer, was alone with God.

For a moment all was silent; but at length loud and repeated praises issued from the sick room. The family gathered round to rejoice with the man of prayer; and the immediate effect of the excitement was a cure of the malady so effectual that the travellers proceeded on their journey in the morning.

But, before they started, the good brother with whom they were sojourning, broke to the unsuspecting young preacher the shocking intelligence, already in the reader's possession, that he would be an unwelcome arrival at the place of his appointment. Of course he was sunk at once in the deepest dejection. Possessed of keen perceptions of the painful, nervously sensitive to any unkindness, he was the very man to be overwhelmed in such a situation. Personal danger, trial, toil, would not have daunted him; but to be coldly pushed off as not welcome, to feel that he was imposed upon a people who did not want him, was what he could not bear. Instantly resolving, therefore, not to submit to such a mortification, he hastened to communicate his discovery and his purpose to the superintendent. The bishop, aware of the feeling of revolt with which his *protégé* was liable to

be met, exhorted him, nevertheless, to determine upon nothing rashly; to wait until he saw the place and the people, and, in the meanwhile, to give himself to prayer; adding, that he had felt persuaded all the while that the appointment was "*right*," and in the end would prove providential. This advice was reluctantly taken.

Arrived at the new station, they were guests of a prominent member of the Church, known for many years afterward as the usual host and fast friend of the preachers. The next morning, as the bishop was preparing to pursue his journey, he and the good brother of the house were conversing together in the parlour, while, unknown to them and without design, the young preacher was sitting on the porch near the window, with nothing but a thin curtain between them, so that what passed within was distinctly audible to him.

"Well, brother," said the bishop, "how will the young man do?"

"Not at all; he will not do at all, sir; we might as well be left without a preacher altogether," was the emphatic reply.

"O, I hope you will like him better after a while," rejoined the old man. "Treat him kindly, and I am persuaded he will do you good."

"I have no objection," returned the host, "to his staying at my house a few weeks, if you desire it; but it will be useless; he is not the one we wanted."

The poor young man could bear no more; he crept from the porch almost blind with mortification. The thought that he was to remain with a people who considered him a tolerated burden—that every mouthful he ate was to be a charity—that he was to be a young and healthy mendicant—sickened him!

He was lying in wait as the bishop sallied forth, and, drawing him to a spot where they were sheltered from observation, he burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, bishop, I can-

not stay! I heard what passed in the room, and, indeed, you must release me."

"Can you get your horse and ride a little way with me?"

This he did with alacrity, glad of even an hour's respite from his painful position.

After riding a few miles they turned off into the woods, and, dismounting by a fallen tree, engaged in solemn and importunate prayer—prayer for light and help in that dark and trying hour; then, taking the hand of his companion, turned upon him a look of love, which none but a strong, stern heart can feel, so deep and genuine was it, so full of serious concern and earnest sympathy.

There is a smile too bright to be deep; it is born and dies on the surface. Not such was the expression of this good man's face; it shone clear up from a heart constrained by the love of Christ. It did not glitter, but its glow seemed to pervade and warm its object. A truly pious man is always gentle; and he only can impart that look which, like the remembered smile of a mother, will sometimes soothe us into delicious tears twenty years after the face that wore it has perished.

He concluded an address fraught with parental feeling and sound wisdom, with, "Now, my son, I will make you a proposition; see if you can fulfil the conditions of it:

"Go back to town; if you find a cross there, bear it; diligently and lovingly perform every part of your duty; 'do the work of an evangelist;' fast once a week, and spend one hour of each day in special prayer, that God may open your way in that community: do this for one month, and if, at the end of that term, you do not feel willing to stay, consider yourself released from the appointment. Can you do this?"

He thought he could; upon which they took an affectionate leave of each other, and Enoch George—what signifies a title to such a man?—turned toward the southwest, and

resumed his pilgrimage of hardships. The young man sat upon his horse watching the receding form till it sank out of sight below the horizon. Not until that moment had he fairly tasted the exquisite bitterness of his cup. The "man-angel," upon whom he had leaned, was gone, and he was left to grapple with his trial alone. He could have sobbed like a boy.

Faithfully did he comply with the conditions of his promise, through all the tedious month, without discerning any material change in his own feelings or in the bearing of the people toward him; albeit one wicked man and his wife had from the beginning endeavoured to encourage him.

Finally the last Sabbath arrived of the month during which he promised to stay. The glad village bells were pealing their summons to the house of God as our hero—was he not a hero?—arose from the struggle of the last covenanted hour of prayer. He walked toward the little attic window, which commanded a view of most of the streets, wiping his eyes and thinking of the few reluctant hearers who awaited him, when, lo! what a sight met his gaze! Group after group of citizens were flocking toward the Methodist Church! At first a sense of awe came over him, and then a class of mingled feelings, as if confidence, and strength, and joy were storming the heart, while fear, and weakness, and mortification still disputed the right of possession.

He hastened to his pulpit, and as he arose from the first silent prayer the thought of *victory* thrilled through him like the voice of a clarion. His text was Isa. vi, 4: "And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried." The attention of the audience was arrested by the announcement, for the voice that had been wont to tremble with embarrassment now rang clear with a tone of authority; his eye, hitherto confused and unsteady, now kindled with "a light that never shined on sea or shore." Fresh from the chamber where he had just accomplished his thirtieth hour of special

prayer, the live coal had touched his lips; he was with a witness, "a man sent from God," and gloriously baptized with the Holy Ghost.

He referred his text back to the point at which Christ first interposed for man's salvation—the voice that cried, "Lo! I come to do thy will;" he applied it to the sacrificial offering of Jesus—the voice that cried, "It is finished;" he carried forward the application to "the right hand of the Majesty on high," where the Intercessor makes his dying words immortal, crying with infinite iteration, "Father, forgive them;" to the day when sound shall make its next impression upon "the dull cold ear of death," when at the "voice of the Son of God, the dead, small and great, shall rise."

The power of the Highest was manifestly upon the audience, and the presence of an ambassador of Christ was attested by sobs and groans from every part of the house. The preacher descended from the pulpit without pausing in his discourse, and invited to the place of prayer those who desired to flee from the wrath to come. With loud cries for mercy, sinners came streaming down the aisle; and before the congregation was dismissed seven souls professed to find peace in believing.

When the meeting broke up, the pastor hastened back to his closet. Many a time had he entered it disheartened and sad, never before in triumph. He thought of good Bishop George, and his steady persuasion that the appointment was "right;" of the fastings and prayers—all the way down to the last hour's experience—and his faith in God and in the efficacy of prayer, then and there settled down into a substance upon which time has made no impression. Thirty-one years of toil and change have passed over him since that sweet Sabbath; the vicissitudes of an itinerant's life have led him, through heat and cold, by night and day, from one end of Kentucky to the other, till

> "He is known to every star,
> And every wind that blows."

Forms then unknown, afterward became dear as life, and then perished from his sight; "sickness and sorrow, pain and death," have left their scars upon his form and heart, but nothing has ever shaken his confidence in the God that answers prayer. The memory of that bright morning is as fresh beneath his gray hairs as it was beneath his locks of jet. Like trampled chamomile, the virtues of his spirit took deeper root from being bruised, and shed a perfume that has sweetened life's atmosphere ever since.

For four weeks very little else was attended to but the revival. Stores and shops were closed during the hours of worship, which occurred twice, and often three times a day. At one of the meetings, held in a private house, (where the venerable John Littlejohn was present,) a call was made for those who wished to join the Church, and *one hundred and eleven* persons presented themselves for admission!

Thus the permanent establishment of Methodism in Russellville, Kentucky, was effected, under God, through the instrumentality of THE UNWELCOME PREACHER.

It will doubtless add to the interest of the foregoing narrative for the reader to know, that the subject of it is now the worthy Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. E. Stevenson, D. D.—*From the Southern Ladies' Companion.*

BISHOP GEORGE AT THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

The Rev. William C. Larrabee gives us the following "pen portrait" of Bishop George: "I saw him once, and once only. It was at the session of the Maine Conference, at Gardiner, in 1825. I was deeply impressed with the striking appearance of the venerable bishop; he was then approaching sixty years of age. He was of manly form, large, but well-proportioned in figure, strong and energetic in his appearance. His features indicated independence, resolution, firmness, and activity; yet was his countenance often lighted

up by a smile of benignant emotion. His hair, tinged with the frosts of half a century, hung at will in graceful locks about his temples and his neck. He was sitting at ease, regardless of a studied dignity, and conducting the business of the conference with such despatch and off-hand style, regardless of what some call dignity, that it greatly amused and interested me. It suited my notions of Methodistic simplicity. But when the hour of service came, and he stood up in all his manly proportions, before an audience collected from all the villages along the Kennebec, and from far into the interior, and with his clear and pleasant voice, in his earnest, solemn, and pathetic manner, began to utter

'Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,'

my heart and eyes gave way. I wept, whether for joy or sadness I could not tell; I wept, and could not help it. I had, however, no reason to try to help it, for, on looking over the congregation, I perceived all others as much affected as myself, and even more so; for many of the people were laughing, crying, and shouting at one and the same time. There was in this discourse no attempt at logic, none at oratory, none at greatness, none at mere effect. It was a plain, vigorous, simple exhibition of Gospel truth, in a manner pointed, earnest, and original, and in a style of whose chaste and natural beauty it may be said, as of the beauty of woman,

'When unadorn'd adorn'd the most.'"

REV. ROBERT WILLIAMS.

THE REV. ROBERT WILLIAMS.

Robert Williams was a local preacher in England, and came to this country in 1769. The circumstances of his emigration are so peculiar that they deserve a permanent record. He had received a permit from Mr. Wesley to preach in America, under the direction of the regular missionaries. Mr. Williams had not the means to pay his passage, but Providence strangely opened his way.

Mr. Williams had a conversation with his friend, Mr. Ashton, in Ireland, in reference to emigrating to America. Mr. Ashton contemplated a removal from the Old to the New World; and Mr. Williams promised to accompany him if he designed to spend his days in America. Some time afterward, he learned that Mr. Ashton had embarked for America; and, according to promise, Mr. Williams hurried down to the town near to which the ship lay, sold his horse to pay his debts,—and taking his saddle-bags on his arm, set off to the ship, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk, and no money to pay his passage. For that, however, he trusted to his friend, Mr. Ashton, and his confidence was not misplaced. This Mr. Ashton settled in a place which was called "Ashgrove," in honour of him. The place is famous in the early history of Methodism. A Methodist society was early formed here, of which Mr. Ashton was the first member and the principal pillar. The Church edifice was erected in 1788. It was the first Methodist house of worship erected north of the county of Dutchess. The New-York Conference held its session, in 1803, in Ashgrove. Mr. Ashton showed his love for Methodist ministers by pro-

viding a "prophet's room" in his house, where the weary itinerant always found a welcome, and by leaving a legacy of three acres of ground on which to build a parsonage; also a cow for the use of the preacher, that they never should want milk; and an annuity to the end of time of ten dollars, to the oldest unmarried preacher of the New-York Conference. The name of Mr. Ashton—the friend of Robert Williams, the friend of Methodism, the friend of Methodist ministers, when friends were "few and far between"—deserves to be held in grateful remembrance. To him we are indebted for bringing Robert Williams to this country, and for the glorious results which followed his labours here.

Mr. Williams came to New-York in October, 1769, and preached in the Methodist chapel on Golden Hill. He preached some time in New-York, and then visited Mr. Pilmoor in Philadelphia, who, after examining him, granted him a general license to preach. He then visited Rev. Robert Strawbridge, in Maryland, and with him, and the Rev. John King, recently arrived from London, "began a good work in Baltimore county, and other parts of the state." In 1771 Mr. Williams made a successful missionary tour upon the eastern shore of Maryland. In 1772 he made his first visit to Virginia. Mr. Williams had the distinguished honour of introducing Methodism into the "Old Dominion." He was the pioneer, the apostle of Methodism, in that state.

After preaching in various places he was received into the travelling connexion, at the first conference ever held in America, in Philadelphia, June, 1773, and appointed to Virginia. In 1774 he was married, and ceased to travel.

There is something peculiar about the *first* in any series. Mr. Williams was not only the first pioneer of Methodism in Virginia, but he was the first preacher that published a religious book in America; the first to employ the press in advancing the great interests of the Redeemer's kingdom in connexion with the faithful ministry of the word. Before

the first conference he had reprinted many of Mr. Wesley's books, and had them spread through the country, to the great advantage of religion. Wesley's Sermons did much good. At the conference in Philadelphia, June, 1773, the following rule was adopted:

"None of the preachers in America are to reprint any of Mr. Wesley's books without his authority, (when it can be gotten,) and the consent of their brethren." It was also decided that "Robert Williams shall be allowed to sell the books he has already printed, but to print no more, unless under the above restrictions." His republishing them shows the spirit of enterprise he possessed, as well as his large plans for doing good. The reason he was interdicted was, that the profits might go to the denomination, for the spread of "Scriptural holiness over the land," and for the support of the aged and worn-out preachers, as well as the widows and orphans of such as have died in the work.

He was not only the first publisher of books, but the first Methodist minister in America that left a state of single blessedness for matrimonial bliss. He was also the first itinerant preacher that located. The name of Robert Williams heads the long catalogue of names which answers to the question, Who have located? He was also the first Methodist minister that found a grave in this country, the first Methodist preacher that went from America to Paradise —the first that angels escorted from this new world to the

> "Land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign."

Mr. Williams, after his location, resided in Virginia, on the public road between Norfolk and Suffolk. His house was a regular preaching place, and he always gave his brethren a cordial welcome, and there they felt at home. He did not live long to enjoy his pleasant, quiet home. Death entered there the 26th of September, 1775, and claimed Robert Williams as one of his trophies.

Mr. Asbury preached his funeral sermon, and gives this testimony concerning him, that he "has been a very useful man, and the Lord gave him many seals to his ministry. Perhaps no man in America has been an instrument of awakening so many souls as God has awakened by him." Splendid eulogy! wonderful testimony! Jesse Lee bears the same honourable testimony. He says, "Although he is dead, he yet speaketh to many of his spiritual children, while they remember his *faithful* preaching and his *holy walk*."

No monument or tombstone marks the place where his dust is sleeping; but he should have a monument deep in the hearts of American Methodists; and though he has no epitaph over him, his name and record are on high; it is engraven on the pillar of immortality!

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

ROBERT WILLIAMS AND THE REV. MR. JARRETT.

Mr. Jarrett was an Episcopal clergyman in Virginia, who was very friendly to the early Methodist ministers. In 1773 Mr. Williams spent one week in the family of Mr. Jarrett, and preached several times in his parish. Mr. Jarrett speaks of Mr. Williams "as a plain, simple-hearted, pious man;" and adds, "this was his general character." He gives the following testimony to Mr. Williams's preaching: "I liked his preaching, in the main, very well, and especially the animated and affectionate manner in which his discourses were delivered." He says, "I felt much attachment to Mr. Williams."

MR. WILLIAMS AND THE PEOPLE IN NORFOLK.

Great excitement was caused by his preaching in 1772 in Norfolk. There was an earnestness in his manner and a pointedness in his matter that made his sermons very impressive.

We have the following account of his first visit to Norfolk: "Without any previous notice being given, he went to the court-house, and standing on the steps of the door, he began to sing; the people collected together; after prayer he took his text, and preached to a considerable number of hearers, who were very disorderly, as they thought the preacher a madman; and while he was preaching the people were laughing, talking, and walking about in all directions. The general conclusion was, that they never heard such a man before; for, said they, 'Sometimes he would preach, then he would pray, then he would swear, and at times he would cry.'

"The people were so little used to hearing a preacher say hell or devil in preaching, that they thought he was swearing when he told them about going to hell, or dying in their sins. As he was believed to be a madman, none of them invited him to their houses. However, he preached at the same place the next day, when they found out he was not insane, and they were glad to get him to their houses. This may be considered as the beginning of Methodism in Virginia; and it was not long before a Methodist society was formed in the town of Norfolk."*

WILLIAMS AND THE LEE FAMILY.

He formed the first regular circuit in Virginia, and planted the tree of Methodism there which has yielded such abun-

* "History of the Methodists," p. 41.

dant fruit. He was the spiritual father of Jesse Lee. Mr. Lee's parents opened their doors for Mr. Williams to preach. They were converted; two of their sons became Methodist ministers, and their other children shared largely in the rich blessings of the Gospel, which he preached with such flaming zeal, holy ardour, and great success.

REV. RICHARD BOARDMAN.

THE REV. RICHARD BOARDMAN.

Mr. Boardman was one of the early heroes of Methodism, known and beloved both in Europe and America. The work in this country had been supplied by local preachers; but in 1769, at a conference held in Leeds, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor volunteered to come to this then new world. During Mr. Boardman's stay here his ministry was blessed to hundreds; but the Revolutionary War breaking out, circumstances made it necessary for him to sail for England, and he never returned. In both hemispheres he was useful, and left behind him the fragrance of a good name.

Mr. Boardman died suddenly at Cork. The Sabbath before his death he preached from, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." He was buried at Cork. There is a plain tombstone over his dust with the following inscription:

RICHARD BOARDMAN.

DEPARTED THIS LIFE OCTOBER 4th, 1782,
ÆTATIS 44.

"Beneath this stone the dust of Boardman lies,
His precious soul has soar'd above the skies;
With eloquence divine he preach'd the word
To multitudes, and turn'd them to the Lord.
His bright examples strengthen'd what he taught,
And devils trembled when for Christ he fought;
With truly Christian zeal he nations fired,
And all who knew him mourn'd when he expired."

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

BOARDMAN'S REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

The Rev. Richard Boardman related, a short time before his death, the following remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in his behalf: "I preached one evening at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Parkgate. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on the road to that place. He answered, 'Yes; but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride fast you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow to such a degree that I could scarcely see a step of my way. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time as rapidly as I could; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down a hill on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat on my saddle. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land. While we were in the boat, one of the men said, 'Surely, sir, God is with you.' I answered, 'I trust he is.' The man replied, 'I know he is,' and then related the following circumstance: 'Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I therefore went and called

upon this man to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and there we saw your distressed situation.' When we got ashore I went with my two friends to a public house not far distant from where we landed; and as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, 'This day month we saw a gentleman just in your situation; but before we could hasten to his relief he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we concluded, that his horse would swim to the shore; but they both sank, and were drowned together.' I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was about eighteen pence, and tarried all night at the hotel. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning, for the want of cash, and begged my landlord would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should redeem them; but he answered, 'The Lord bless you, sir, I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people, I bade them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

BOARDMAN AND THE MOTHER OF THE REV. JABEZ BUNTING.

In August, 1769, a strange man passed through the quiet village of Moneyash, in Derbyshire. It was noised abroad that one who was on his way to embark for America as a missionary, would preach in the Methodist chapel. His name was Richard Boardman, the first missionary sent out by John Wesley. At that day, and in that place, a missionary was a strange phenomenon, and many came to hear. His text was 1 Chron. iv, 9, 10, the prayer of Jabez. To the seeking heart of at least one young woman the Lord sent, by his hand, a saving message. Ten years afterward she was rejoicing over the birth of a first, and, as it proved,

an only son. She remembered the words that had been made a balm to her soul, and vowing her child to the Lord, "called his name Jabez." Full oft did that pious mother put up for her little one the prayer of Jabez: "O that thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand might be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me!" While he was yet an infant she carried him to Oldham-street Chapel, Manchester, and there presented him to John Wesley. Well stricken in years, the evangelist took the child in his arms, and pronounced upon it a blessing.

Nearly twenty years from that day two young men of about the same age are seen walking out from Manchester. The younger of the two is about the middle size—slender, pale, and delicate. His countenance has an engaging air of purity, generosity, and sense; and at his head you cannot but look again, for, though bearing no poetic promise, it has a remarkable look of compactness and power. The two friends reach a cottage or a farm-house, where a few humble people meet to hear the Gospel. The one we have described, Jabez Bunting, begins the service; his companion, James Wood, watches earnestly. In that look mingles, with the kindness of no common friendship, real curiosity, and a little of critical attention; for he has been for some time in the habit of preaching, but his friend Jabez is making his first attempt. No wonder that he is curious to know what will be the success of a youth so unlike other youths. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," is the text of the modest beginner. All of curiosity or anxiety that marked the expression of his friend passes gradually away; confidence, satisfaction, delight, positive triumph, steal over his intelligent features; and finally you see him in a perfect rapture, every lineament exclaiming, "I never heard a better sermon! Jabez shall be more honourable than his brethren!"—*London Christian Times.*

BOARDMAN AND THE SOLDIERS.

Mr. Boardman, in a letter to Mr. Wesley, dated New-York, November 4th, 1769, says: "When I came to Philadelphia I found a little society, and preached to a great number of people. I left brother Pilmoor there, and set out for New-York. Coming to a large town* on my way, and seeing a barrack, I asked a soldier if there were any Methodists belonging to it. 'O yes,' said he, 'we are all Methodists! that is, we should all be glad to hear a Methodist preach.' 'Well,' said I, 'tell them in the barrack that a Methodist preacher, just come from England, intends to preach here to-night.' He did so, and the inn was soon surrounded with soldiers. I asked, 'Where do you think I can get a place to preach in?' (it being dark.) One of them said, 'I will go and see if I can get the Presbyterian meeting-house.' He did so, and soon returned, to tell me he had prevailed, and that the bell was just going to ring, to let all the town know. A great company got together, and seemed much affected."

This must have been about the first Methodist sermon in Trenton; though Captain Webb preached there just before, or soon after Mr. Boardman's visit.

BOARDMAN AND PILMOOR.

The names of Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor should be associated, as they were the first regular Wesleyan ministers who volunteered to come to America; they also returned to Europe together. We will give one characteristic anecdote of the colleague of Boardman. It is found in

* Mr. Boardman does not name the town; but I think it must have been Trenton, N. J., which was then a large town, and the soldiers were stationed there at that time, and there are buildings still remaining which they occupied for barracks.

the "Life and Times of Jesse Lee." I believe it was related by William Waters.

PILMOOR AND THE PARISH PRIEST.

Norfolk, Virginia, was distinguished for its wickedness. William Waters speaks of it as "the most wicked place he ever set his foot in." Mr. Pilmoor had preached there, and his preaching produced considerable effect on the public mind; but his fidelity and zeal had brought upon the infant society the vigorous opposition of the parish minister. During the absence of Mr. Pilmoor from Norfolk, and just before his return, the clergyman preached a sermon, in which he undertook to represent the Methodists as enthusiasts and deceivers. The text selected for this notable purpose was, "Be not righteous over much." In the discourse, among other things, he told the people—what none of them would have otherwise suspected—that *he knew from experience the evil of being overmuch righteous.* He failed to establish his positions, and said so much that his friends were dissatisfied. If he thought Mr. Pilmoor would not return, or that he would take no public notice of the matter, he was sadly disappointed in his expectations. Mr. Pilmoor returned in a few days, and gave public notice of his intention to preach on the verse next following the parson's text: "Be not overmuch wicked." At the hour appointed the town seemed to be in motion, and a great crowd collected in the place of preaching. After reading his text, Mr. Pilmoor said he had been informed that a certain divine of the town had given the citizens *a solemn caution against being over-righteous.* Then lifting up his hands, and with a very significant countenance, he exclaimed, "And in Norfolk he hath given this caution!" That was enough. The conduct of the parson was rendered odious and contemptible, and the people were unexpectedly but severely rebuked.

REV. CALEB B. PEDICORD.

THE REV. CALEB B. PEDICORD.

The mention of the name of Pedicord will thrill through the souls of the readers acquainted with his brief history, character, and end. Caleb, like the one whose name he bore, possessed another spirit from the timid, time-serving minister; a spirit that did honour to the cause he had espoused, and the Commander whom he served; and we regret that one so eloquent, so sweet and heavenly-tempered—combining the courage of Caleb with the meekness of Moses, the zeal of Cephas with the affection of John, the decision of Paul with the eloquence of Apollos—should have lived such a brief period; that such a bright and shining light should have been so soon extinguished; that such an eloquent tongue should have been so soon palsied in death; that such a sweet and heavenly spirit should have dwelt in that house of clay no longer; that such an able minister of the New Testament should have been so soon removed from the walls of Zion! But we have this to comfort us, "God buried his workman, but carries on his work."

He suffered heroically in promoting the cause of his Master. The Rev. E. Cooper says, "In Dorchester, Caleb Pedicord were whipped, and badly hurt upon the public road; he carried his scars to the grave."

Eight brief years were the period he spent in the itinerant ministry, and then exchanged labour for rest. He united with the conference in 1777, and died in 1785. That year is the first in which the question is asked in the Minutes, "Who have died this year?" The answer is, "Caleb B. Pedicord."

This is the first record of the kind in the Minutes, but not the last. The record increases—the list of the names of those over whom death has triumphed swells and enlarges, till it becomes a great multitude.

His character is thus drawn in the Minutes by the masterly hand of Asbury, who seems to have followed the example of Wesley for brevity: "Caleb B. Pedicord, a man of sorrows, and, like his Master, acquainted with grief; but a man dead to the world, and much devoted to God." In a few words the character is finished, the portrait is complete, and we gaze upon it with admiration.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

SINGING ON HIS WAY.

Thomas Ware informs us that once, while he was in a thoughtful mood, in a thicket, a stranger passed him. The traveller, who could not see Mr. Ware in his concealment, began to sing as he passed by:

"Still out of the deepest abyss
 Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
 And see my Redeemer, and die.

"I cannot, I cannot forbear
 These passionate longings for home;
O, when shall my spirit be there!
 O, when will the messenger come!"

Mr. Ware goes on: "As he walked his horse slowly, I heard every word distinctly, and was deeply touched, not only with the melody of his voice, which was among the best I ever heard, but with the words he uttered, and especially the couplet,

'I cannot, I cannot forbear
These passionate longings for home.'"

Mr. Ware was so charmed with the melody of the voice and the sentiments of the hymn, that he followed on at a distance, hoping to hear another of the songs of Zion. The stranger stopped at the house of a Methodist, and dismounted. Mr. Ware then concluded he must be a Methodist preacher, and would probably preach in the evening. This happy stranger, cheerful as an angel on an errand of mercy, was Caleb B. Pedicord.

Some Methodists in the town informed Mr. Ware that Mr. Pedicord, a most excellent preacher, would preach in the evening, and invited him to come and hear him. This was at Mount Holly, N. J.

Mr. Ware told him he presumed he had seen the preacher, and heard him sing along the road. Mr. Ware inquired of the brother if he knew such a hymn; he replied he did very well, and immediately commenced and sung it to the same tune; and, as he was an excellent singer, it so thrilled through the soul of Mr. Ware that it melted him to tears.

PEDICORD'S TEXT AND SERMON.

In the evening Mr. Ware went to hear this sweet singer of Israel preach. The singing had charmed him; what effect would the sermon have?

He says, "Mr. Pedicord sung and prayed delightfully." His text pleased him. It was just such a one as an early pioneer of Methodism would have taken—repentance and remission of sins, the atonement, "the sinner's short way to God," the fulness and freeness of salvation. His text was from the 24th chapter of Luke: "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. And he said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third

day, that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." "Soon," says Mr. Ware, "was I convinced that all men were redeemed, and might be saved—and saved *now*, from the guilt, practice, and love of sin. With this I was greatly affected, and could hardly refrain from exclaiming aloud, 'This is the best intelligence I ever heard.'"

PEDICORD THE SPIRITUAL FATHER OF THOMAS WARE.

There are periods in a young man's history when he reaches a crisis, from which he rises or falls. It is evident that this was such a fearful crisis with Thomas Ware. "About this time," says he, "I contracted an acquaintance with a young man of insinuating manners, who was completing the study of navigation. He was expecting to go to sea with a brother-in-law, who was an experienced commander, as his mate, in a brig, which was nearly fitted for the voyage. He had the address to induce me to engage in the same study with him, promising to give me all the aid he could until the brig was ready, and that I should have the steward's berth on board, when he would assist me in my studies until I had acquired a knowledge of the art; and he said he doubted not that we should make our fortunes. The brig was to carry a few long guns, have a picked crew, and outsail everything on the seas. Such were the inducements held out to me to enlist in the enterprise; but I knew not the deep-laid scheme. The truth of the matter was, as it turned out, that the owners were their country's enemies; and the brig was designed to carry on a contraband trade with the British. Between the owners and the enemy there was an understanding. The vessel, laden with provisions, was to be thrown in their way, and to be captured; and then a liberal price was to be

paid for the cargo, and she permitted to escape. Some of the persons engaged in this adventure had held offices under the government, and were still deemed friends to their country. They had, besides, enticed some who had borne a conspicuous part in the service to favour their plot, not doubting of success; and, if they could not persuade those who were not in it that their capture was real and unavoidable, they hoped to quiet them with money.

"Ignorant of all this design and treachery, I was drawn to the very verge of the abyss, and suspected it not. The brig was ready to sail, and the captain was in our village. I had been introduced to him, and the time was set for me to prepare, at a moment's warning, to embark and enter upon the duties of my office. Thus things stood, when a merciful Providence interposed, and prevented my name being enrolled upon the scroll of infamy. I was as a frail bark tossed upon a stormy and unknown sea. The sea had become calm, but I had neared a vortex, and had been well-nigh swallowed up. But a kind breeze sprung up at the time of imminent danger, and I was wafted into a harbour of safety and delight.

"When the meeting closed, I hastened to my lodgings, retired to my room, fell upon my knees before God, and spent much of the night in penitential tears. I did not once think of my engagement with my sea-bound companions, until the next day, when I went and told the young man who had induced me to enlist into the project, that I had abandoned all thoughts of going to sea. They, however, proceeded in their perilous undertaking, were betrayed, their officers thrown into prison, and the brig and cargo confiscated. When I heard of this, I praised the Lord for my deliverance from this danger and infamy, which I considered worse than death.

"I now gave up the study of navigation, and abandoned all company but that of the pious. The New Testament I read over and over, and was charmed with the character of

God our Saviour, as revealed in it; and I esteemed reproach, for his sake, more desirable than all earthly treasure."

PEDICORD RECEIVES THE THANKS OF THOMAS WARE.

"Mr. Pedicord returned again to our village. I hastened to see him, and tell him all that was in my heart. He shed tears over me, and prayed. I was dissolved in tears. He prayed again. My soul was filled with unutterable delight. He now rejoiced over me as a son, 'an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ.' I felt and knew that I was made free; and, as I had been firm in my attachment to the cause of civil freedom, I did hope that I should be enabled to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free.

"Soon after I wrote to the good man, in a manner expressive of my feelings when I first heard him preach, as well as those which followed. In the ardour and simplicity of my soul, I said, 'A thousand blessings on the man who brought me this intelligence. On my bended knees I owned the doctrine true, and said it was enough—I may be happy—heaven may be mine, since Jesus tasted death for all, and wills them to be saved! But I am not myself; my hopes and fears are new. O, may I never lose this tenderness of heart! Yes, my friend, I am thy debtor. To me thou hast restored my Bible and my God; and shall I be ungrateful? No; I will see thee, and confess the whole. Thy God and thy people shall be mine.'"—*T. Ware.*

PEDICORD AND JOE MOLLINER.

"It must have been in the year 1781, that the notorious refugee and tory, 'Joe Molliner,' was captured and imprisoned. This man, while his countrymen were in the battle-field, fighting for liberty, equality, and all the rights of man;

and the women of his country were at home, suffering all but starvation and death—as neglected fields, and empty granaries, and many other disorders, could fully display—this man, with a band of miscreants, lived by plunder, rapine, and blood; robbing those who had anything to lose; burning by fire, wantonly and maliciously, that which could not be conveyed to the recesses of the swamp, where the tory robbers camped.

"The daring, lawless depredations of this Molliner and his gang—committed for several years, and all along the Atlantic shores, through the counties of Monmouth and Atlantic, by land and by water, by day and by night, taking advantage of the absence of the youthful and strong men, and committing intolerable outrages upon aged men and helpless females—at length roused the wrath of the people, until it took the form of vengeance. Pursuit was instituted; and Molliner was taken, and conveyed to Burlington, the seat of justice for the same county at that period. Here he was imprisoned for about six weeks; in the space of which time he was tried by the court, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead.

"During the term of his imprisonment, Caleb Pedicord and Joseph Cromwell visited the unhappy wretch. William Budd, of New-Mills, a man of deep piety, sound mind, and respectable preaching abilities, joined with the loving, weeping Pedicord, and the powerfully persuasive Joseph Cromwell, to induce this soul, so guilty, and so nigh God's judgment bar, to hear the words of warning, and to accept the offers of grace, through the crucified Jesus. He became alarmed, and repented most sincerely, confessing all his baseness. They uttered to him the words of invitation, and the trembling, repentant sinner believed on the name of Jesus, and was pardoned. Yes, this nefarious sinner, as those preachers testified, exhibited positive proof 'that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins.' His soul was happy in the old jail of Burlington; the cell of the con-

demned criminal became the altar of his salvation—the place of his reception among the saved by grace. What an act of majestic mercy! In this case, the extent of God's clemency in Christ Jesus surpassed all human conceptions. Yet it was so; the soul of that deeply-stained sinner was washed in the blood of the Lamb of God; and the prayers, tears, and songs of the saved soul of Molliner, mingled with those of the servants of Jesus, who brought him, perhaps for the first time in his life, the tidings of Gospel grace, a knowledge of the plan of salvation, and the efficacy of faith and prayer, even in a case so desperate.

"Some, perhaps, will say, 'Ah, well, if so abominable a sinner as Joe Molliner can go to heaven, nobody need despair.' How many thousands, not so blackly dyed in sin, have resisted and rejected a thousand calls, and still remain, alas! unsaved; and they may so die, and be lost forever. The ways of God are equal; thy ways are unequal, O child of mortality! How often, under such melancholy circumstances as those of Molliner, when the grace of God is displayed in the salvation of the culprit, do we hear such sophistical reasoning, and unwise murmurings, and unholy resolutions to continue in the neglect of the means of grace; and yet these same persons expect salvation and happiness after death, forsooth, because 'a thief upon the cross' was saved, or a murderer in his cell is converted, and leaves his dying testimony in proof of the amazing mercy of the Most High. The moral of this subject is, Let none presume; let none despair.

"On the day of the execution, our informant, the Rev. John Walker, then a young man seventeen years old, residing in Mount Holly, united with a friend and procured a horse; and, mounted one behind the other, in this manner rode to the scene of the last act of Molliner's eventful life. Thousands of people, it was computed, were there collected from all parts of the country, in all manner of conveyances, from the humble equestrian we have described, the

ox-team, and its load of living curiosities from the interior of the Pines, even to the more aristocratic and heavy coach, of which but few could be produced, down to the thousands on that means of locomotion, the feet, that the Lord made for mortals. The military were also there, in their tarnished uniforms, and with their glittering arms. The music sounded dolefully as the wagon approached, containing Molliner, his coffin, and the faithful three—the ministers Pedicord, Cromwell, and Budd. The huge procession passed out of Burlington, over Ewling's bridge, to a place called 'Gallows Hill.' The wagon halted under the fatal tree, and the soldiers were arranged around the vicinity in a square. The dense mass of anxious spectators pressed closer and closer to the object on which all eyes were now fixed. Molliner arose, and gazed upon the crowd; his countenance seemed changed; he spoke at some length, acknowledged his guilt, and begged the people to pray for him; then, closing his eyes, he sat down, and appeared to be in an agony of prayer.

"Mr. Pedicord, standing in the wagon beside the coffin, gave out a text, and preached a suitable sermon, which affected all hearts within hearing of his sweetly musical voice, whose melting tones seldom failed to draw tears from all eyes. The people wept and sobbed while they heard. After the sermon, a prayer was offered by one of the other preachers. On standing up again, Molliner requested them to sing, and a hymn was sung. At the close Molliner was deeply exercised, clapping his hands exultingly, and exclaiming, 'I've found Him! I've found Him! Now I am ready.' He adjusted the rope to his neck, took leave of those around him, and then said again, 'I am ready; drive off!' The horse started, the wagon passed from beneath his feet, he swung round a few turns, settled, struggled once for a moment, then all was still! The spirit of the daring refugee was in the presence of his God!"—*Rev. G. A. Raybold.*

PEDICORD AND THE YOUNG LADY.

We know so little of this excellent man of God, long since in Abraham's bosom, that it is very refreshing to find the following letter to a young female friend. It is a beautiful specimen of his correspondence, and strikingly illustrates his character:

"VIRGINIA, *January 12th*, 1783.

"MISS PATTY,—Your friendly letter came safe to hand a few days since. I have read it again and again, and was so happy as to catch the tender spirit in which it was written. It affords matter of real joy even to hear from my dear friends; but to receive a letter, containing an account of their spiritual welfare, is cause of more abundant consolation. You are pleased to thank me for my former letter, and also express your approbation of the thoughts hinted in favour of early piety. I am more than ever persuaded of the propriety of them, though I feel myself very insufficient to give instruction to those who are surrounded with every helpful and favourable circumstance. I take knowledge from your letter that you entertain low thoughts of yourself. Our souls prosper the most under the shade of the cross; and it is well to go down the necessary steps into the valley of humiliation When praying as in the dust, our devotion is in character; but, in the meantime, let us remember, help is laid upon One that is mighty. 'Look unto me,' is his language; he blesses the broken in heart, and comforts the contrite spirit. He is the strength of the weak, the overflowing fountain of all goodness, who delights in administering suitable comfort according to our various cases. Let faith (which is the eye of the soul) momently behold a reconciled God; ever remembering that, in striving to believe, and in the exercise of faith, it is obtained and increased: the secret, inward, powerful effects of living faith are almost a mystery to those who

feel them. Salvation by faith is what the Scripture strongly recommends. It is true, God is the author, Christ the object, and the heart the subject; but, notwithstanding this, it has pleased our great Author to bestow this precious gift in proportion to our willingness to receive and improve it. Love also is the glorious spring of all outward and inward holiness. Happy for us when we feel this holy, heavenly, active principle operating, and sweetly attracting our willing hearts into all the graces and virtues of living religion. Hope, O blooming hope, which constantly eyes the future promised inheritance! O Patty, let these three graces be in lively exercise! Indeed, I am at a loss to describe the many blessings that flow from a conviction of our being interested in the favour of the Lord. Those comforts and graces do not naturally belong to man; it is fruit that grows not upon nature's tree. It follows, that in order to abound in them, we must eye His will, who is the author and giver of them; which, no doubt, calls for the mighty exertions of all our ransomed powers, carefully walking in, and constantly looking through, all the means of divine institution. So shall we sail as upon broad waters, and our feet stand in a wealthy place.

"I continue a son of affliction, but still fill up my appointments. Remember me affectionately to your grandmamma, who behaved to me as a mother, sister, Christian, and friend.

"The blessed God bless you, and keep you blooming for a blissful immortality. Yours, &c.,

"CALEB B. PEDICORD."

REV. WILLIAM GILL.

REV. JOHN TUNNELL.

REV. RICHARD IVY.

THE REV. WILLIAM GILL.

William Gill was an "able minister of the New Testament," with a very clear head and a very warm heart. He was of a philosophical turn; could soar to that which was high, and fathom that which was deep. How I regret that we have so brief an account of him! He has a history written on the archives of heaven, a biography on the imperishable records of eternity, among the lives of those who were "faithful unto death!"

William Gill was received into the travelling connexion in 1777, and "finished his course with joy" in 1789. The record in the Minutes is as follows:

"William Gill, a native of Delaware; an elder in the Church, and a labourer in it for twelve years; blameless in life, of quick and solid parts; sound in the faith, clear in his judgment, meek in his spirit, resigned and solemnly happy in his death."—*Minutes of* 1789.

No minister need wish to have more said concerning him when the clods of the valley cover him, and his soul has returned to God.

A correspondent in the Christian Advocate says, "Some time ago, when at a quarterly-meeting at Hynson's Chapel, in Kent county, Md., the Rev. T. Smith said to me, 'Come, and I will show you where lie two old Methodist preachers.' One was John Smith, who lived many years in Chestertown, a superannuated member of the Philadelphia Conference; the other was William Gill, of whom I have often heard the old Methodists speak in terms of highest applause. The late Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, was among

his warmest admirers. He is said to have remarked, that William Gill was the greatest divine he ever heard. Nothing but a rough stone, without inscription, marks the spot where sleeps the ashes of these venerable men. William Gill was a native of Kent, Del., whence he started in early life, and in an early period of Methodism, to do the work of a Methodist itinerant preacher; and, after successfully preaching a free and full salvation to his fellow-men in various parts of the States, he was arrested in the midst of his usefulness by a disease, which soon took him from labour to reward. He died in Chestertown, Kent county, Md.; and when a few more of the older men of this generation pass away, the probability is, no one will know the place of his sepulchre, as I was unsuccessful in endeavouring to persuade the Methodists there to erect at his grave only a plain head and foot stone; but his record is on high." D. D.

THE REV. JOHN TUNNELL.

John Tunnell was received into the travelling connexion in 1777, and was released from his labours by death in 1790. Methodism, in its early days, was favoured not only with its sons of thunder, but also its sons of consolation. Tunnell was an Apollos—"mighty in the Scriptures," mighty in eloquence. His speech distilled as the dew, and as the rain upon the new-mown grass. He moved, melted, and charmed his audiences. The Minutes speak of him thus:

"John Tunnell, who died of consumption at the Sweet Springs in July, 1790, was about thirteen years in the work of the ministry; a man of solid piety, great simplicity, and godly sincerity, well known and much esteemed both by ministers and people. He had travelled extensively through the States, and declined in sweet peace."—*Minutes of Conference*, 1790.

Bishop Asbury paid the following just tribute to his departed friend and brother:

"The 9th of July, 1790, we were informed of the death of our dear brother, John Tunnell.

"Saturday, 10th July. Brother Tunnell's corpse was brought to Dew's Chapel. I preached his funeral sermon my text, 'For me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' We were much blessed, and the power of God was eminently present. It is fourteen years since brother Tunnell first knew the Lord; and he has spoken about thirteen years, and travelled through eight of the thirteen states: few men, as public ministers, were better known or more beloved. He was a simple-hearted, artless, childlike

man; for his opportunities, he was a man of good learning; had a large fund of Scripture knowledge, was a good historian, a sensible, improving preacher, a most affectionate friend, and a great saint. He had been wasting and declining in strength and health for the last twelve months, sinking into a consumption. I am humbled. O, let my soul be admonished to be more devoted to God!"—*Asbury's Journal*, vol. ii, p. 46.

What a portraiture of the character of this Christian minister, by the hand of Asbury, who was too truthful to exaggerate, too faithful to misrepresent, and too prudent to give a fancy sketch with false colouring.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

TUNNELL AND THE SAILOR.

"A sailor was one day passing where Tunnell was preaching. He stopped to listen, and was observed to be much affected; and on meeting with his companions after he left, he said, 'I have been listening to a man who has been dead and in heaven; but he has returned, and is telling the people all about that world.' And he declared to them he had never been so much affected by anything he had ever seen or heard before. True it was that Tunnell's appearance very much resembled that of a dead man; and when with his strong musical voice he poured forth a flood of heavenly eloquence, as he frequently did, he appeared, indeed, as a messenger from the invisible world."—*Rev. T. Ware.*

TUNNELL, GENERAL RUSSELL AND HIS WIFE.

Methodism in its early days not only benefitted the poor and the middling classes, but also those who moved in the higher circles in life. It found a welcome not only in the cottage of the humble, in the log-house of the enterprising emigrant, but also in the mansions of the rich; showing that it was not adapted to one class only, but to all classes, from the least to the greatest. Therefore, we find Governor Basset and Judge White, of Delaware, Governor Van Courtland, the Van Wycks, and Livingstons, in New-York, and General Russell and his wife, of Kentucky, among its early members. Not only did many of the "common people" hear the Methodist pioneers gladly, but so did some of the uncommon people.

The Methodist Conference in the West was held in Holstein, in 1788. Bishop Asbury did not attend, but Asbury's God was there.

"We were not idle," says Thomas Ware, "and the Lord gave us many souls in the place where we were assembled, among whom were General Russell and lady, the latter a sister of the illustrious Patrick Henry. I mention these particularly, because they were the first-fruits of our labours at this conference.

"On the Sabbath we had a crowded audience; and Mr. Tunnell preached an excellent sermon, which produced great effect. The sermon was followed by a number of powerful exhortations. When the meeting closed, Mrs. Russell came to me and said, 'I thought I was a Christian; but, sir, I am not a Christian, I am the veriest sinner upon earth. I want you and Mr. Mastin to come with Mr. Tunnell to our house, and pray for us, and tell us what we must do to be saved.' So we went, and spent much of the afternoon in prayer, especially for Mrs. Russell; but she did not obtain deliverance. Being much exhausted, the preach-

ers retired to a pleasant grove near at hand, to spend a short time. After we had retired, the general, seeing the agony of soul under which his poor wife was labouring, read to her, by the advice of his pious daughter, Mr. Fletcher's charming address to mourners, as contained in his Appeal. At length we heard the word 'Glory!' often repeated, accompanied with the clapping of hands. We hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Russell praising the Lord, and the general walking the floor and weeping bitterly, uttering, at the same time, this plaintive appeal to the Saviour of sinners: 'O Lord, thou didst bless my dear wife while thy poor servant was reading to her; hast thou not a blessing also for me?' At length he sat down, quite exhausted. This scene was in a high degree interesting to us. To see the old soldier and statesman—the proud opposer of godliness—trembling, and earnestly inquiring what he must do to be saved, was an affecting sight. But the work ended not here. The conversion of Mrs. Russell, whose zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character were proverbial, together with the penitential grief so conspicuous in the general, made a deep impression on the minds of many; and numbers were brought in before the conference closed. The general rested not until he knew his adoption; and he continued a faithful member of the Church, and an official member, after he became eligible for office, constantly adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour unto the end of his life."—*Life of Thomas Ware.*

No doubt the reader would like to know the sequel of the Russell family. Rev. William Burke informs us that "in the fall of 1792, General Russell and family made a visit to the eastern part of Virginia, among their old friends and relations. The general was taken sick, and died. His daughter, Chloe Russell, had just married a travelling preacher by the name of Hubbard Saunders. During their visit, Miss Sarah Campbell, Mrs. Russell's daughter, daughter of General Campbell, who distinguished himself at the battle of King's Mountain, was married to Francis Preston, Esq., of Virginia. Sarah

was among the first fruits of Methodism in the West. She became the mother of one of South Carolina's most gifted sons, whose eloquence has often been heard in the senate chamber at Washington, namely, the Hon. William C. Preston."

TUNNELL, GILL, AND PEDICORD COMPARED.

"Gill was eagle-eyed, and, by those whose powers of vision were strong like his, he was deemed one of a thousand; but, by the less penetrating, his talents could not be fully appreciated, as he often soared beyond them. On this account Gill was not a favourite preacher of mine; but, in conversation, which afforded an opportunity for asking questions and receiving explanations on deep and interesting subjects, I have seldom known his equal. Jonathan and David were not more tenderly attached to each other than were Tunnell and Gill.

"Pedicord was a man of fine manly form, and his countenance indicated intelligence and much tender sensibility. His voice was soft and remarkably plaintive; and he possessed the rare talent to touch and move his audience at once. I have seen the tear start and the head fall before he had uttered three sentences, which were generally sententious. Nor did he raise expectations to disappoint them. Like Tunnell, he arose as he advanced in his subject; and if he could not, like him, bind his audience with chains, he could draw them after him with a silken cord. Never was a man more tenderly beloved in our part of the country than he; and if the decision of their relative claims devolved on me, I should say there was none like Pedicord: but he was my spiritual father."—*Rev. T. Ware.*

No wonder Mr. Ware adds, "It is a pity that so few of this class of primitive American Methodist preachers have left any written memorial of themselves and their early labours." It is a pity; it is a loss to the Church, to the country, and to the world: a loss that is irreparable.

THE REV. RICHARD IVY.

"Richard Ivy was a native of Sussex county, in Virginia. He travelled extensively through Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. A man of quick and solid parts. He sought not himself, any more than a Pedicord, a Gill, or a Tunnell—men well known in our connexion—who never thought of growing rich by the Gospel; their great concern and business was to be rich in grace, and useful to souls. Thus Ivy, a man of affliction, lingering out his latter days, spending his all with his life in the work. Exclusive of his patrimony, he was indebted at his death. He died in his native county, in Virginia, in the latter part of the year 1795.

> "His race is run, his sorrows are o'er;
> His work it is done, he 'll suffer no more."
>
> *Minutes for* 1795.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

IVY AND TWO AMERICAN OFFICERS.

As a number of the early Methodist ministers were Englishmen, strongly attached to the mother country, all of them were suspected of being disloyal to this country.

Richard Ivy was admitted on trial in the travelling connexion in May, 1778. In 1782 he travelled with Joshua Dudley, West Jersey circuit. Rev. Thomas Ware resided there; he had been converted not long before. He says, "Learning that a company of soldiers, quartered near one of these appointments, had resolved to arrest the first preacher who should come there, and carry him to head-quarters, I determined to accompany him, hoping, as I was acquainted with some of the officers, to convince them that he was no enemy of his country. The preacher was Richard Ivy, who at that time was quite young. The rumour of what was about to be done having gone abroad, many of the most respectable inhabitants of the neighbourhood were collected at the place. Soon after the congregation was convened, a file of soldiers were marched into the yard, and halted near the door; and two officers came in, drew their swords and crossed them on the table, and seated themselves one on each side of it, but so as to look the preacher full in the face.

"I watched his eye with great anxiety, and soon saw that he was not influenced by fear. His text was, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' When he came to enforce the exhortation, 'Fear not,' he paused and said, 'Christians sometimes fear when there is no cause for fear;' and so, he added, he presumed it was with some then present. Those men who were engaged in the defence of their country's right meant them no harm. He spoke fluently and forcibly in commendation of the cause of freedom from foreign and domestic tyranny, looking at the same time first on the swords, and then in the faces of the officers, as if he would say, This looks a little too much like domestic oppression; and, in conclusion, bowing to each of the officers, and opening his bosom, said, 'Sirs, I would fain show you my heart; if it beats not high for legitimate liberty, may it forever cease to beat.'

"This he said with such a tone of voice and with such a look as thrilled the whole audience, and gave him command

of their feelings. The countenances of the officers at first wore a contemptuous frown, then a significant smile, and then they were completely unarmed; they hung down their heads, and before the conclusion of this masterly address shook like the leaves of an aspen. Many of the people sobbed aloud, and others cried out, Amen! while the soldiers without (the doors and windows being open) swung their hats, and shouted, 'Huzza for the Methodist parson!' On leaving, the officers shook hands with the preacher, and wished him well; and afterward said they would share their last shilling with him."—*Life of T. Ware*, pp. 71, 72.

This is about all we know of Richard Ivy, except what is contained in the Minutes; but this is sufficient to make him an *evergreen*.

REV. JOSEPH BRADFORD.

THE REV. JOSEPH BRADFORD.

Mr. Bradford was thirty-eight years an itinerant minister in England, and finished his course with joy in Hull in 1808. He was an excellent man, "a bright and shining light." He preached with success the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

Mr. Bradford was honoured by being chosen president of the conference in 1803, when that noble class of ministers were received into full membership—a galaxy of brilliant stars, an array of distinguished names, of gifted men, such as we have not seen before, such as, I fear, we shall not soon see again—Robert Newton, Jabez Bunting, Daniel Isaac, William E. Millar, Philip Garrett, Joseph Hallam, Thomas Pindar, and others, who were mighty men—men of renown. But one of them now survives, that is Jabez Bunting; the rest have fallen asleep.

The Rev. James Everett thus describes him: "Joseph Bradford was prompt, energetic; Herculean in labour, persevering, fervid, sterling; somewhat rambling in his discourses; always cutting out work for himself and others; generally closing the financial part of a leader's meeting with, 'Well, what can be done to help forward the good cause in which we are engaged?' A strenuous advocate for exemption from all moral defilement, saying, 'As soon may light espouse darkness, as soon may night be married to day, as sin and holiness dwell together.' Possessed, rough as he was, of too much delicacy of sentiment and dignity of character to watch the look or tremble at the frown of a superior, 'truth and justice, the two immutable laws of social as well as religious order,' seemed to be his motto,

despising the maxim that it is sometimes useful to mislead, to insure the happiness of others."

"Mr. Bradford," says the biographer of Robert Newton, "was a man of unbending integrity and of kindly disposition."

Mr. Bradford was honoured also by being the chosen friend and travelling companion of John Wesley—"his own familiar friend, that did eat bread with him," who was admitted into the closest intimacy and fellowship.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

BRADFORD AND JOHN WESLEY.

Mr. Bradford was for some years the travelling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health, and even life; but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness. "Joseph," said Mr. Wesley, one day, "take these letters to the post."

Bradford. I will take them after preaching, sir.

Wesley. Take them now, Joseph.

Brad. I wish to hear you preach, sir, and there will be sufficient time for the post after service.

Wes. I insist upon your going now, Joseph.

Brad. I will not go at present.

Wes. You wont?

Brad. No, sir.

Wes. Then you and I must part.

Brad. Very good, sir.

The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning, the refractory "helper"

was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said, that we must part?"

Brad. Yes, sir.

Wes. And must we part?

Brad. Please yourself, sir.

Wes. Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?

Brad. No, sir.

Wes. You wont?

Brad. No, sir.

Wes. Then I will ask yours, Joseph.

Poor Joseph was instantly melted, smitten as by the wand of Moses, when forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock. He had a tender soul; and it was soon observed, when the appeal was made to the heart instead of the head." —*James Everett.*

This anecdote has been incorrectly attributed to the Rev. Samuel Bradburn. Mr. Bradburn never was Mr. Wesley's travelling companion. The mistake was easily made, no doubt, by confounding the names Bradford and Bradburn.

BRADFORD AND MR. WESLEY AT BRISTOL.

At the Bristol Conference, in 1783, Mr. Wesley was taken very ill; neither he nor his friends thought he could recover. From the nature of his complaint, he supposed a spasm would seize his stomach, and, probably, occasion sudden death. Under these views of his situation, he said to Mr. Bradford, "I have been reflecting on my past life: I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavouring, in my poor way, to do a little good to my fellow-creatures: and now it is probable that there are but a few steps between me and death; and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered that will bear looking at. I have no other plea than this,

> 'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me.'"

The sentiment here expressed, and his reference to it in his last sickness, plainly show how steadily he had persevered in the same views of the Gospel. Mr. Bradford was highly favoured in hearing this declaration from the founder of Methodism, under circumstances so thrilling; but greater honour awaited him. He was permitted, years after, to witness the calm, peaceful, and triumphant death of his venerable and venerated friend. "On Wednesday morning the closing scene drew near. Mr. Bradford, his faithful friend, prayed with him; and the last words he was heard to articulate were 'Farewell!'"

Mr. Bradford was permitted to offer the last prayer at the bedside of the dying Wesley, and then watch over him,

"Till the 'weary wheels of life stood still.'"

BRADFORD AND LADY HUNTINGTON.

After Mr. Wesley's death, a tract, written with beautiful simplicity by his friend Elizabeth Ritchie, was published, containing the interesting particulars of his last illness, with the expressions to which he gave utterance in the immediate prospect of dissolution. A copy of this document fell into the hands of Lady Huntington, who read it with superior interest, because, according to the natural course of things, the time of her own departure was at hand. She sent for Joseph Bradford, who for many years had been Mr. Wesley's travelling companion, and asked him if this account of Mr. Wesley was true; and whether he really died acknowledging his sole dependence upon the meritorious sacrifice of Christ for acceptance and eternal life. Mr. Bradford assured her ladyship that the whole was strictly true; and that from his own knowledge he could declare, whatever reports to the contrary had been circulated, the principles which Mr. Wesley recognised upon his death-bed had invariably been the subjects of his ministry. She listened with eager attention to this statement; confessed that she

believed he had grievously departed from the truth; and then, bursting into tears, expressed her deep regret at the separation that had taken place between them. The particulars of this interview Mr. Bradford related to the Rev. George Morley."— *Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley, p.* 662.

BRADFORD AND THE ANGEL.

"In 1778," says the Rev. John Murlin, "there was a division in the society at Halifax, about an angel with a trumpet in his hand, which one party would have fixed on the top of a sounding-board, over the pulpit, but the other would not consent to it. And so warm were they on each side, that the circuit preachers could not reconcile them; so the affair was left to the decision of Mr. Wesley. When he came, he gave judgment against the angel; and, to put an end to all future strife, Mr. Bradford *made a burnt sacrifice of the angel on the altar of peace!* and thus the apple of discord was removed. Is it not strange that men of common sense, and who profess an uncommon degree of religion, should contend so warmly about such trifles as these?"

BRADFORD, WESLEY, AND THE CHAISE.

In 1785, Mr. Wesley, with Joseph Bradford, visited Adam Clarke on St. Austell circuit. Mr. Clarke relates the following, which took place during their visit. I was with Mr. Wesley one day, when his chaise was not at the door at the time he had ordered it; he immediately set off on foot, and I accompanied him: it was not long, however, before Mr. Bradford overtook us with it. Mr. Wesley inquired, "Joseph, what has been the matter?"

Mr. B. I could not get things ready any sooner, sir.

Mr. W. You should have urged the people to it.

Mr. B. I spoke to them to be in readiness, sir, no less than *nineteen* times.

Mr. W., (pleasantly.) You lost it, you blockhead, for want of the *twentieth!* thus giving Joseph and his young friend a gentle hint on the propriety of perseverance.

Mr. Everett, to whom Dr. Clarke related the above anecdote, told it to the poet, James Montgomery, Esq., of Sheffield, who remarked that "Mr. Wesley's punctuality was very likely the result of early instruction; and, in all probability, he carried up from his childhood the recollection of a similar case. His mother had one of the children before her one day, who was very slow at learning. Her husband came in, and said, 'Why do you sit there, my dear, telling that dull child a thing twenty times over?' 'Because,' replied Mrs. Wesley, 'the nineteenth is not enough.'"

REV. JOHN EASTER.

THE REV. JOHN EASTER.

The Rev. John Easter joined the travelling connexion in 1782, and located in 1792. Ten short years in the itinerant work, and his name disappears. We know but little of this "son of thunder," and that little makes us anxious to know more. His ministerial career was short but brilliant; his success was almost unparalleled. His name is embalmed in the memory of the Church; he is enrolled among her distinguished heroes. On Brunswick circuit, Virginia, eighteen hundred were added to the Church under his labours in one year. This mighty ingathering of souls occurred in 1787. What pentecostal scenes he must have witnessed! what a memorable time! What will the records of eternity show in regard to that never-to-be-forgotten year? The Rev. Thomas L. Douglass speaks of Mr. Easter thus:

"In the year 1787 the Rev. John Easter, a man of great faith and power, was appointed to Brunswick circuit, which at that time included Greensville county, where the father of Bishop M'Kendree lived; and his labours being greatly blessed, an uncommon revival of vital religion took place, in which some thousands professed to find peace with God, in that and the adjoining circuits. Mr. M'Kendree and his family, although favourably disposed toward religion, had hitherto lived without a knowledge of its comforts; but, under the impressive and convincing ministry of this man of God, Mr. M'Kendree, his wife, and several of his children, were happily converted to God."

"The facts which have come down to our times," says the author of the Life and Times of Jesse Lee, "of the almost

miraculous labours of the Rev. John Easter, his strong faith, and his astonishing success, are far more surprising than any of those recorded in the days of the Son of man. But we may not detail them. Yet respecting the *character* of the work, it ought to be said that *convictions* for sin were sudden and strong. The whole moral nature was wrought upon by deep and powerful emotions, that found expression in confession of sin, and in cries for mercy. And *conversions* were no less sudden and powerful. Supplications for pardon were quickly succeeded by songs of rejoicing and shouts of triumph. Many who came to the house of God careless and scoffing, returned clothed and in their right minds, with new joy in their hearts and a new pathway for their feet. The change was wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, and its genuineness received a thousand attestations in the altered lives, persevering fidelity, and increasing holiness of those who, in that gracious effusion of the Spirit, were brought from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

Father Boehm says: "I have heard Bishop M'Kendree speak of John Easter in the highest terms, and with filial affection, as a son reverences his father, as a man, and as a successful minister. I travelled over the ground where Mr. Easter formerly preached, and his name and works were still remembered. I conversed with a number who knew him personally and intimately, and they spoke of him with profound respect and veneration."

John Easter died a number of years ago in Virginia, having held forth his integrity until the end. Nor did

> "his faith forsake its hold,
> Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold."

Mr. Easter left one son, whose name was Ira. He was a very useful local preacher for some years, and afterward became a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, and was pastor of a Church near Baltimore, Maryland. He died in Baltimore a

few years ago, leaving an only son, a young man of much promise, who was an engineer. He was suddenly killed, and *thus that family of Easters ceased to exist.*

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

EASTER, M'KENDREE, AND GEORGE.

Among the distinguished converts of that year (1787) was William M'Kendree. He became seriously alarmed for the salvation of his soul. His own account of it will be most acceptable to the reader: "My convictions were renewed; they were deep and pungent. The great deep of the heart was broken up; its deceit and desperately wicked nature were disclosed, and the awful, the eternally ruinous consequences clearly appeared. My repentance was sincere; I became willing, and was desirous to be saved on any terms. After a sore and sorrowful travail of three days, which were employed in hearing Mr. Easter, and in fasting and prayer—while the man of God was showing a large congregation the way of salvation by faith, with a clearness which at once astonished and encouraged me—I ventured my all upon Christ. In a moment my soul was relieved of a burden too heavy to be borne, and joy instantly succeeded sorrow."

Mr. M'Kendree felt that this "glorious Gospel of the blessed God was committed to his trust;" the awful responsibility made him hesitate. So he visited and consulted his spiritual father, Mr. Easter. Mr. Easter not only gave him good advice, but took M'Kendree on the circuit, and he travelled with him some time. M'Kendree hesitated, became discouraged, re-

turned home, and resolved to abandon the work of the ministry; but the "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel," so pressed upon him, that he offered himself to the Virginia Conference, and was received in 1788. Could Mr. Easter have seen the future character and history of William M'Kendree when he received him into the Church, what would have been his feelings? He also received into the bosom of the Church Enoch George, who also became a bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. No other minister has been thus honoured, in receiving two persons into the Church who afterward became its superintendents. This distinguished honour belongs to John Easter alone. If nothing more was known concerning him, this should give him an immortality: the spiritual father of the eloquent M'Kendree and the pathetic George, two of the purest spirits that ever adorned the Church or blessed the world! Long since Easter, M'Kendree, and George have met

> "Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
> Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
> While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
> And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

JOHN EASTER AND JESSE LEE.

So little is known of this distinguished servant of God, that we gladly avail ourselves of any scraps or fragments we can find, and are as careful to preserve them as we would gold-dust; for, however small the particles, it is gold. Jesse Lee, in his Journal, speaks of Mr. Easter. He first saw him in July, 1783: "In Warren county I met with John Easter." The next day they went to Halifax county, where John Easter "preached a profitable sermon." They continued together several days, going from place to place preaching the word. Mr. Lee says: "We had a good deal of life among us at these

meetings." The next month (August) "they met at a quarterly meeting, at the Tabernacle, on Roanoak circuit. Mr. Lee preached, then James O'Kelley and John Easter exhorted." Mr. Lee says: "The love-feast was lively. It was, indeed, a day of the Lord's power, and many were converted; one was converted that day who afterward became a travelling preacher." This young man was Mark Moore, who entered the itinerancy in 1786, and located in 1799.

EASTER AND REV. STITH MEAD.

These were holy men, "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." A volume might be written of their mighty deeds in winning souls to Christ. The latter was greatly blessed as an agent or instrument in the conversion of sinners. Wherever he went, wherever he preached, the word was blessed. The writer knew him when "in age and feebleness extreme;" and even then he was honoured of God in saving souls. He was simple and sincere of heart; took God's word as a living and powerful agent of the almighty Spirit, and preached it in full assurance of faith, both as to its truth and efficiency; and it was not in vain. Sinners were cut to the heart, mourners in Zion were comforted, and believers were edified and blessed. Mr. Mead joined the conference in 1792, and died in 1836. The former was distinguished for his strong, unwavering faith, and also for his ministerial success.

On the last day of October, 1798, a meeting was held at Paup's meeting-house, Brunswick county, Virginia. Bishop Asbury preached a "good discourse," Jesse Lee exhorted, and the power of the Lord was present among them. Many wept, and some cried aloud with deep distress. After the congregation was dismissed, the class-meeting was held. The Rev. Stith Mead then began to sing, and in a little while many were affected, and there was a general weeping

in the house. At this stage of the meeting, the Rev. John Easter proclaimed aloud, "I have not a doubt in my soul but God will convert a soul to-day." The preachers then requested all that were under conviction to come together. Several men and women came and fell on their knees; and the preachers for some time kept singing, and exhorting the mourners to expect a blessing from the Lord, till the cries of the mourners became truly awful. Then prayer was made in their behalf, and two or three found peace.—*Life of Jesse Lee.*

EASTER AND THE THUNDER-STORM.

John Easter was a wonder to many for the childlike trust of his belief in "every word of God." The Gospel was God's voice of mercy and grace, and the Bible the words of its utterance to men. Faith had no mystery in it to him, beyond the mere exercise of power. What he wanted, he asked of God. Answers to prayer are promised. He always expected its fulfilment in the things he asked. The following incident will serve to show his faith, and illustrate the doctrine of asking in faith: He was preaching once to a large crowd in the open air. In the midst of his discourse a storm arose. A dark and fearful cloud, vivid with forked lightning, and vocal with harsh thunder, "muttering sounds of sullen wrath," and driven by a mighty wind, was hurrying furiously over the congregation. Consternation sat on every face, and fear filled every heart. The storm waxed louder and more appalling; and the panic-struck assembly started to their feet, to seek safety in flight. Just at this moment the preacher fell on his knees, lifted his hands, and implored God to turn aside the storm, and not allow it to prevent the people from hearing the words of life and salvation. Coincident with the prayer, as multitudes attest, the clouds parted right and left, leaving a clear sky over the worshippers,

and deluging the neighbouring fields with floods of water. This is one instance of many, related by survivors of his ministry, of the public answers God mercifully vouchsafed to the prayers of his faithful servant. This answer to prayer and faith is related upon the authority of many intelligent and pious men, who were present on the occasion, and who assured the writer that all the circumstances left a clear conviction of a divine interposition, in answer to prayer, upon the vast and awe-struck assembly. Kindred facts, in great number and variety, might be collected from our earlier history, to illustrate the Scriptural, God-honouring faith of our fathers.—*Life of Jesse Lee.*

EASTER AND THE ENRAGED HUSBAND, AND HIS COURAGEOUS WIFE.

The Rev. Thomas Ware relates the following thrilling incident. It is full of romance; but it is not the romance of fiction, but of real life. It is full of poetry—the poetry of truth. In reading, we shall see that there were heroines in those days as well as "heroes;" women of nerve, of decision, of courage, whose noble deeds are worthy of all praise. "Many daughters have done virtuously," but they seem to have excelled them all:

"A sister Jones, of Mecklenburgh, Virginia, had to pass through fiery trials. She was a woman of superior gifts as well as grace; and her courage and perseverance in the service of the Lord constrained all who knew her to acknowledge her deep sincerity. Her husband cherished the most bitter and inveterate prejudice against the Methodists; and, being naturally a man of violent passions, and a most ungovernable temper, he, by his threats, deterred her, for a time, from joining them. Nor did he stop here, but positively forbade her going to hear them. Soon after this Mr. Easter, a man remarkably owned of God, and a favourite preacher of Mrs. Jones, was to preach in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Jones told

her husband she believed it to be a duty which she owed to God and herself, to go and hear Mr. Easter, and begged his permission; but he refused. She then said she should be compelled, from a sense of obligation to a higher power, to disobey his command. At this he became enraged, and, in his fury, swore if she did, he would charge his gun and shoot her when she returned; but this tremendous threat did not deter her. During preaching she was remarkably blessed and strengthened; and, on her return, met her infuriated husband at the door, with his gun in hand. She accosted him mildly, and said, 'My dear, if you take my life, you must obtain leave of my heavenly Spouse;' and, thus saying, approached him and took the deadly weapon out of his hand, without meeting any resistance. This virulent temper God in due time softened and subdued, so that the tiger became a lamb. When on my way to my first quarterly meeting in Mecklenburg, in this district, I called on Mr. Jones, and had the whole history of this transaction from the parties themselves, who, now united with one heart in the service of God, accompanied me to the meeting.

REV. JESSE LEE.

THE REV. JESSE LEE.

The Rev. Jesse Lee was born in Virginia in 1758. At the age of fifteen he responded to the call of Heaven, "My son, give me thine heart." Soon after he identified himself with the Methodists, and was appointed class-leader, then exhorter, and afterward preacher. He was admitted into the travelling connexion in Virginia, 1783, and accompanied Bishop Asbury on a tour to South Carolina in 1785.

Here Mr. Lee became acquainted with a young man from New-England, who gave him such a description of that people as to excite in his bosom an irrepressible desire to be a herald of a full, free, and present salvation to them. He mentioned it to Mr. Asbury. The desire continued to burn in his bosom till a few years after, when he was gratified. Mr. Lee's name will ever be remembered with gratitude, as the pioneer of Methodism in the eastern states, as its apostle in New-England. He planted the tree there which has taken deep root, and extended its branches until thousands now refresh themselves under its shade, and partake of its delicious fruits; while its leaf does not wither, but continues as green as those on the tree planted by the river of waters. He was a superior man, largely endowed by nature both in bodily and mental power.

Mr. Lee was a man of excellent talents as a preacher; his discourses exhibited ingenuity and variety. He especially understood the power of illustration. Mr. Lee was one of Bishop Asbury's first travelling companions. He was the first Methodist minister elected chaplain to Congress; and, to

show the estimation in which he was held, he was elected six successive terms. Since then, Nicholas Snethen, H. B. Bascom, George Cookman, Henry Slicer, and several other Methodist preachers, have been elected to the same office.

Mr. Lee was a man of superior wit; he knew how "to answer a fool according to his folly." There is a vast difference between pure native wit—as sharp as a razor, as keen as a briar—and buffoonery; they have no affinity. There is as much difference as there is between pinchbeck and gold. Mr. Lee made his wit profitable to promote truth, to defend himself, and also to silence and abash the opposers of religion and the advocates of error. Should he have used it or not? It is possible that he sometimes went beyond the bounds of prudence; but there can be no doubt that his wit aided him much in the peculiar work he was called to perform.

His last station was Annapolis, Maryland. He attended a camp-meeting on the eastern shore of Maryland in September, 1816, and was taken sick, and died there. Rev. Henry Boehm was presiding elder on that district, and remained with Mr. Lee—ministering to his wants, smoothing his pillow of agony, wetting his parched lips—till his great soul left his suffering body; the one to return to dust, the other to God. I have often heard my venerable friend describe the dying scene. The room where the patient sufferer lay was filled with glory. The sick and dying man was not only patient, but cheerful and happy. The same degree of pleasantry and the same spiritual wit he manifested during his last illness; though father Boehm thinks there was nothing like levity in Jesse Lee, but remarkable shrewdness, the sharpest irony, and the keenest wit. His death was honourable to the religion he so long professed; his last hours were not only peaceful, but triumphant. Frequently he shouted, "Glory! glory! glory! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Jesus reigns!"

His remains were interred in the old Methodist burying-

ground in Baltimore. On his plain marble tombstone is inscribed the following:

IN MEMORY OF
THE REV. JESSE LEE.
Born in Prince George's county, Virginia, 1758, and
Entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church
1783, and departed this life September, 1816,
Aged 58 years.

A man of ardent zeal and great ability as a minister of Christ;
His labours were abundantly owned of God,
Especially in the New-England states, in which he was truly the
Apostle of American Methodism.

Those who wish to learn more of him can read "The Life and Times of Rev. Jesse Lee," by his nephew, Leroy M. Lee; or Dr. Bangs's "History of the M. E. Church;" or "Memorials of Methodism," by Rev. Abel Stevens. To the former of these I am indebted, as well as to several other sources, for a number of the anecdotes and incidents recorded here, that I have no doubt the reader will peruse with pleasure and profit, sometimes smiling, and then, again, dropping a tear, over something that will touch the springs of the soul.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

LEE ENLISTED BY BISHOP ASBURY.

Jesse Lee attended the Conference which began at Ellis's Chapel, Virginia, April 30th, and ended in Baltimore, Maryland, May 28th, 1784. As a spectator, he witnessed its proceedings with thrilling interest. He says, "At the close of the Conference Mr. Asbury came to me, and asked

me if I was willing to take a circuit; I told him I could not well do it, but signified I was at a loss to know what was best for me to do. I was afraid of hurting the cause which I wished to promote, for I was very sensible of my own weakness; at last he called to some of the preachers standing in the yard, a little way off, and said, 'I am going to enlist brother Lee.' One of them replied, 'What bounty do you give?' He answered, 'Grace here, and glory hereafter, will be given, if he is faithful.'"

LEE AND THE NON-COMMITTAL QUAKER.

Travelling in Virginia with his colleague, Rev. Mr. Drumgoole, they met with a very inhospitable reception at the close of the first day's journey. At a late hour in the evening they stopped at the house of a Quaker, and asked permission to remain all night. He neither consented nor refused, but said, "If you choose to get down, I will not turn you away."

They knew not whether to go in or not, as he had neither granted them permission to stay nor denied their request. However, as the night was dark, and they were strangers, and as there were no public houses in that part of the country, they entered the house, and, notwithstanding the cold reception, tried to make themselves welcome. They were surprised and gratified with their hospitable entertainment. When they were about retiring to rest they proposed family prayer. Here the Quaker was non-committal again. He neither expressed approval nor disapprobation; but said, "If you have a mind to pray, I will leave the room." He did so, and shut the door, and left them to perform their evening devotions as they saw best.

LEE AND HIS LOST HAT.

Mr. Lee and several ministers were once fording a river somewhat swollen. He had on a new hat. A flaw of wind suddenly drove his hat into the river, and the current rapidly bore it away. He checked his horse, and silently watched its course. On, on it went. Turning a rueful face to one of the brethren, he said: "It is written, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' I am sure I love God; but," sending a longing look after his hat, he added, "how that is to work for my good, I am at a loss to perceive." The hat had gone down the stream, and disappeared, and hatless he was obliged to pursue his journey.

LEE, ASBURY, AND THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A BALL.

Bishop Asbury and Mr. Lee reached Georgetown on the 23d of February, 1785. Mr. Asbury preached the next evening to a large and attentive audience. As they were leaving, to go to the place of worship, the gentleman at whose house they were putting up wished to be excused from going with them, "as it was his turn to superintend a ball that night." Mr. Lee says, "He had been praying earnestly, that if the Lord had sent him to that place, he would open the heart and house of some other person to receive them." Heaven heard and answered his prayer; for after meeting, Mr. Wayne, a nephew of the celebrated general, Anthony Wayne, invited them to call upon him; and from that time his house became a home for the ministers. They took breakfast with him the next morning; he accompanied them to the river, and paid their ferriage. He also gave the Rev. Henry Willis a letter of introduction to some gentlemen at Charleston, which secured for the Methodist preachers a cordial reception in that city.

LEE AND THE CALVINISTIC MINISTER.

Mr. Lee travelled Flanders circuit, in New-Jersey, where there were many Calvinists. He went to hear a Calvinistic minister preach, and took his seat in the congregation in front of the pulpit. The clergyman read for his text, "Thy people shall be MADE willing in the days of thy power," Psa. cx, 3. Mr. Lee did not believe in adding to or diminishing from God's word. He was exceedingly uneasy. The minister read his text the second time—slowly, distinctly, solemnly—placing the emphasis on the word "*made*." Mr. Lee's righteous soul was stirred within him. Quick as thought he arose, and, addressing the preacher in a respectful manner, inquired, "My dear sir, have you not mistaken the text?" The minister, very much surprised, replied that he had not. "Will you please to read it again?" said Mr. Lee. He read it again, and in the same way. "Are you quite sure you read it *right?*" again asked Mr. Lee. "Quite certain of it," was the cool reply. "Well, that's very singular; it don't read so in my Bible," said the Methodist lover of free will and free grace, holding up a small pocket Bible toward the pulpit, and asking, "Will you be good enough to read it once more, and see if the word *made* is in the text?" He commenced reading slowly and surely: "Thy—people—shall—be;" he made a solemn pause, looking earnestly at the words, and read again: "'Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.' True enough, there is no such word in the text." Mr. Lee sat down. The people saw and felt the force of his criticism. But the minister could not see how God's people could be willing unless they were *made* so by an irresistible grace; and he preached the doctrine—the text to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is a matter of surprise that to this day that text is frequently quoted in the same way, "shall be *made* willing,"

as if it were possible for the Infinite to *make* the finite willing. I may make my child obey me, but I cannot *make him willing*. The will must be free, or it is no will at all. "Ye *will* not come unto me (says Jesus) that ye might have life." Again, "How oft would I have gathered you," &c., "but *ye would* not."

What makes this misquotation still more astonishing is, that there is not only no *made* in the text, but no "shall be;" for these are in italics, having been supplied by the translators. If the doctrine of irresistible grace is true, in opposition to the freedom of the will, it must find its proof somewhere else besides this text.

LEE'S REPLY TO THE MEN WHO WISHED TO KNOW IF HE HAD A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Lee asked permission at Fairfield, Connecticut, to preach in the court-house. Two persons, to whom he applied, inquired if he had a liberal education. With characteristic shrewdness, he replied that "he had nothing to boast of, though he believed he had enough to carry him through the country." He was permitted to preach in the court-house. "At length," he says, "the schoolmaster and three or four women came. I began to sing, and in a little time thirty or forty collected." He preached from Romans vi, 23: "For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." A deep solemnity sat on the faces of the people, and they were ready to say, "We never heard it after this fashion."

Fairfield is a beautiful place, on the Long Island Sound, four miles from Bridgeport. I have had the honour of preaching in the venerable old court-house, that stands on the green, in the centre of the town. A new church edifice was erected in Fairfield through the indefatigable labours of Rev. Anson F. Beach, who now rests from his toils. In November, 1843, it was dedicated to the service

of Almighty God, Rev. Francis Hodgson preaching in the morning, Rev. J. B. Wakeley in the afternoon, and Rev. J. L. Gilder in the evening. It was a great day for the Methodists in Fairfield. Several of the ministers who were present on that occasion now rest in Abraham's bosom: the beloved pastor of the church, whom I have named; also the presiding elder of the district, Rev. Charles Carpenter, a man who possessed a "meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price," and Rev. Daniel Smith, of precious memory, who was then stationed in Stratford. The Methodists have built a neat and beautiful church in Southport, in Fairfield town, and about two miles from the centre. This is a much larger and more prosperous society than the first-named. How the great soul of Jesse Lee, the pioneer of Methodism, would rejoice, if he could return and witness the change since he first went there—without a patron, without a friend, without a guide, without a letter of introduction—alone sowing the seed of truth, which has produced so great a harvest! Those villages into which he first entered, where Methodism was unknown—all along the shore of the Long Island Sound, as well as in the interior—are studded with beautiful temples, in which is preached a free, full, and present salvation!

LEE AND HIS CO-LABOURERS OPPOSED IN NEW-ENGLAND.

The pious ministers of New-England were alarmed at the appearance of the Methodist preachers; and they cautioned their flocks against them as "wolves in sheep's clothing." One of them sent out the note of warning, declaring that there were "six hundred Methodist preachers going through the country, preaching damnable doctrines, and *picking men's pockets.*"

LEE'S "WARM AND COLD RECEPTION" IN STRATFORD.

Mr. Lee preached in Stratford, and was kindly entertained at the house of a Mr. Curtis. "I don't know," he says, "that I have had so much kindness showed me in a new place since I came to the state." What a pity the history could not stop here. It was the calm that precedes the storm. It is an unfortunate fact, says his nephew, Rev. Leroy M. Lee, that this "milk of human kindness" that so delighted Mr. Lee, so far from yielding a rich and generous cream, had, by the time of his next visit, curdled and turned sour. He rode to Stratford and put up at Solomon Curtis's, as usual. "When I went in, his wife did not ask me to sit down. Her husband came in, but did not appear as friendly as formerly. At dark I asked Mrs. Curtis if her husband was going to meeting? She said 'she guessed not.' So I went to the town-house alone, and was hard put to it to get a candle, but I bless God I felt quite resigned, and not ashamed to own my Lord. After preaching I returned to Mr. Curtis's, and found he had but little to say. He went to prayer without saying anything to me, and then I waited to see if he would ask me to go to bed. After some time, he got up and asked me to cover up the fire when I went to bed." This was remarkably cool; cool as an iceberg, frigid as the north pole. Mr. Lee philosophically remarks in his Journal, "I often wonder that I am not turned out of doors." The reason of this unkind treatment was, that Mr. Lee believed in the possibility of falling from grace. Therefore, he was dandled on the cold hand of indifference, and permitted the next morning to depart "without family prayer or breakfast."

But the scenes have changed. Methodism has been firmly established in Stratford for many years. We have a beautiful house of worship, a convenient parsonage, a flour-

ishing society, and many who have long been "given to hospitality," whose parlors have witnessed the hearty welcomes which the servants of God have received.

LEE AND THE SAYBROOK PLATFORM.

A short time after Mr. Lee had preached a powerful sermon against Calvinism, a tinker came to Weston in pursuit of work; some one told him he could find employment in the place; that "the Methodists were likely to beat a hole through the Saybrook platform, and if he could mend that, and stay long enough, he could be employed." This amusing incident shows the impression the sermon made upon the people. Since then many more holes have been made in the old platform, and many theological tinkers have been employed in trying to solder them up, but all in vain; it seems impossible to stop the leak. After preaching that sermon, Mr. Lee had new friends, new homes, new preaching places, all proving its utility.

Soon after, he preached in Newtown, on "the worth of the soul, and the danger of its loss," in the Congregational meeting-house. It was a sermon full of terror. He says, in reference to it, "I did not give them velvet-mouthed preaching, though I had a large velvet cushion under my hands."

He met with much opposition in Reading; but he comforts himself by saying, "The lion begins to roar very loud in this place; a sure sign that he is about to lose some of his subjects."

LEE AND THE AGED MINISTER.

"At Stratford," said father Woolsey, "I saw an old gentleman, a Calvinist minister, who, when he was a hundred years old, went into the pulpit and made a prayer; and I understood that when the Methodist preachers first came into the state of Connecticut he went to hear them. The late Rev. Jesse Lee

was one of the first. He went to hear him, and when preaching was over, he came to him and said: 'Sir, I do not find much fault with your preaching, but I am afraid you are not on a good errand.' 'Why so?' said the preacher. 'Why,' said he, 'I am afraid you have come to break up our congregations.' Mr. Lee said, 'Have you any sinners here?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Well,' said Mr. Lee, 'they are the ones after which I came. I am on the errand of our Lord; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' The old gentleman said, 'If you think you are called to preach, you ought to go to the wilderness, and preach to the people there, *for it is as much as the people can do to support the preachers that they have already.*' 'Well, then,' said Mr. Lee, 'it is the money, not the flock, you are in pursuit of.' 'No,' said the old gentleman, 'but it is our duty to take care of the people here.' 'Then,' said Mr. Lee, 'I am afraid you are like the dog in the fable, who would neither eat the hay himself, nor suffer the ox to eat it.' (The reason why Mr. Lee said this was, the old gentleman had lately given up preaching, because his eyesight had failed him, and he could no longer see to read his sermons.) The minister replied, 'I am an old man.' 'Never too old to do good,' said Mr. Lee. At this the old gentleman was offended, and thus the conversation was brought to a close."

MR. LEE'S FIRST SERMON IN REDDING, AND ITS RESULTS.

The Rev. Elijah Woolsey, of sweet and precious memory, who travelled Redding circuit, Connecticut, as early as 1796, and was intimate with the men who were well acquainted with Jesse Lee, and his first visit to that place, gives the following account of it in his interesting work, called "The Supernumerary," edited by the Rev. George Coles. What invests it with additional interest is, that he received it from those who were eye and ear witnesses. Most of them, like

the venerable Woolsey, "have fallen asleep;" I know of none of them who have continued to this day. The account is as follows: "I have received my information from one of the parties concerned, a local preacher, now living. He told me that there were four men, of whom he was one, that used to have their feasts together frequently, and it cost them a great deal; they had not been in the habit of hearing any preaching, except by the Calvinists. When Jesse Lee came into the town he inquired for the preacher of the place; and being directed to his house, he rode up to the door, and inquired of the gentleman if he were the minister of the place. He said he was. Mr. Lee then said he was a preacher also, and asked if he might preach in his pulpit. The minister asked him of what denomination he was. Mr. Lee told him he was a Methodist. The minister then said, 'No.' 'May I preach to your people?' said Mr. Lee. The answer was, 'No.' Mr. Lee said, 'I will preach on that rock,' pointing with his hand to it, 'in two weeks,' at such an hour, and said he wished he would give notice of it to his people, and come and hear him himself. Mr. Lee had but little trouble to give notice, for the news soon spread like fire among dry stubble, and almost the whole town came to hear him. Before he arrived at the place some said, 'Mr. Methodist, you would not come here to preach, if you knew to whom you had to preach;' but when he came there, one said he looked like a good-natured fellow, but guessed that he did not know much. But when he took his stand for preaching, he gave out his hymn, and asked if any one would raise the tune, but no one sung but himself. After he had been preaching awhile, one said that he did know something; and when he had gone on a little further, one said that he knew as much as their minister; at length he said he knew more, and at the conclusion he said he thought that *his* preacher knew nothing, and he believed that his preacher thought so himself. The word had taken such effect on these four men,

one of whom was a lawyer, that they were all convinced, and soon after converted, and all of them became preachers of the Gospel. The lawyer used to plead at the court, and in the intermission used to preach. The judge one day heard him preach, and, when he had closed his sermon, came to him and said, 'How is this? do you plead law and preach the Gospel too?' He answered, 'I think it will do very well; for it is necessary that there should be lawyers to investigate the law, and it is necessary that they should be good men in order to do justice; and it is necessary that there should be preachers in order to investigate the Gospel, and it is necessary that they should be good men too, in order that they may do good.' 'True, true,' said the judge, and left him. Brother Smith (for that was his name) told me that he would not undertake a bad cause for love or money; he once had done it, but he suffered for it, and never would do it again. But when the people came to him to plead their cause, he would examine them as critically as he could, and if their case was bad, he would advise them to go and settle as soon as they could, and never would ask anything for his advice. But to return. When Mr. Lee had closed the service, he inquired if there were any who would open their doors to such like preaching, and if so, he would preach again in two weeks. Brother Aaron Sanford said that his door was open, and that he must go with him, and make his house his home. So he permitted the Methodist ministers to preach in his house, and when his house became too small, he enlarged it, and had a swing partition, so that it could be raised up; and we used to hold our quarterly meetings there until we were straitened for room. The friends then thought they would build a house for worship; but they had opposition from the 'standing order,' who blocked up their way, so that they could not get the place they anticipated. Brother Aaron Hunt, having a farm near the Presbyterian church, gave our friends the offer of a lot to build on, and the people came to

work to clear off the lot. The Presbyterians then consulted what to do; for they said if the Methodists built their house so near to their place of worship, it would ruin them, for they preached so loud that they could not hear their preacher preach, it being so close by. They then concluded to accommodate the Methodists with a building lot at another place, not far off. They succeeded in building a house, and at length that was too small, and then they built the second, and now they have a stationed preacher there, and support him well. God has been very gracious to brother Sanford's family; I believe nearly all of them have been converted. One son is a preacher, and three grandsons are dispensing the word of life. Brother Aaron Hunt, one of our old preachers, married into this excellent family."

LEE AND ELDER HULL.

The following incident will serve to illustrate the nature of the hostility everywhere opposed to the establishment of Methodism in New-England. On one of Mr. Lee's early visits to Redding, Connecticut, he preached on "the way of salvation." Setting forth Christ as the Saviour of sinners, he described, with great clearness and force of application, the way of repentance and faith, as leading directly to Christ, and as the means of obtaining salvation. Elder Hull, a Baptist minister, was present, and listened to the sermon with considerable impatience. The sermon was no sooner finished than the elder rose up in the congregation, and said, "I differ from the preacher. He says that in order to be saved you must repent and believe; but he did not say whether you could repent in one week, or three weeks, or six weeks. He says, 'repentance is sorrow for sin.' It takes some time to be sorry for sin. He says, 'repentance is confession of sin;' and it takes some time to confess sin: and he says, 'repentance is forsaking of sin;' and it takes some time to forsake it, especially if you have been some

time committing it. And then, after all this, he says, 'You must believe in Christ.' All this will require a long time. Now for my part," continued Mr. Hull, "I believe religion may be obtained in a very short time." Surprised, no less at the objection than its frivolousness, Mr. Lee straightened himself up in the pulpit, and, after a keen and somewhat satirical gaze at his opponent, said in reply: "The gentleman seems to be offended with me for not saying HOW LONG it would take any one to embrace religion. True, I did define repentance, but I did not say how long it would take any one to repent; that is no part of my business. I know it will take a sinner as long to be converted as it will take him to come to Christ by repentance and faith. It may all take place in a very short time. A hunter goes into the woods to hunt, and presently finds a deer; he levels his gun, 'that takes some time;' he brings his sight along the gun to bear on the deer, 'that takes some time;' he pulls the trigger, 'that takes some time;' then the flint strikes the pan, 'that takes some time;' then the fire kindles the powder, 'that takes some time;' then the powder catches in the barrel, &c., then the ball flies out, &c., passes along the distance, &c., and finally hits the deer, &c. Now all this takes time; but it does not take a week to kill a deer! Is the gentleman satisfied?" If he was not satisfied he was silenced; and the repetition of the ridiculous objection, "*that* takes some time," drawled out, as it was, at the end of every sentence, confounded the captious objector, and created no small diversion at his expense. It was as fatal to his cause as the unerring rifle of the huntsman to the life of the deer; and left him quite as dead in the field, so rashly entered.

LEE'S RECEPTION IN BRIDGEPORT, IN CONSEQUENCE OF A SINGULAR DREAM.

A singular incident is related in connexion with the introduction of Methodism into Bridgeport, which went to confirm

the impression of Mr. Lee, that he was providentially designated for the work upon which he had entered in Connecticut: One afternoon a Mrs. Wells was at the house of her neighbour, Mrs. Wheeler, taking tea, and stated that, during the preceding night, she had dreamed that a man rode up to a house in which she was, got off his horse, took his saddle-bags on his arm, and, walking directly into the house, said, "I am a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and have come to preach to the people of this place. If you will call your neighbours together, I will preach to them to-night." She moreover said that she retained so vivid and perfect a recollection of the man's face and general appearance, that she should certainly know him if she should ever see him.

While she was yet speaking, she looked through the window and exclaimed, "Why there is the man now!" And it was so. Mr. Lee rode up, dismounted, took his saddle-bags on his arm, entered the house, and addressing himself to the women, said, "I am a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have come to preach to the people of this place. If you will call the neighbours together, I will preach to them to-night." He was welcomed to the house, and that night preached the first sermon ever delivered in that part of Connecticut by a Methodist preacher.

The house stood on what was then called Mutton Lane, and Mr. Lee, in relating the circumstances, would sometimes say, he "preached in a house in Mutton Lane, and the Lord gave him three ewe-lambs"—two of these were Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Wheeler.—*Rev. Thomas E. Bond, Sr.*

LEE AND A SELF-CONCEITED BIGOT.

Mr. Lee then went to Farmington, and had been but a little while in the house of his host before he began, according to his custom, an examination of the principles of his guest. He was a violent advocate of the "infallible perseverance of the saints," and avowed it as his belief that "if David had

died in the act of adultery, and Peter while swearing, they would have been saved."

"Then," said Mr. Lee, "after a man is converted he must be saved—he can't help it?"

"Yes, he is obliged to be saved whether he will or no; for it is impossible for him to help it." And he added, "I would as soon hear you curse God at once, as to hear you say, that God would give his love to a person, and then take it away again!"

"I do not say God will take his love from them, but they may cast it away."

"If God sent the leprosy upon a man," it was replied, "no one but God could take it away."

"So," said Mr. Lee, "you think religion and leprosy much the same—*sent as a judgment upon a person!*"

The application of his argument silenced the man; he was mortified and chagrined at his defeat, and so vexed, withal, that he absolutely refused to give Mr. Lee and his companion the necessary directions to find their next stopping place.

LEE AND THE BAPTIST PREACHER.

Lee was preaching once at Suffield when a Baptist minister who was present began to catechise him publicly as to his "conversion and call to the ministry." Declining to argue, he consented to give a brief account, and began by saying, "I sought the Lord and found him." The Baptist preacher's righteous soul was stirred up within him—he felt a thrill of holy horror as he scented the heresy. He abruptly denied the correctness of any such statement, and vehemently protested, "that no man ever sought God before he was regenerated, and that God was always found of them that sought him *not*."

LEE'S GERMAN TAKEN FOR HEBREW.

A minister anxious to ascertain whether Mr. Lee had a liberal education before giving his permission for him to preach in his church, addressed some question to him in Latin. A reply was returned in German, such as Mr. Lee had learned in his early ministry in North Carolina. This greatly surprised the minister. He repeated it in Greek. It was again answered in German. Not understanding the language, and supposing it to be Hebrew, of which he knew nothing, he concluded Mr. Lee knew more than himself, and granted him permission to preach in his church.

LEE AND REV. MR. DARROUGH.

But there were lights as well as shadows to the itinerancy. Lee found ministers who were free from bigotry, and were very different from some that have been described. At New-London a Baptist minister, by the name of Darrough, came in and took tea with him in the house of a widow. A very friendly conversation as to the progress and success of religion ensued. In the course of it Mr. Lee "told him, if he did not take care the Methodists would outdo him." "I don't know how they will go about it!" "Why we will out-preach you, out-live you, and out-love you." "Well," was the true Christian reply, "you may, but if you do you shall have hard work for it: for I intend to love God with all my soul, and then if you out-love me your vessel must be bigger than mine." Heaven and earth must admire such spirits—bigotry would blush in their presence—striving to excel each other in spiritual attainments and in exhibiting the excellences of Christianity.

How well it would be if the Christian world were baptized with such a spirit!

LEE'S COLD RECEPTION FROM COL. B.

The climate soon changed, and Mr. Lee encountered a man of a very different spirit, one who had been born under another planet. He went into Rhode Island, and he had been directed to call upon a Col. B. in Coventry. He did so about sunset, when the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Lee inquired, "Have you not entertained Methodist preachers sometimes?"

He answered, "Yes, I have sometimes."

"Would you be willing to entertain another?"

"I would *full as leave*, if it suited them as well, if they would go along."

"Well, then I will go along."

And *go along* he did, horse and all.

He was a stranger; it was dark; he gave his horse the rein; the faithful animal bore him in safety to the hospitable residence of Gen. Lippett, where he was kindly entertained, though the family had retired to rest, and were obliged to rise to receive their thrice welcome guest.

LEE AND A YANKEE TRAINING DAY.

A number of singular incidents occurred at a place called Mount Desert. Lee went by water in a canoe, and was accompanied by a physician. It proved to be training day, and there was a large collection of both sexes; the women waiting for the muster to terminate, that they might join in the festivities of the dance. But when they learned Lee's purpose to preach, they were sore perplexed. Some said, "We will have a dance;" others said, "Nay, we will have a sermon." The *woman* of the house said, "If they will not hear the Gospel, they shall not dance." The *man* of the house cried out, "If the Lord has sent the man, let us hear him; but if the devil has sent him, let him take him away

again." But the *preacher* told them he would not preach in the house at all; and he left it to seek a place where he would be less likely to violate the prohibition of an improper use of pearls. On his way to this modern Babel a man calling himself a Christian and a Baptist went with him. The man was a strong fatalist, but brimful of religious talk. He soon discovered Mr. Lee believed that Christ died for all men, and that all were called by God, and might come to Christ and be saved. This discovery put him in a violent passion; he denounced it as a *damnable* doctrine, and seemed ready to swear outright, and

> "Prove his doctrine orthodox,
> By apostolic blows and knocks."

LEE AND THE LAWYERS.

The following anecdote has often been repeated, but has lost much of its interest because many have supposed it was too good to be true. But it was related by Mr. Lee to one of his intimate friends and contemporaries. Its confirmation gives it additional freshness and interest. It will also teach a certain class of men who love to make sport of gentlemen of the cloth, that it is possible to "wake up the wrong passenger;" that there are those who have intelligence enough to know their rights and their wrongs, and who have wit enough to "answer a fool" according to his folly.

The amusing circumstance occurred between Boston and Lynn. Mr. Lee was riding slowly along the road to Lynn, when he was overtaken by two young lawyers, who knew him to be a Methodist preacher, but he knew nothing of them. They were full of life and hilarity, and determined to have a little innocent sport with the parson. After saluting him in a friendly manner, inquiring after his health, &c., the following singular conversation took place:

First Lawyer. I believe you are a preacher, sir?

Mr. Lee. Yes; I generally pass for one.

First Lawyer. You preach very often, I suppose?

Mr. Lee. Generally every day; frequently twice or thrice.

Second Lawyer. How do you find time to study when you preach so often?

Mr. Lee. I study when riding, and read when resting.

First Lawyer. But do you not write your sermons?

Mr. Lee. No; not very often, at least.

Second Lawyer. Do you not often make mistakes in preaching extemporaneously?

Mr. Lee. I do sometimes.

Second Lawyer. How do you do then? Do you correct them?

Mr. Lee. That depends on the character of the mistake. I was preaching the other day, and I went to quote the text, "All *liars* shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," and by mistake I said, "All *lawyers* shall have their part—"

Second Lawyer (interrupting him.) What did you do with that? Did you correct it?

Mr. Lee. O, no, indeed! It was so nearly true, I did n't think it worth while to correct it.

"Humph!" said one of them, (with a hasty and impatient glance at the other,) "I do n't know whether you are more a knave or a fool."

"Neither," Mr. Lee quietly replied, turning at the same time his mischievous eyes from one to the other; "I believe I am just between the two."

This was the climax. His keen, piercing wit, his cutting sarcasm, his talent at repartee, made them feel exceedingly foolish; and they drove hastily on, leaving Mr. Lee alone in his glory.

LEE'S RETORT UPON GEORGE PICKERING.

At one of the early conferences, in Lynn, when the examination of character was going on, the bishop asked, "Is there

anything against brother Lee?" "Yes," said the Rev. George Pickering, springing to his feet suddenly, as if he was impelled to speak, "I have an objection to brother Lee." "What is it?" inquired the bishop. "I think brother Lee is too self-willed;" and the members of the conference smiled all over their faces. "We have no law against *that*," said the bishop; "brother Lee can retire."

The next name on the list was George Pickering. The presiding officer inquired, "Is there anything against brother Pickering?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Lee, who had just come in; "he WILL have his own way." This admirable retort caused the preachers for a moment to forget all their gravity, and the important business that had summoned them together, and they all enjoyed a hearty laugh, in which the chairman joined as well as others.

LEE RETORTED UPON BY ASA SHINN.

In 1812, the first delegated General Conference was held in the city of New-York. The question of ordaining local preachers was discussed and decided in the affirmative. Mr. Lee opposed it strongly, and, among other arguments, showed that a *local* man could not perform his ordination vows. Asa Shinn replied to him; and showed that the same form of ordination required an elder to "*rule well his own family;*" that brother Lee had promised to perform this duty twenty years ago, and had not kept his promise to that day, and was therefore a delinquent, and ought to keep his own vows, &c. This was a shot at the very centre of his "single blessedness," and provoked a hearty laugh at the expense of the bachelor, which no one relished better than himself. Mr. Lee was overcome, and that with his own weapons, which he had often wielded so successfully. His opposition ceased; he found himself in a minority, and ever since the question has been settled, and local preachers have been ordained when they have been properly recommended.

LEE'S UNSUCCESSFUL PRAYER IN REFERENCE TO MATRIMONY.

The Virginia Conference was called the Old Bachelor Conference, there were so many single men of ripe years in it. The preachers that got married lost caste; and, as but little provision was made for wives or families, a number were obliged to locate: so to get married and locate were synonymous, and hence the prejudice against ministers marrying. At the Virginia Conference, in 1808, a preacher assigned grave reasons why he had changed his relation in life; why he thought two were better than one; why he thought it not good for man to be alone; how he had not entered into this state hastily or unadvisedly; that he had consulted his elder and judicious brethren; he had also made it a subject of devout meditation and earnest prayer; and, after obtaining light from every available source, in view of all the circumstances in the case, he had felt it his duty, and believed it would be far better for him; and therefore he had married! There was no law prohibiting marriage, and therefore no transgression—and, of course, no penalty—the statement being perfectly voluntary on the part of the brother, the conference making no such requirement. It amused the old bachelor, and, rising slowly from his seat, he said he was afraid the brother had fallen into a mistake; he had been in that way himself, and would like to tell his experience: "I once thought I ought to marry," he said, "and I thought a great deal about it too. And I thought I must pray about it; but somehow or other I always found myself praying, 'O Lord, let thy will be done—but do let me have the woman!' I wanted the woman, and my prayers always ended there. Perhaps the brother wanted the woman, and she and the Lord were willing; but they both opposed me!" This experience would apply to so many cases, that it was too much for the gravity of the conference, and they not only smiled, but also laughed freely at the relation.

LEE'S MANNER OF INTRODUCING HIMSELF.

"New-England was remarkable for its small towns. Mr. Lee, in going through those towns, would ride up to a door and knock with his whip, and would inquire of the persons presenting themselves, in his soft and pleasant way, 'Do you know me? I am a Methodist preacher! Will you let me preach in your house?' The reply would perhaps be, 'No!' 'Farewell,' he would say, and so proceed through the village without any encouragement. He would then put his horse at the tavern, and go to the school-house, and ask for liberty to preach there. If denied the use of the school-house, he would select some spot in the open air; go to the school, and request the children to inform their parents and neighbours that a Methodist preacher would preach at such a time and place as he would name.

"After preaching in those places, and before dismissing the congregation, he would remark that, if any would open their door, he would preach again in two weeks; and most generally he would receive an invitation, and thus procure at once a place to preach and a place to lodge. In this way he would form a two-weeks' circuit, send for a preacher to take charge of it, and so pass on to form another."

LEE'S SINGULAR DREAM.

"In the year 1800, I travelled on what was then called Essex circuit. Jesse Lee was appointed to New-York city, but obtained liberty of Bishop Asbury to visit the New-England states, and especially the circuits he had formed in his extended tour.

"Jesse Lee must have been at this time between forty and fifty years of age, but had never yet considered it duty to take to himself a wife. He told me, when he visited me at Missisque Bay, in the southwest corner of Lower Canada,

that he had dreamed of being married to a lady of great wealth, and that he had left the itinerancy, and settled down; and that he had taken his chevavales (overalls) and hung them up in his parlour, to remind him of *former days*. Before he reached us the people had heard that he weighed three hundred pounds, and rode on *two* horses; they were at a loss to tell how he could contrive to ride on *two* horses, but when he came they discovered that he rode them *alternately*. The next morning after his arrival at Peter Miller's, his lodging-place, being Sabbath, I told him we were to have a love-feast; and, the meeting being about two miles off, I proposed that he should tarry, and come with brother Miller at the preaching hour; but Jesse said, 'I will go with you, and see if you have any love among you.' So he attended love-feast."

LEE'S PREACHING.

"He preached at ten o'clock, and requested me to close, and publish that he would preach again in five minutes. After preaching twice, he returned to brother Miller's and dined. After dinner we rode twelve miles to St. Albans, in Vermont, and preached in the evening on, 'For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.' Titus ii, 11, 12."

LEE'S EASE OF MANNER.

"Monday morning he took his departure for New-York. I gave him directions where to call and get his dinner. When he arrived at the house, and asked if such a man lived there, the reply was that he did. Jesse said, that 'brother Vannest directed him to call and get his dinner, and his horses

fed. Will you do it?' 'Yes, sir; please alight,' was the reply. When he reached the city he was asked how he lived among the poor in the new country; he replied, 'On the very best the people had to give.'"—*Peter Vannest.*

LEE AND HIS HOST.

Mr. Stroud of Virginia related the following anecdote of Rev. Jesse Lee:

After preaching he invited Mr. Lee to go home with him. When they arrived at the house Mr. Lee inquired, Brother Stroud, what have you to drink? He replied, "I have Apple-Jack, I have Jamaica Spirits, I have Holland Gin, and wines, brother Lee; which do you prefer?" "Neither," said Mr. Lee. "I have not touched any liquors in twenty years." This was about the year 1800, over fifty years ago. We see from this, that he was a staunch tee-totaler more than half a century ago; that he practised as well as preached it. This was long before the Temperance reformation. What was his object in asking this question? To ascertain if the brother used spirituous liquors, that he might introduce his own example in opposition.

It had the desired effect upon the brother. Afterward he was careful not to be able to tell a minister he had a variety of liquors in his house.—*Gabriel P. Disosway.*

LEE LETTING A FELLOW "GO FOR SLIPPANCE."

On one occasion when he was commencing divine service, he perceived the gentlemen intermixed with the ladies, and occupying seats appropriated to them.

Supposing they were ignorant of the rule on that subject, he stated it, requesting the gentlemen to take seats on their own side of the house.

All but a few complied with the request. It was again

repeated, and all but one left. He stood his ground as if determined not to yield. Again the rule was repeated, and the request followed it. But no disposition to retire was indicated. Leaning down upon the desk, and fixing his penetrating eye upon the offender for a moment, and raising himself erect, and looking with a peculiar smile over the congregation, he drawled out: "Well, brethren, I asked the GENTLEMEN to retire from those seats, and *they* did so. But it seems *that* man is determined not to move. We must, therefore, serve him as the little boys say, when a marble slips from their fingers—let him 'go for *slippance*.'"

To say he *slipped* out of the house, is only to describe the fact in language borrowed from the figure by which the rebuke was conveyed.

LEE WAKING UP A CONGREGATION.

At another time, while engaged in preaching, he was not a little mortified to discover many of the congregation taking rest in sleep, and not a little annoyed by the loud talking of the people in the yard. Pausing long enough for the absence of the sound to startle the sleepers, he raised his voice, and cried out, "I'll thank the people in the yard not to talk so loud; they 'll wake up the people in the house!"

This was "killing two birds with one stone" in a most adroit and effectual manner.

LEE'S FITNESS FOR THE EPISCOPACY.

Mr. Richard Whatcoat was elected to the episcopal office by a small majority over Mr. Lee, at the General Conference held in Baltimore in 1800. Yet Mr. Lee exhibited the very best spirit under the circumstances. Some time after, some friend referring to the subject of his non-election, pleasantly suggested that he was probably thought to be too full of wit

and humour for the Episcopacy. His reply was, it would be *unnatural* to assume the gravity of the office previous to receiving it; put me in, and I will sustain its dignity.

LEE AND OTHER WEIGHTY PREACHERS.

There were weighty men in the Baltimore Conference that assembled in Baltimore, May 1st, 1799. Men with weight of years, weight of cares, weight of responsibility, weight of character, weight of talents, weight of influence, as well as physical weight. This is evident from Mr. Lee's Journal. He says, "After we had finished our business in conference, four of the largest preachers among us went to a store and were weighed. My weight was two hundred and fifty-nine pounds; Seely Bunn's, two hundred and fifty-two; Thomas Lucas, two hundred and forty-five; and Thomas F. Sargeant weighed two hundred and twenty; in all, nine hundred and seventy-six pounds. A *wonderful* weight for four Methodist preachers, and all of us travel on horseback." There were giants in those days. I like to see great men with great souls in great bodies.

LEE'S PLEASANT RETORT UPON BISHOP ASBURY.

At the General Conference in 1812, what is called the "Presiding Elder" question was discussed. Some were for having the presiding elders appointed by the bishop, others for having them elected. Mr. Lee was in favour of the latter, while Bishop Asbury was as decided on the other side.

Mr. Asbury, in presiding, would show his opposition by turning his back upon the speakers, and sitting with his back to the conference. Mr. Lee made a strong argumentative speech, and some one who answered him remarked that "no man of common sense would have adduced such arguments as Mr. Lee."

Mr. Lee replied, "Our brother has said no one of common

sense would use such arguments. I am, therefore, Mr. President, compelled to believe the brother thinks me a man of *uncommon* sense." "Yes! yes!" said Bishop Asbury, turning half round in his chair, "yes! yes! brother Lee, you *are* a man of uncommon sense."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Lee, quickly and pleasantly, "then I beg that *uncommon* attention may be paid to what I say." The bishop again turned his face to the wall, the conference smiling as Mr. Lee proceeded to finish his argument.

LEE'S RETORT UPON THE CONGRESSMEN.

Mr. Lee having officiated as chaplain to Congress, was returning to Virginia in a stage-coach; and his fellow-passengers were members of Congress on their way home. The road was very bad; the stage finally stuck fast in a mud-hole, and the horses were unable to draw it out. The passengers were obliged to get out, and walk some distance, after helping the driver to get the coach out of the mud. As they took their seats the weighty chaplain with his two hundred and fifty-nine pounds had not arrived, making slow progress through the mud.

When he took his seat one of them asked, "where the chaplain was when they were getting the coach out of the mud?" They laughed heartily, enjoying the joke at the expense of the parson. This he bore with a very good grace till another said, "It was rather unkind of their chaplain to stay with them when all was quiet and smooth, and then desert them as the storm and trial came on." "Ah, gentlemen," said Mr. Lee, "I intended to help you, but some of you swore so hard, I went behind a tree and prayed for you." There was a solemn pause.

The remark was so true, and the rebuke so faithful and bold, that they concluded to have no more fun at his expense, and that he should have no cause to reprove them for profanity during the remainder of the homeward journey.

LEE AND THE COLOURED PREACHER.

An amusing circumstance occurred at Lynchburg, Virginia, during the session of the conference in 1808. Lynchburg was not paved, and the streets were so muddy that they were almost impassable. Mr. Lee having some business on the opposite side of the street, was exceedingly puzzled to find a place where he could cross in safety. He stood looking up and down to see if there was any better place where he could cross over, but he looked in vain.

He stood reasoning with himself, whether he would try to ford the mud nearly knee deep, or give up the object of pursuit. While in this quandary, John Chareston, a large stout negro, a preacher of great acceptability and usefulness, came up. He had been emancipated by that excellent man, Rev. Stith Mead, after which he travelled very extensively, preaching deliverance to the captives. He was a great admirer of Mr. Lee, and came to his assistance on this day of muddy trial in Lynchburg. John proposed removing the difficulties by "toting" Mr. Lee across on his back.

Mr. Lee instantly accepted the offer, and got upon the back of his noble friend. Two hundred and fifty-nine pounds of living flesh is no small load; but John bore it till he reached the middle of the street, where he paused to overcome the attraction of gravitation by trying to elevate his passenger higher upon his shoulders. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his sable cheeks and forehead, and he groaned audibly; but he reeled on, paused, and dryly asked his rider if he might not sit him down and rest a spell. Gathering up strength for another effort, he pressed on; but, turning up the corner of his eye until he saw the face of Mr. Lee, he groaned out, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Mr. Lee responded, quick as thought, "You do groan, being burdened." Dry land soon appeared, much to the joy of both parties.

LEE TURNING THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.

During the session of the Virginia Conference, held in Newbern, North Carolina, Mr. Lee preached a sermon, which is still remembered and talked of by the oldest inhabitants. His text was Acts xvii, 6: "These that have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." His propositions were singular, original, and well calculated to secure the attention of the multitude that listened to him on that memorable occasion. He showed, 1. That when God made the world, he placed it right-side up. 2. That by the introduction of sin it had been turned upside down. 3. That it is the business of the ministry to turn it back again to its original position. From these words he taught the whole plan of saving mercy. The propositions were quaint, but the sermon was one of unusual power; but a singularly visible effect was attributed to it by certain men mighty in works of darkness.

The next morning the town, throughout all its parts, presented a laughable spectacle of things "upside down." Carriages and all kinds of vehicles were bottom up; boats, drawn from the water, were lying about, keel uppermost; small houses upturned; signs, boxes, gates, wrong-end foremost and upside down; in a word, everything out of fix, and the whole town was one scene of confusion. Some were vexed at the injuries they had sustained, others were put to trouble and inconvenience; but all seemed to enjoy the joke, especially when the supposed actors insisted that it was all done by the preachers: Did n't the preachers say they were the men "that turned the world upside down?" and had they not come here to put the town "right-side up?" This was giving his sermon a *practical* application neve contemplated by the preacher, and which is still remembered by the aged people of Newbern.

LEE AND THE GENTLEMAN WHO WAS STANDING IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

Mr. Lee spent a night at Farmington, Connecticut, with a Mr. Reed. During the day's ride his saddle-girth had broken; and, in the true Methodist preacher's style of the times, soon after reaching the house, he sat down to repair it. While thus engaged near a window, his host came and stood at his side. Mr. Lee, always seeking to do good, and to turn everything to godly edifying, said, "Mr. Reed, did you ever stand in your own light?" The gentleman supposed he had come between Mr. Lee and the light; and the question was repeated in a grave and deliberate tone of voice. Suddenly perceiving the object of the question, and feeling its force, he replied with great emotion: "Yes, sir, all my life I have been standing in the light of my own peace and happiness." This question, suggested by the employment of the moment, had a powerful effect upon the mind and life of Mr. Reed. It elicited reflection; and in a short time he made an open profession of religion, lived to adorn the Gospel of God his Saviour, and died in the full assurance of faith. "No wonder," Mr. Lee's nephew and biographer adds, "so strange, to some who find it, are the means of salvation. The instruments, how very weak, the effects how glorious and godlike! A grain of mustard seed may produce a tree, beneath whose branches the birds of paradise may sing the new song, in strains always new, and always transporting."—*Life of Jesse Lee.*

LEE CRACKING A BONE.

Dr. Thomas E. Bond informed me that he heard the Rev. Jesse Lee preach in Baltimore a few years before his death, on "justification by faith," from, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus

Christ." He commenced with, "And what is the old fellow going to do with that old bone, which has had the meat all picked off many years ago? I'll tell you," said he, "what he is going to do with it. He is going to crack the bone, and give you the marrow." This quaint manner secured their attention at once, while he gave a clear exposition of that "wholesome doctrine," which is so "full of comfort," and which honours God, humbles man, and places the crown upon the Redeemer's brow.

LEE AND THE ANGRY GENERAL.

Some few years since a nephew of Mr. Lee, engaged in some business transaction in a store in Petersburgh, Virginia, and being addressed as Mr. Lee, attracted the attention of an aged gentleman, General P., at the same time in the store, who immediately accosted him, and asked if he was a kinsman of the Rev. Jesse Lee. On being informed that he was a nephew, the old general said he had long desired to see some member of the old minister's family, in order to communicate a circumstance that once occurred between himself and Mr. Lee. On being told that it would afford him pleasure to hear anything concerning his venerable relative, the old general proceeded to relate in substance the following narrative:

"When I was a young man, I went to hear Mr. Lee preach at —— meeting-house. There was a very large crowd in attendance, and a great many could not get in the house. Among others I got near the door, and, being fond of frolic, I indulged in some indiscretion, for which Mr. Lee mildly but plainly reproved me. In an instant all the bad feelings of my heart were roused. I was deeply insulted, and felt that my whole family was disgraced. I retired from the crowd to brood over the insult, and meditate revenge. It was not long before I resolved to whip him before he left the ground. I kept the resolution to myself, and watched, with eager intensity of resentment, the opportunity

to put it in execution. How he escaped me I could never learn. I looked on every hand, scrutinized every departing group, but saw nothing of the man I was resolved to whip. I went home sullen, mortified, and filled with revenge. My victim had escaped me; but 'I nursed my wrath to keep it warm,' and cherished the determination to put it in execution the first time I saw Mr. Lee, although long years should intervene. Gradually, however, my feelings subsided, and my impressions of the insult became weaker and less vivid; and in the lapse of a few years the whole affair faded away from my mind. Thirteen years passed over me; and the impetuosity of youth had been softened down by the foot-prints of sober manhood, and gradually approaching age. I was standing upon 'the downhill of life.' On a beautiful morning in the early spring, I left my residence to transact some business in Petersburgh; and on reaching the main road leading to town, I saw, a few hundred yards before me, an elderly-looking man, jogging slowly along in a single gig. As soon as I saw him, it struck me, that 's Jesse Lee. The name, the man, the sight of him, recalled all my recollections of the insult, and all my purposes of resentment. I strove to banish them all from my mind. I reasoned on the long years that had intervened since the occurrence, the impropriety of thinking of revenge, and the folly of executing a purpose formed in anger, and after so long a lapse of time; but the more I thought the warmer I became. My resolution stared me in the face; and something whispered 'coward' in my heart if I failed to fulfil it. My mind was in a perfect tumult, and my passions waxed strong. I determined to execute my resolutions to the utmost; and, full of rage, I spurred my horse, and was soon at the side of the man that I felt of all others I hated most. I accosted him rather rudely with the question: 'Are you not a Methodist preacher?'

"'I pass for one,' was the reply, and in a manner that struck me as very meek.

"'Ain't your name Jesse Lee?'

"'Yes, that's my name.'

"'Do you recollect preaching in the year ——, at —— meeting-house?'

"'Yes, very well.'

"'Well, do you recollect reproving a young man on that occasion for some misbehaviour?'

"After a short pause for recollection, he replied, 'I do.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I am that young man; and I determined that I would whip you for it the first time I saw you. I have never seen you from that day until this; and now I intend to execute my resolution and whip you.'

"As soon as I finished speaking, the old man stopped his horse, and, looking me full in the face, said: 'You are a younger man than I am. You are strong and active; and I am old and feeble. I have no doubt but if I were disposed to fight, you could whip me very easily, and it would be useless for me to resist; but as "a man of God I must not strive." So, as you are determined to whip me, if you will just wait, I will get out of my gig, and get down on my knees, and you may whip me as long as you please.'

"Never," said the old general, "was I so suddenly and powerfully affected. I was completely overcome. I trembled from head to foot. I would have given my estate if I had never mentioned the subject. A strange weakness came over my frame. I felt sick at heart—ashamed, mortified, and degraded! I struck my spurs into my horse, and dashed along the road with the speed of a madman. What became of the good old man I know not; I never saw him after that painfully remembered morning. He has long passed away from the earth, and has reaped the reward of the good, the gentle, and useful, in a world where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary find eternal rest.'

"I am now old; few and full of evil have been the days of the years of my life, yet I am not now without hope in

God. I have made my peace with him who is 'the Judge of quick and dead;' and hope, ere long, to see that good man of God with feelings very different from those with which I met him last."

The old man ceased. A glow of satisfaction spread over his features, and a tear stood in his eyes. He seemed as if a burden was removed from his heart; that he had disencumbered himself of a load that had long pressed upon his spirits. He had given his secret to the near relative of the man he had once intended to injure, but whose memory he now cherished with feelings akin to those that unite the redeemed to each other, and bind the whole to "the Father of the spirits of all flesh."

LEE A CAPTAIN.

The following anecdote was related to the Rev. John Poisal by one of the old members of the Church at Annapolis, Maryland. Jesse Lee was stationed there in 1816, and he preached his first sermon from, "As captain of the Lord's host have I come."

He said it was somewhat singular that, travelling as extensively as he had in almost every part of the Union, he had never been in Annapolis before, and, of course, had never preached there. Now that he had been appointed to labour among them, he had come "in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace." He had often heard of their labour of love and patience of hope, and rejoiced that he was permitted to be with them. He was glad to see among them some of the middle-aged and the aged, who were pillars in the Church—who had borne the burden and heat of the day. He anticipated much comfort with them; there were those who could counsel him, and he would be thankful for any advice they might give him; but, said he, *I want it to be remembered all the year that I am captain.*

Mr. Lee was certainly right; there should be a captain to

every ship, a pastor to every church, a principal in every school, a general in every army, a judge in every court, a head to every family. If there is not, all will be disorder and confusion. Responsibility implies power; and where a minister has a responsibility, under which the most gifted might tremble, reason, common sense, and philosophy unitedly declare he should be captain.

LEE AND THE DOGS.

Mr. Lee had preached several times in Middlefield, Connecticut. On one occasion, while preaching there, some men sitting in the gallery repeatedly annoyed the congregation by their profane levity. Mr. Lee bore with it till he was satisfied it would be wrong to submit any longer; but, just as he was about to raise his voice in rebuke, a new disturbance was created that attracted the attention of all: a panel of the front door of the church had been broken out, and, just at the moment referred to, three dogs darted through the opening, and pursuing each other along the middle aisle, up to the pulpit, turned, and retreated through the opening again. Before the congregation had recovered from the surprise of this singular interruption, the dogs were again coursing along the aisle, up to the pulpit, and back again through the door. The preacher was motionless, the congregation in a state of uneasy excitement—provoked to laughter, yet daring only to smile—the party of disturbers in the gallery overrunning with joy at the whole scene. In again came the dogs, hurrying and yelping along the aisle, and away into the yard again. "Well," said Mr. Lee, raising his deep, sonorous voice above the titter that was stealing from every lip in the assembly, and sending a quick, expressive glance of his eye among the original disturbers of the meeting, "the devil must have got into the dogs *too*!" The gravity of his manner, the structure of his sentence, and the emphasis on its last word, brought the blood in burning

blushes to their cheeks; and, under the impression that they formed the focus of every eye in the congregation, they slunk into themselves and were still.—*Life and Times of Jesse Lee.*

LEE AND THE BAPTIST WOMAN.

Mr. Lee had preached in Saco, Maine, and become acquainted with a Baptist female. On a subsequent visit to that place, in 1794, he called at her house to have some Christian conversation with her. To his utter surprise, he found that she had gone to a dancing party, and was not yet returned. With sorrow he returned to the place where he was sojourning, and, after recording the fact in his Journal, very gravely remarks: "John the Baptist lost his head by reason of dancing, and I thought the Baptists had never been fond of dancing from that day to this."

LEE'S LAST SERMON.

There is something peculiarly touching in delivering the last sermon. At a camp-meeting, near Hillsborough, on the eastern shore of Maryland, on Saturday afternoon, 22d of August, 1816, Mr. Lee preached his last sermon, from a favourite text: "But grow in grace." 2 Peter iii, 18. It is said, that when he gave out the text it was in this singular manner: "You may find my text in the *last* epistle of Peter, the *last* chapter and the *last* verse; and I know not but I am to preach my *last* sermon." It was his last message to a lost world. The sermon was powerful and efficient, worthy of the last effort of one who was standing upon the walls of Zion for the last time.

REV. SAMUEL BRADBURN.

THE REV. SAMUEL BRADBURN.

"The Rev. Samuel Bradburn was born in the Bay of Gibraltar, and on the return of his parents to Great Britain settled in Chester. When he was young it pleased the Lord to convince him of the necessity of a change of heart, and of redemption through the blood of the everlasting covenant. He became a local preacher in 1773, and an itinerant in 1784. His divine Master having endowed him with extraordinary gifts for the ministry, he soon became remarkably popular, and it was frequently with pleasure that thousands listened to his discourses. His ministry was owned of God for the salvation of many; he was considered not only one of the first preachers of the land, for all the higher powers of persuasive eloquence, but as a faithful labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. For a few of the last years of his life, his strength and memory gradually failed him, but it was gratifying to his friends to observe that, as he drew near to the eternal world, he became more spiritually minded and more deeply and truly serious. His peculiar vivacity of mind, which had been frequently a source of temptation to him, was brought more fully under the control of divine grace. For several months before his death, he was not able to preach at all. On Wednesday, July 24th, 1816, he was seized with a fit, and died on Friday morning."—*Wesleyan Magazine*, 1816.

Mr. Bradburn was majestic in his personal appearance—one of nature's noblemen. He was a very eccentric man, and always ready with wit and repartee. He was not always as dignified as a minister of the Gospel should be.

According to the accounts given of his preaching, he must

have been unequalled among the great pulpit orators of his day. There were giants in those days, but he stood, like Saul of old, head and shoulders above his fellows. His voice was like an organ, full, round, mellow; his memory was very retentive, and his imagination affluent. "Few names," says Mr. Everett, "are more familiar to the Wesleyan ear than that of Samuel Bradburn, who was born and cradled in the Bay of Gibraltar, and whose ministry bore no insignificant resemblance to the rocks which overhang it; distinguished for boldness, sublimity, and picturesque beauty, not forgetting the ocean that rocked him, as an equally expressive emblem of the heavings and buffetings which he not unfrequently experienced on his passage through life." To show that we have not over-estimated his eloquence, we give the testimony of Dr. Adam Clarke, no mean judge of pulpit oratory. He said to a young preacher who wished his opinion concerning Bradburn, "I have never heard his equal; I can furnish you with no adequate idea of his powers as an orator; we have not a man among us that will support anything like a comparison with him. Another Bradburn must be created, and you must hear him for yourself, before you can receive a satisfactory answer to your inquiry." This was said when there were mighty men in the Wesleyan connexion.

"Never," says Mr. Everett, "shall we forget hearing him between thirty and forty years ago, when a friend observed to us, himself one of the most popular speakers in his day, as we were leaving the chapel, 'We may apply in an accommodated sense to this speaker, what was said of our Lord, 'Never man spake like this man.'"

A minister of no mean talent said, "He had never heard a preacher superior to Samuel Bradburn. He was rich in sublimity, in mighty, grasping thoughts and melting pathos, and yet mingled with the whole, in the strongest contrasts, an exhaustless wit.'

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

BRADBURN AND THE POET.

Before a sermon which Samuel Bradburn was about to preach, he gave out the hymn commencing,

> "'Ah! lovely appearance of death,
> What sight upon earth is so fair,' &c.

"What business has this hymn in our book, containing a sentiment so false? 'Ah! lovely appearance of death,' when there is nothing lovely about it. Why did Abraham's beloved and beautiful Sarah, when she died, become so unlovely that he called his friends together to 'bury her out of his sight?'"

This was one of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymns. It still remains in "Wesley's Hymns," and is sung in England. The revisers of our Hymn-Book show that they concur in Mr. Bradburn's criticism, and have omitted it. But I have sometimes thought there was truth in those lines—

> "In love with the beautiful clay,
> And longing to lie in its stead."

We, however, have no reason to regret the omission, as most of the hymn is retained, concerning whose truth and beauty there can be no diversity of opinion. It is the 1087th hymn in the last edition of the Methodist Hymn-Book, and commences,

> "How blest is our brother, bereft
> Of all that could burden his mind," &c.

BRADBURN AND THE GOWN.

The Wesleyan Conference of 1802 was held in Leeds. William Dawson attended it, in order to hear the distinguished

men of the connexion. He says, "Mr. Bradburn preached, as on former occasions, in the chapel occupied by Rev. Edward Parsons. But it was the last time he appeared there," said Mr. Dawson to Mr. Everett, when relating the circumstance of his having heard him on the occasion, and "no wonder. He had preached delightfully; but on coming out of the vestry, when a person was about to assist him off with the gown, he assumed one of his queer looks, doubled his elbows by his side, clenched his hands before his breast, having taken a portion of the gown in each, then suddenly sending forward his elbows, and shooting out his back at the same time, rent it from the shoulders downward, making an opening sufficient for him to escape by, without the necessity of seeking egress in the ordinary way. It was a most unministerial act. The friends felt the insult; and as to himself, after the mood was over, he had the full space of time for repentance, which intervened between the act itself and the grave."—*Life of Dawson.*

BRADBURN AND DR. ADAM CLARKE.

In 1790 Mr. Clarke was stationed with Mr. Bradburn in Manchester. Mr. Clarke was at Flixton, whence he had previously promised to return after preaching. It was winter, and the evening closed in with a heavy snow-storm. Mr. John Wood, with whom the preachers domiciled in that part of the circuit, persuaded Mr. Clarke to tarry till morning. Mrs. Clarke, knowing her husband's punctuality, became uneasy lest he should have braved the storm, and lost his way in the wildness of the night. She went into Mr. Bradburn's two or three times. He had retired to rest; but perceiving, from what Mrs. Bradburn had said, the state of mind in which Mrs. Clarke was, he immediately, on her leaving the house, most kindly arose, took a lantern, and calling on a friend, they proceeded through the almost impassable lanes, narrowly examining every ditch with which

he was acquainted, as they passed along. They arrived at the house of John Wood about twelve o'clock at night, jaded, wet, and weather-beaten, having travelled several miles. Knocking up the family, and gaining admittance, Mr. Bradburn ordered Mr. Clarke down stairs with jocose authority; when, after a few words of explanation, they set out, and footed their way through the storm to Manchester. On arriving at the house of Mr. Clarke, about two o'clock in the morning, Mr. Bradburn, with the frolic of youth, pushed him into the doorway before him, and said to Mrs. Clarke, "There he is for you, take him;" then instantly turning on his heel, he repaired to his own house, to repose himself on the couch he had left a few hours before, lost to the dreary interval, with its pains and perils.

BRADBURN AND ROBERT ROBINSON.

The interesting account which follows was originally communicated by a Methodist minister to the British Wesleyan Magazine:

"The following circumstance occurred at the district-meeting at which I and ten others were examined as candidates for the Wesleyan ministry, the Rev. Samuel Bradburn being the chairman:

"When the examination was concluded, several of the senior ministers present gave us advice on different subjects. The late Mr. Gaulter particularly advised us to read 'Robert Robinson's Plea for the Divinity of Jesus.' He said it was one of the best books ever written on the subject, though, unhappily, its author afterward 'fell into the dregs of Socinianism.' On hearing this expression, the chairman rose; a flush of feeling came over his countenance, his lip quivered, and he was evidently strongly agitated. At length he addressed the meeting, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words. The few who knew Mr. Bradburn will be able to

conjecture *how* he spoke them. To them who did not know him, a description of his manner would be vainly attempted. They were spoken with all his own peculiar emphasis: 'I knew Mr. Robinson well. He was my particular friend. He trifled sadly with sacred truth. He was playful where he should have been serious. He got to the very brink of heresy. But he did not fall into the dregs of Socinianism. I remember the last time he came to London. He was on his way to visit Dr. Priestley at Birmingham. He had engaged to preach on the Sunday night for Daniel Taylor, and I thought I should like to see him once more. I asked Dr. Whitehead if he would accompany me, and he said he would. I had to preach that Sunday night at City-road; but I made the whole service short. I preached one of Mr. Wesley's sermons. We had a hackney-coach ready; and when I had done, we set off. We heard the latter part of the sermon; and when the congregation was dismissed, we went into the vestry. After speaking a word or two, Dr. Whitehead said, "Mr. Robinson, will you answer me a question?" "I will, if I can," he replied. "Well, then, if you had it to do now, would you publish your *Plea for the Divinity of Jesus?*" He paused a moment, looked very serious, and then said, slowly and solemnly, "Doctor, I would." From London he went to Birmingham, to see Dr. Priestley. His friends had often felt grieved that he seemed to hold lightly what they held as sacred. He preached for the doctor. I know that he had often said that he hoped he should die quietly, suddenly, and alone. And so it was. He was found in the morning dead in his bed, and the clothes unruffled.' The speaker paused for a few moments, and then said, with a look and tone never to be forgotten by those who were present, 'He had trifled too much with sacred things; and I verily believe that God Almighty sent the angel of death thus to cut him down to save his soul from hell!'"

BRADBURN AND DAWSON.

William Dawson, before he became a local preacher, having heard of the fame of Bradburn as an orator, went to Leeds in 1793 to hear him. He preached in the Rev. Edward Parsons's church. His commanding figure, powdered hair, and advanced age, at once fixed Dawson's eye and captivated his heart. The subject was the kingly office of Christ. It was a masterly performance, and Mr. Dawson was filled with admiration.

Mr. Bradburn, on giving out the last hymn, inclined his person over the front of the pulpit, and looking to the precentor, who either had not pleased him, or preferring it for some private reason, said, "I will give out the last two verses myself." He read,

> "The government of earth and seas
> Upon his shoulders shall be laid,
> His wide dominion shall increase,
> And honours to his name be paid.
>
> Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
> High on his father David's throne,
> Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
> And reign to ages yet unknown."

Dawson had never heard these words before, and yet Bradburn's manner of repeating them caused him ever after to remember them.

The specimen of simple, free, powerful, and impassioned oratory which he had in Mr. Bradburn, gave him a more favourable opinion of the Wesleyan preachers, and a more kindly bearing toward the body. Before this he had been leaning strongly toward the Established Church.—*William Dawson.*

BRADBURN'S POETRY.

Mr. Bradburn was a shoemaker in early life, like Samuel Drew, and many others, who have risen to distinction in the

world. He never forgot his former calling, and never was ashamed of it.

Mr. Bradburn had the confidence of his brethren, and they manifested it by electing him President of the Wesleyan Conference which was held in Bristol in 1798. During one of its sessions, Dr. Adam Clarke went to speak to him as he sat in the president's chair, and found that he had just turned poet. Being in one of his pleasant moods, he had just written the following verses on the "Office of Conference President:"

Exalted in Dignity high,
To write for this wonderful crew;
No Cobbler at present am I,
Pray, therefore, take care what you do.
My Kit, though some time laid aside,
I can still with dexterity use;
And like Leather I'll cut up your Hide,
If you dare my high office abuse.

My Tools are all made of good stuff,
Well wax'd and well bristled my End;
And my Awls will make holes in your Buff,
Unless you to business attend.
My Pincers will hold very fast,
My Nippers the Jack-heads can pull;
And if I'm in want of a Last,
I can easily work on your skull.

My Lapstone the stroke can endure,
My Hammer well-temper'd and sound;
The Faults in the Leather can cure,
And make it wear well on the ground;
My Sticks make the Soles and Hides shine,
When with Paste I them thoroughly rub;
And should you to the Baptists incline,
I will give you a Dip in the Tub.

BRADBURN AND AN OPPOSING CLERGYMAN.

Samuel Bradburn having heard that a clergyman of the Establishment, who was a magistrate, residing in a small

town in one of his circuits, had violently opposed the introduction of Methodism into his parish, resolved, if possible, to defeat him in his opposition. Various attempts had been made by the Methodist preachers to preach there, but without effect; the ministers having, as was common in the early days of Methodism, been driven off by the mob, headed by the clergyman. Mr. Bradburn, however, was determined to make an attempt, and sent to a few poor Methodists in the neighbourhood, requesting that they would publish around that a stranger would preach on a large stone, in the centre of the town, on a certain Sabbath day, at three o'clock, which they did; and the clergyman being informed of it, as usual, ordered constables and others to be in readiness at the place to arrest the preacher, or drive him off. Of this Mr. Bradburn was apprised; but not being in the least intimidated, he went to the place on the day appointed, and without making himself known to any person there, he attended the morning service at Church; placed himself in a conspicuous situation, so as to attract the notice of the clergyman; and, when the service was closed, he went up to him on his way out, accosted him as a brother, and thanked him for his sermon. The clergyman, judging, from his appearance and address, that he was a minister of some note, gave him an invitation to dinner, which Mr. Bradburn thankfully accepted; and having entertained him until dinner was over with his extraordinary powers of conversation, he said that he should like to go to the preaching which was to take place in the open air in that town, at three o'clock, and asked the clergyman if he would accompany him. He replied, that he intended to go there, not, indeed, for the purpose of hearing the preacher, but to take him into custody, and to put a stop to the service. Mr. Bradburn, however, begged him to desist from his purpose, and succeeded in inducing him to go and give the preacher a candid hearing. They therefore walked together to the spot, where they found a large company assembled, who, on seeing them approach, made way

for them until they got to the stone; where, after waiting in silence some time, the clergyman said he thought that the preacher would not come, and that it was best to dismiss the people! Mr. Bradburn said, he thought it would be a pity to disappoint them, and highly improper to neglect so favourable an opportunity of doing good, and urged the clergyman to preach to them. But he excused himself, saying he had no sermon ready, and asked Mr. Bradburn to address them, which, of course, he readily consented to do, and commenced the service by singing part of the first hymn in the Methodist Hymn-Book; and, after praying, delivered an impressive discourse, from Acts v, 38, 39: "And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." This not only deeply affected the people, but so delighted the clergyman, that, although he knew, as the service proceeded, that he had been duped, he heartily thanked Mr. Bradburn for the deception he had practised on him, and ever after, to the day of his death, entertained the Methodist preachers at his house.—*George Brereton.*

BRADBURN AND BETTY THE SERVANT GIRL.

The Rev. Thomas H. Smith says this anecdote was related to him by the Rev. John Wesley Button, one of the old preachers in England: "Mr. Bradburn was appointed to preach a jubilee sermon in reference to King George the Third. Weeks rolled away after he was appointed, and he could not fix his mind on any text. The last week, the last day, the last hour, and the last moment arrived, and no text. For days and nights he had been in the utmost perplexity and anxiety. With a throbbing heart and trembling nerves he put on his cloak, and was proceeding to the chapel, which was

thronged to hear the 'Demosthenes of Methodism' on a subject of such intense interest—one that would call into exercise all the powers of his imperial intellect, and all his powers of eloquence. When he reached the door, he met his servant girl, and said to her, 'Betty, can you not give me a text from which to preach the jubilee sermon to-day?' 'O yes!' said Betty, 'Mr. Bradburn, take this: "O king, live forever!"' 'Just the thing,' said Mr. Bradburn; 'I'll take it.' His anxiety was all gone, his embarrassment removed; the servant girl had relieved him from a difficulty. He went to the house of God, and delivered one of the most eloquent and impressive sermons man ever preached or listened to. Mr. Bradburn on that day excelled himself. He felt under a lifetime obligation to Betty for the appropriate text she furnished him with for such a momentous occasion."

BRADBURN AND BENSON.

On one occasion, at the examination of character in the Wesleyan Conference, there were a number of men that were large and weighty, who looked as if they lived well, and as if their work agreed with them. Among them were Bradburn, Bardsley, and many others. Mr. Benson was always thin and spare, and was sometimes a little touchy or nervous. He said, "Some of the preachers were so fleshy that they could not do their work very well, or he was sure they would not be so large." Mr. Bradburn arose with a smile upon his countenance, and said, "They were not in such good order because they neglected their work, but because they were so good natured; if Mr. Benson was only as good natured as we are, he would not be as poor as he now is—he would get fleshy too." The retort was so admirable, the hit so good, that the whole conference was convulsed with laughter, in which Mr. Benson joined as heartily as any of them.

BRADBURN AND SAMUEL BARDSLEY.

Bradburn sometimes indulged in sallies of wit with Samuel Bardsley, who was himself a character. He was a man of extraordinary size, clothed in homely attire. He was the personification of simplicity and almost kindness embodied.

"Come, come, Sammy," said Mr. Bardsley to him, "recollect that, though you may have many brethren, you have but one father in the Gospel." He was Mr. Bradburn's spiritual father. Pleasantry disappeared; wit and repartee were at an end. That moment Mr. Bradburn started from his seat, threw his arms around the neck of Mr. Bardsley, and, while the tears gushed from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, at the recollection of bygone days and bygone scenes, with a trembling voice and with deep feeling exclaimed, while putting his arms around his neck, and hanging on him with the doating fondness of a child, "The Lord knows I love you in the Gospel next to my Saviour." However, the scene would soon change. In the course of an hour—such was his fine flow of spirits, his cheerfulness, his vivacity—he would again be in a mood for pleasantry; but as innocent as a lamb, as harmless as a dove, and as unsuspecting as innocence itself.

He was walking the streets of Sheffield with Mr. Bardsley on one occasion—both of them men of gigantic size, arm locked in arm—puffing, blowing, sighing, perspiring, under the scorching rays of an August sun. A friend met them; they paused, and, as Mr. Bradburn wiped the great thick drops from his brow, he exclaimed, "Here we are, the two babes of the wood," alluding to the childlike simplicity which distinguished the life and manners of his "true yoke-fellow."

BRADBURN'S RETORT ON WESLEY.

Something unpleasant had occurred between Thomas Olivers and Mr. Bradburn. It was brought up at conference to have the matter adjusted.

"Brother Bradburn," said Mr. Wesley, "you do not love Tommy Olivers." "Sir," returned Mr. Bradburn, "I love him as much as you do John Hampson." This was a sudden and unexpected retort. Mr. Wesley was a little suspicious that there was not the most cordial feeling on Bradburn's part; and Mr. Bradburn availed himself of the fact of Mr. Wesley leaving John Hampson's name out of the Deed of Declaration, which was interpreted into a matter of prejudice, and gave offence to Mr. Hampson and his friends.

BRADBURN AND THE YOUNG MINISTERS.

It is most humiliating to hear some ministers talking of the sacrifices they have made in becoming preachers of the Gospel.

Some have made great sacrifices; like the disciples of old, "they have left all and followed Him." But others have been elevated in all respects by the change; called from the most humble walks of life to fill a most exalted station, to be heralds of the cross, and ambassadors for Christ.

The Church does not owe them half as much as they owe the Church. To it they are indebted for what they are on earth and for what they hope to be in heaven. They ought not to talk of their sacrifices, but thank Him who has "counted them faithful, putting them into the ministry." It is this ungrateful spirit that the noble Bradburn wished to reprove in the characteristic anecdote that follows: "A number of young preachers were speaking once rather whiningly of having 'given up *all* for the ministry.' They put too much emphasis on their sacrifices, in Bradburn's

estimation; he wished to rebuke them, and did it with his usual felicity. He had been a cobbler himself, as well as a tinker, and most of the young men in the company had been in equally humble occupations. 'Yes, dear brethren,' exclaimed he, 'some of you have had to sacrifice your all for the itinerancy; but we old men have had our share of these trials. As for myself, I made a double sacrifice, for I gave up for the ministry two of the best *awls* in the kingdom—a great sacrifice truly to become an ambassador of God in the Church and a gentleman in society.'"—*National Magazine.*

BRADBURN AND THE DRUNKARD.

A drunken person came reeling to the door of a place in which Bradburn was giving tickets to the members of a class, insisting on admission, and with just sense enough left to enable him to say, "They have no legal authority for holding private meetings."

Some of the friends were for employing physical force with the intruder. "Let the man alone," said Bradburn coolly, and apparently unconcerned, adding, while looking at him, "Step in, and sit down," pointing to a seat, and taking for the time no further notice of him, but proceeding with his work, and addressing himself separately to the respective members, saying, while fixing his eye upon one of them, "Well, my brother, you have experienced the truth of religion in your heart?" To this the person responded, "Yes, I bless the Lord that he ever brought me to an acquaintance with himself." Turning from the respondent, and waving the hand, after a partial glance at the poor sot, swinging on his seat, and apparently pleased with the notion of his introduction, Bradburn replied as he again bent his eye upon the member, "Ay, that is well; it is more than this man has experienced." Directing his face toward another, the intruder being a little touched, and stupidly awake to the reply, Mr. Bradburn proceeded: "Well, my sister, you have the life of

God, I hope, in your soul?" "Yes, sir," she replied; "I am thankful the Lord has converted me, and raised me to newness of life." "Praise the Lord," returned Bradburn, partially inclining his head toward the intruder; "it is more than this poor drunkard can say; for he is dead in trespasses and sins."

He addressed the third: "Well, my brother, you have a good hope, I trust, through grace." "I bless the Lord I have," was returned. Bradburn, shaking his head, and with a sigh, while the bacchanalian, with something like returning consciousness of his situation, and a feeling approaching to shame, manifested a degree of uneasiness, proceeded to remark, "Ay, that is much more than this vile wretch can say, for he can expect nothing but hell." At this the man bounced from his seat, staggered to the door, and suddenly disappeared.—*Everett.*

BRADBURN AND SAMMY HICK.

Samuel Hick attended a love-feast in the Wakefield Circuit, when Mr. Bradburn was stationed there. Several of the good people were in the habit of giving out the verse of a hymn before they narrated their Christian experience, by way of tuning their spirits for the work. This was prohibited by Mr. Bradburn, not only as a reflection upon himself, being both authorized and competent to conduct the service, but as an improper appropriation of the time which was set apart for *speaking*. Samuel, either forgetting the prohibition, or being too warm to be restrained within its limits, gave out a verse. Mr. Bradburn was instantly in his majesty, and with one of his severest and worst faces, looked at Samuel, who stood up in the congregation and sung alone, no one daring to join him—prefacing his rebuke with one of his singularly extravagant remarks, "Where is the person that would not come out of a red-hot oven to hear such a

man as you sing?" then proceeded to make such observations as he thought proper. Samuel, supposing the rebuke to have been given in an improper spirit, went into the vestry after service to settle matters. Offering to shake hands with Mr. Bradburn, who was not in one of his most complacent moods, he was saluted with, "What, are you the man that persisted in singing after I peremptorily forbid it?" "Ye—ye—yes, sir," said Samuel; "but I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Bradburn;" and without waiting to see how the request was taken, he was in an instant upon his knees among the people. Those around followed his example, and last of all, Mr. Bradburn knelt by his side, who found that it would scarcely look decorous to stand alone. Every heart was touched with Samuel's simplicity and fervour; and when he concluded prayer, Mr. Bradburn, with a full heart, and with all the magnanimity and generous flow of spirit he possessed, stretched out his hand, familiarly saying, "There, my brother, this is the way to keep paying off as we go on."—*Everett.*

REV. S. HUTCHINSON.

THE REV. SYLVESTER HUTCHINSON.

Sylvester Hutchinson is a name conspicuous in the annals of early Methodism in this country. The fathers and mothers in Israel, who still survive, remember him for his numerous virtues, and yet speak of him with admiration.

Mr. Hutchinson joined the travelling connexion in 1789; and after toiling in the itinerant field seventeen years, located. Two of his brothers, Robert and Aaron, were also travelling preachers. His first appointment was Salem, New-Jersey, the next Chester, and the third Fell's Point, Baltimore. He was presiding elder of the New-York district from 1797 to 1799. For three years he was the standard-bearer of a noble band of Christian warriors, who battled for God, truth, and victory. Among them was Dr. Shadrach Bostwick—a host in himself—a prince in Israel, one of heaven's nobility. Another was the eloquent Michael Coate, whose "speech distilled as the dew, and as the gentle rain upon the new-mown grass;" Peter Jayne, of precious memory, "a brother beloved;" Lawrence M'Combs, with his giant frame, his voice like a lion, dealing heavy blows with his great battle-axe against Calvinism; Joel Ketchum, who found a sepulchre in the ocean; Joseph Sawyer, the spiritual father of Dr. Nathan Bangs; Peter Moriarty, "in labours more abundant;" Philip Wager, a flaming herald of the cross; Joseph Mitchell, "endued with power from on high," the early friend and spiritual guide of Elijah Hedding; John Wilson, a "beloved disciple," afterward book agent; Joseph Totten, a man of sterling integrity; William Phœbus, eccentric, metaphysical, philosophical; George Roberts, an unyielding champion of

free salvation; William Beauchamp, a man of superior talents; Billy Hibbard, quaint, courageous, showing no quarters to the devil; Peter Vannest, the mild, the good, the true; John M'Claskey, bold, fearless, ardent; Dr. T. F. Sargent, a strong man; Lorenzo Dow, *then* burning with zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of men. William Thatcher, Joshua Wells, and Daniel Webb are the only ones that were on that district then, who now survive, full of years, full of honours, waiting with patience the time of their departure.

These were the brave, heroic men that Hutchinson led forth to glorious war. Nobler, bolder men have seldom fought with the enemies of the cross. Could he fail of victory with such valiant Christian soldiers?

In 1800 he was stationed in New-York city, with Jesse Lee and John M'Claskey, who were giants in those days. In 1801 he was the travelling companion of that holy man, Bishop Whatcoat. In 1803 Mr. Hutchinson was the successor of the Rev. Shadrach Bostwick, as presiding elder on the Pittsfield district. Among the preachers under his charge, at that time, was the youthful and eloquent Samuel Merwin; Martin Ruter, who was then also in the morning of life, in after years fell a martyr to the work in Texas; Seth Crowell, with a clear, logical head, and a warm heart; Luman Andrus, amiable, and of a sweet disposition; William Anson, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer in a cause so good; Henry Eames, with his warm Irish heart; Elijah Chichester, like Elijah of old, faithful to his God, and faithful to others. Laban Clark and Gershom Pearce are the only ones of those heroic men, led forward by the chivalrous Hutchinson on Pittsfield district, who still live; the rest have fallen at their post, sword in hand, and are among the conquerors. When he travelled Pittsfield district, Mr. Hutchinson was the presiding elder of the youthful and ardent Elijah Hedding, afterward bishop. Mr. Hedding always spoke of Mr. Hutchinson in the highest terms. "The district,"

says Dr. Clarke, in his Life of Hedding, "was of gigantic proportions, and the presiding eldership no sinecure in those early days. It embraced New-York city, the whole of Long Island, and extended northward, embracing the whole territory having the Connecticut River on the east and Hudson River and Lake Champlain on the west, and stretching far into Canada. It embraced nearly the whole territory now included within three annual conferences. This immense district was then travelled by Sylvester Hutchinson. He was a man of burning zeal and indomitable energy. Mounted upon his favourite horse, he would ride through the entire extent of his district once in three months, visiting each circuit, and invariably filling all his numerous appointments. His voice rung like a trumpet blast; and with words of fire, and in powerful demonstration of the Spirit, he preached Christ Jesus."

His appointments show the rank he held in the ministry—the profound confidence his brethren had in him. Where he found a grave we know not; as he located, we have no account of him in the Minutes. Mr. Hutchinson was a small man, but had a very strong voice, and seemed never to be wearied; he lived in the spirit, and was constantly ready for every good word and work.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

HUTCHINSON AND THE TRIFLING YOUNG WOMEN.

The following affecting incident occurred on Salem circuit, New-Jersey, the first Mr. Hutchinson travelled, when he was in his boyhood in the ministry: While he was sitting one day in the house where he lodged temporarily, waiting

for the hour of preaching, two young women entered the room to have some sport with the boy preacher. They began to ridicule his size, and his insignificant appearance; when, suddenly lifting up his head from a reclining posture, he repeated, in slow and solemn tones, the following words:

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll—
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed."

His voice, his countenance, his manner, were all calculated to make them feel that

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

That

"There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
And that eternal horrors hang
Around the second death."

Their thoughts also on "awful subjects rolled;" for the words of the preacher were like "nails fastened in a sure place, by the Master of assemblies." They were powerfully convicted; they trembled in view of their guilt and danger, and penitential tears rolled down their cheeks; they fled from the room, and rested not till they had found a refuge in the broad bosom of the Son of God. Soon after the young women identified themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church, saying, with Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Methodism in West Jersey.*

HUTCHINSON AND THE TRAVELLER.

Hutchinson was riding along one day when a man on horseback overtook him, and no doubt thought he would have a little sport with him. He began with the following inquiries: "How do you do? Which way are you travel-

ling?" Such was his manner, that Mr. Hutchinson perfectly understood his object. He made the following reply: "I do the Lord's work; you do the devil's. I am on the way to heaven; you are going to hell, where fire and brimstone are the fuel, and the smoke of the torment ascendeth up forever and ever."

The man became alarmed. He put spurs to his horse, and rode away as fast as he could; but he could not run away from his convictions, or the terrors of a guilty conscience. He was at the next meeting, a sincere penitent, shedding

> "Those humble, contrite tears,
> Which from repentance flow."

He sought diligently, and, to his great joy, found the pearl of pearls. He afterward became an eminent man of God.—*Rev. G. A. Raybold.*

HUTCHINSON, THE LOST PRESIDING ELDER.

Hutchinson was at one time the presiding elder of the immense northern district extending into Canada. It was winter on his last round there. The rivers were frozen so as to bear his horse; so he rode upon the ice for miles, and when he reached the Canada shore the snow was two feet deep; but the preacher and his trusty horse toiled on until night, through the woods, by a mere "blazed track," (trees marked with the axe.) The way became more uncertain; until at length he was fairly *lost* amid the interminable forests of Canada, in the snow, and with danger all around. From the distance he had travelled, the preacher decided that he could not be many miles from his place of destination; he hoped that the people, knowing his punctuality, would conclude that he had lost the track, and turn out to meet him. With this conclusion he dismounted; covered himself in his blanket from the wind; held the bridle in his hand; and sat down at the trunk of a large tree awaiting

the result, committing his life and soul to the Lord. The wolves were heard howling around at a distance, and it was likely that, before morning, those ravenous beasts would scent the horse, and devour both, unless the preacher could find a tree, or his friends should find him. Long seemed the hours, closer came the howling wolves; but his soul was calm —the Lord was with him. The cold was most intense; he kept himself awake by exercising his arms and feet around the trunk of the tree; the stars shone brilliantly, and the snow-light rendered objects discernible at some distance. A cry is heard a great way off; another, and another; a wolf-howl comes nearer: again those cries break on the frightful stillness; surely that wolf is stealing nearer. Now the distant cries becomes clear; *lights* are seen; it is the friends in search of the lost presiding elder; he shouts in return; the disappointed wolf gives a last howl, and trots off; the people, with pine-torches, draw nearer; they hear the feeble shout of the benumbed man: he is found; he is brought carefully to the house, wrapped in furs; warm drinks, or other appliances, restore his almost congealed powers; the life of the good man is saved to endure yet greater hardships than a night in the frozen forest. It was about two o'clock when the preacher was found. He had travelled all day without food for himself or horse; now both were fully but prudently supplied; and the next morning the Rev. Sylvester Hutchinson preached at the quarterly meeting, as freely and as powerfully as though he had not been thus exposed. These were the men of iron constitution—men who seemed to be made for their day; and most nobly did they sustain the character they bore—faithful in all things appertaining to duty, even unto death itself.

REV. DARIUS DUNHAM.

THE REV. DARIUS DUNHAM.

Darius Dunham was one of the earliest pioneers of Methodism in Canada. He entered the travelling connexion in 1788, and after travelling twelve years, located in 1800. A writer in the "Christian Guardian," of Toronto, describes him as follows:

"Dunham, if I mistake not, accompanied Losee to Canada on the occasion of his second visit, and remained till the end of his life, having married and settled in the country. What a pity that some one of ability, who knew him personally, and who has access to the requisite materials, would not give us a life of this extraordinary man. Dunham was a character, no doubt. The writer never saw him; but he has heard enough about him to say, that there seems to have been some correspondence between body and mind. He was an under-sized, compact, strong, healthy man, with coarse hair, bushy eyebrows, and a grum, heavy bass voice. He was a man of good talents as a preacher, and very considerable attainments, which enabled him, when he desisted from travelling, (as most *had* to do in that day, when their families were large,) to take up the practice of physic; but he was plain of speech, honest, and very blunt." I am indebted to this writer for several of the following anecdotes.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

DUNHAM AND ELIJAH WOOLSEY.

In an interesting little book, published at 200 Mulberry-street, called the "Supernumerary," edited by Rev. George Coles, Mr. Woolsey gives an account of Mr. Dunham and his perilous journey to Canada, in those days which tried men's souls and bodies. It throws light on the character of the heroic Dunham, and shows us, also, what the early pioneers suffered in going into the wilderness in pursuit of the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." I prefer to give it in Mr. Woolsey's own language:

"At the conference in 1794, D. Dunham came from Canada, and asked me if I would go with him to the province. I consented; and though I had not had a regular appointment more than one year, the conference accepted of my two years' service, such as it was, and I was ordained a deacon in the Church of God, and, as I was now going out of the States, I was ordained an elder the next day. J. Coleman was appointed to go with us. So after conference we set out for Canada. But the parting of my relatives and near friends was a great trial to me, and I was glad when I was out of sight of the house. We went by the way of Albany and Schenectady. At Albany we laid in our provisions for the journey. When we came to Schenectady we found that the company with whom we had intended to go had taken their departure. So we tarried a week, and provided ourselves with a boat. Two men had engaged to go with us, and to work their passage up the Mohawk; but an enemy to the Methodists persuaded them to relinquish their engagement with us, which they did, and went with him. We

were then left alone, and had to work our own passage. When we came to the first rapids, which by the Dutch people are called 'knock 'em stiff,' we had our difficulties. I had never used the setting pole in my life, and my colleague, J. C., was not a very good waterman. When we had almost ascended the rapids, the boat turned round, and down the stream she went, much more rapidly than she went up. We tried again; and when we had almost conquered the difficulty, the boat turned again. I then jumped overboard, thinking to save the boat from going down stream; but the water was over my head. So away went the boat, with my companions in it, and I swam to shore. The next day we 'doubled the cape,' and that day made a voyage of ten miles. At night we brought up the boat, and made her fast to a tree. We then kindled a fire, put on the tea-kettle and the cooking-pot, boiled our potatoes, made our tea, and ate our supper with a good appetite and a clear conscience, and, after smoking our pipes and chatting awhile, we sung and prayed, and then laid ourselves down among the sand and pebbles on the bank of the river to rest; but I was so wearied with the toils of the day that I could not sleep much that night."

TOILS OF THE PIONEERS.

"Next morning, about daybreak, a man and his son hailed us from the other side of the river, and wished to know if they might work their passage to Rome, a distance of about eighty miles from the spot where we were. Brother Dunham told them if they were civil men, and would behave accordingly, they might, and we would find them provisions. So we soon started, but had not gone far before one of them began to swear profanely. We told him if he did not cease swearing we would set them ashore. Not long after this, some things did not please him, and he began swearing again as before. Brother D., being at the helm, steered the

boat toward the shore, and gave him his bundle, and told him to go, saying that he would not have a swearer on board. So we parted, and found that we got along better without them than with them; and that day, by the setting of the sun, we rowed up stream about forty miles. We put ashore, as on the preceding night, collected the leaves together, and made our couch as comfortable as we could, for we had no other place for that time whereon to lay our heads, being in some sense like the patriarch of old, when he was on his way to Padan-aram. Our toil by day made repose welcome at night, so that when the morning light appeared we were rather loath to leave our humble beds. The weather, however, warned us to depart; it became stormy by day, and much more so by night. We had rain and snow fifteen days out of nineteen during that journey. When we were going down the Oswego River, two men hailed us from the shore, and desired to work their passage, about twenty miles. It was very stormy. I was very weary, and glad to rest a little; so we took them in, and I took the helm; but being warm with work, and then sitting still in the boat, I took a violent cold. Toward evening we saw a small log-house, and went to it. We found the woman sick in bed, and the man in poor health; they had three children, and but very little to eat. Here we lodged all night. I laid me down on the stones of the floor, which were very hard and uneven, but we kept a good fire all night, and I got into a perspiration, which relieved me of my cold a little; so that in the morning I felt much better than on the preceding night. Brother Dunham, being a physician, administered some medicine to the woman, which greatly relieved her. She appeared to be a pious woman, and had been a member of the Baptist Church at Ridgefield, in Connecticut, but said she had never seen a Methodist before. We had a very pleasant and edifying interview with the family that evening, in religious conversation, singing, and prayer. When we discovered that they were so destitute of provisions, we divided our little stock,

and shared with them of all that we had. They appeared equally surprised and thankful; surprised that *Methodists* (of whom they had heard strange things in their own country) could be both religious and kind, and were thankful for the timely relief. They wished that we would tell any of our Methodist friends, who had to travel that way, to be sure and call on them. They desired us also, if ever we came within forty miles of them, to be sure and go that distance at least out of our way to see them, telling us that we should be welcome to anything that the house or farm afforded. The house, however, was not likely to afford much, and there was scarcely anything on the farm but forest trees. This was the only time, during our journey of nineteen days, that we found a house to shelter us; and it was good for that family that they entertained the strangers, for we were in truth as angels of mercy to them: they must have suffered greatly had we not called on them.

"At night I have often hunted for a stone or a stick for a pillow, and in the morning, when I took hold of the oar or setting pole, I had to do it as gently as I could, by reason of the soreness of my hands, which were much blistered and bruised in rowing the boat. We attended to family worship both night and morning, although we slept in the woods; and the presence of the Lord was with us of a truth. When we arrived at the Fort of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, we were searched to see if we were not 'running goods,' as they called it. This affair being adjusted without difficulty—for we were neither spies nor smugglers—we were now ready to embark on the lake; but, the wind blowing high, we were detained two days longer. At length there was a calm, and we ventured out on the broad lake; and when we had gone about twenty miles, the wind rose again, and blew right ahead, so that we had to change our course, and steer for the Black River country. The wind was boisterous, and the waves dashed terribly against our little bark; and before we reached the shore we struck a rock, and split our boat: a circum-

stance which made sailing still more dangerous and unpleasant. We had a quantity of books on board, which were considerably injured by being wet. When we came ashore we made a fire, and dried our clothes and books, and mended our boat as well as we could. The next day we embarked again on the lake, but the wind was right ahead, which caused us to turn our course. We made for Salmon River, where we put in for that day; and early in the morning of the next day we started again, and pulled at the oars till daylight disappeared in the west. We went round Stony Point, and into Hungary Bay, and landed on Grenadier Island. When we struck the shore I sprang out of the boat, and fell down on the beach, and thought I never knew rest to be so sweet before. But we were sensible that it would not do to sit still; therefore we kindled a fire, hung on the tea-kettle, cooked some victuals, ate our supper, attended family worship, and retired to rest. Our weariness invited repose, nor did the murmur of the waves disturb our slumbers; and, besides, we had that very necessary requisite to sound sleep, recommended by Dr. Franklin, namely, *a good conscience.* On this island we found a fortification and trees, which seemed to be at least one hundred years old, growing in the entrenchment. The island is in the mouth of Hungary Bay, and is subject to high winds. Here we were detained until we were brought to an allowance of bread, having only one biscuit a day. I would have given considerable for a piece of bread as big as my hand, if I could have obtained it; but we were afraid of making too free with our little stock, lest it should not last us until we could get free from the island. We ate our last biscuit about the middle of the day we left the island, and got into harbour on the mainland about eleven o'clock at night, and glad enough we were when we landed. We put up that night at the house of our kind friend, Mr. Parrott. He and his wife were members of our Church, and received us very kindly. We informed him how it had been with us respecting food. Sister Parrott

hastened to make supper ready; but it was as much as I could do to keep my hands from the bread until all was ready. We took care not to eat too much that night, fearing it might not be so well for us. We retired to rest on feather beds, but it was a restless night to us all. Brother Coleman had a mind to leave the bed and take to the floor, but I told him we must get used to it, so he submitted; but our slumbers were not half so sweet as on the sandy beach and pebbly shore, when we were rocked by the wind and lulled by the rippling wave.

"My companions and I were called to part. Brother Dunham went to Niagara circuit, Brother Coleman to Bay Quinte, and I to Oswegothe; and we were so far apart that we could not often meet. In going to Canada we were nineteen days, in returning thirteen."

SCOLDING DUNHAM.

His characteristic plainness of speech and honest expression of sentiment, among those who did not like his plain-dealing got him the *sobriquet* of "scolding Dunham;" but his "scolding," as it was called, was always accompanied with a spice of wit that made it rather agreeable than otherwise. Many instances of his home strokes, both in and out of the pulpit, have been recited to the writer. In the Ottawa country he was remembered, among other things, for his love of cleanliness, and opposition to domestic filthiness; sometimes telling the slatternly to "clean up," or the next time he came he would "bring a dish-cloth along."

DUNHAM'S INEXPLICABLE GROAN.

Darius Dunham had just commenced his itinerant labours on Cambridge circuit, in 1789, and was on his way to Ashgrove, New-York, one Saturday evening, and found

it was about twenty miles off. Being unacquainted with the Dutch dialect, which prevailed in that neighbourhood, he inquired for the residence of a Yankee, and was directed to the house of Mr. Havens, where he requested entertainment over the Sabbath, and the privilege of preaching in the neighbourhood. Mr. Havens informed him that he could not make him very comfortable, but he would conduct him to the house of his landlord, who was an able farmer, and would entertain him comfortably. He was very reluctant to go, but, after being assured by Mr. Havens that they were harmless, he consented to go, and was hospitably received; and his request for permission to preach was readily granted, without inquiring to what denomination he belonged. After supper the young people began to be very lively, and to converse in Dutch. The preacher began to feel himself a stranger, and reflecting, no doubt, upon the great work before him, would occasionally sigh and groan, at which the family seemed very much alarmed. At length the old lady stepped lightly across the floor to one of her sons, and said to him, "My son, what can be the matter with this man?" He answered, "I cannot tell, I do not know." Then all was silent, and she resumed her seat, and the children were as lively as ever. But soon another groan proceeded from the unknown visitor. The old lady again arose from her seat, and approached her son, and said, "My son, *what* can be the matter? Has *he murdered* any one?" He replied, "I do not know, mother." But when he came to preach and pray, they were well satisfied as to the reason of his groaning. The old people and their children were awakened to see their lost condition; and I believe from this time the Methodist preachers continued to visit and preach at their house. Many of their posterity have become the happy subjects of converting and sanctifying grace, and some of them eminently so, and have died and gone to their reward in heaven.—*Rev. Samuel Howe.*

DUNHAM AND THE WILD FIRE.

In Upper Canada a gracious revival commenced in 1797, chiefly through the instrumentality of Hezekiah Calvin Wooster. At a quarterly meeting on the Bay of Quinte Circuit, after preaching on Saturday, while the presiding elder, Darius Dunham, retired with the official brethren to hold the quarterly conference, Mr. Wooster remained in the meeting to pray with some who were under awakenings, and others who were groaning for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. While uniting with his brethren in this exercise, the power of the Most High seemed to overshadow the congregation, and many were filled with joy unspeakable, and were praising the Lord for what he had done for their souls, while others, with "speechless awe and silent love," were prostrate on the floor. When the presiding elder came into the house, he beheld these things with a mixture of wonder and indignation, believing that "wild-fire" was burning among the people. After gazing awhile with silent astonishment, he kneeled down, and began to pray God to stop the "raging of the wild-fire," as he called it. In the mean time, Calvin Wooster, whose soul was burning with the "fire of the Holy Ghost," kneeled by the side of Dunham, and while the latter was earnestly engaged in prayer for God to put out the wild-fire, Wooster softly whispered out a prayer in the following words: "Lord, bless Brother Dunham! Lord, bless Brother Dunham!" Thus they continued for some minutes, when at length the prayer of Brother Wooster prevailed, and Dunham fell prostrate on the floor; and ere he rose, received a baptism of that very fire, which he had feelingly deprecated as the effect of a wild imagination. There was now harmony in their prayers, feelings, and views, and this was the commencement of a revival of religion, which soon spread through the entire province; for, as Brother Dunham was the presiding elder,

he was instrumental in spreading the sacred flame throughout the district, to the joy and salvation of hundreds of immortal souls.—*Bangs's History of the M. E. Church.*

It is, indeed, matter of regret, that such a man should have been under the necessity of locating three years after for the want of support.

DUNHAM REBUKES LEVITY.

Are not ministers sometimes so anxious to swell their number that improper persons are received into the Church? those who have no particular desire, or do not care, but are willing to do so to accommodate their friends or the minister. Should we be so anxious for members as to build with wrong material, "hay, wood, or stubble?" "For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ." None should join the Church except those who have an ardent desire to flee the wrath to come, and secure a home in heaven. The conduct of Dunham, in the characteristic anecdotes that follow, is not only worthy of admiration, but of imitation: Once, in the neighbourhood of the "Head of the Lake," after "preaching and meeting class," as there were several strangers present, he gave an offer to any who wished to "join the society," to manifest it by "standing up," according to the custom of the times. Two young women were observed sitting together; one seemed desirous of joining, but seemed to wish her companion to do the same, and asked her, loud enough to be heard by the company, if she would join also. Her friend replied in a somewhat heartless manner, "I don't care if I do." "You had better wait till you do '*care*,'" chimed in the grum voice of Dunham. He was for having none even "on trial," who had not a *sincere* "desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins."

DUNHAM AND THE SQUIRE.

A new-made "squire" bantered Dunham before some company about riding so fine a horse; and told him he was very unlike his humble Master, who was content to ride on an ass. Dunham responded with his usual imperturbable gravity, and in his usual heavy and measured tones, that he agreed with him perfectly; and that he would most assuredly imitate his Master in the particular mentioned, only for the difficulty of finding the animal required, the government having "made all the asses into magistrates!"

DUNHAM AND THE INFIDEL.

An infidel, who was a fallen Lutheran clergyman, endeavoured one night, while Dunham was preaching, to destroy the effect of the sermon, by turning the whole into ridicule. The preacher affected not to notice him for a length of time, but went on extolling the excellence of Christianity, and showing the formidable opposition it had confronted and overcome, when all at once he turned to the spot where the scoffer sat, and, fixing his eyes upon him, the old man continued, "Shall Christianity and her votaries, after having passed through fire and water—after vanquishing the opposition put forth by philosophers, and priests, and kings—after all this, I say, shall the servants of God, at this time of day, allow themselves to be frightened by *the braying of an ass?*" The infidel, who had begun to show symptoms of uneasiness from the time the fearless servant of God fixed his terribly searching eye upon him, when he came to the climax of the interrogation, was completely broken down, and dropped his head in evident confusion.

DUNHAM AND THE AMEN.

Dunham was distinguished for fidelity, faith, and prayer, as well as for wit and sarcasm. Religion was much injured by the war of 1812, and continued very low for some time afterward; but a few held on, and Dunham continued to preach under many discouragements. One day he was preaching with more than usual animation, when some in the congregation responded "Amen," to some good sentiment that was advanced. On which the preacher paused and looked about the congregation, and said, in his usual heavy and deliberate manner: "*Amen*, do I hear? I did n't know that there was religion enough left to raise an *amen*. Well, then, A-MEN—SO BE IT!" He then resumed his sermon. But it really appeared, by a glorious and extensive revival which took place very soon after, that this *amen* was like the premonitory rumble of distant thunder before a sweeping, fructifying rain.

DUNHAM AND THE WOMAN POSSESSED WITH THE DEVIL.

A woman who first lost her piety, and then her reason, was visited by Dunham, and pronounced to be "*possessed with the devil.*" He kneeled down in front of her, and, though she blasphemed and spit in his face till the spittle ran down on the floor, he never flinched nor moved a muscle; but went on praying and exorcising by turns, shaming the devil for "getting into the weaker vessel," and telling him to "get out of her," till she became subdued, fell on her knees, and began to pray and wrestle with God for mercy; and never rose till she got up from her knees in possession of reason, and rejoicing in the light of God's countenance. I relate it as I got it; and the reader may make what he pleases of the occurrence.

REV. SMITH ARNOLD.

THE REV. SMITH ARNOLD.

Smith Arnold was born in Waterbury, New-Haven county, Connecticut, March 31st, 1766. His parents were members of what was then the Established Church. His father was educated for a physician, but the French war proved more attractive than the saddle-bags, and he yielded to its allurements. Smith's mother died a few months after he was born, and he was placed with an uncle, by whom he was reared and educated.

The Revolutionary War, which broke out when he was nine years old, occupied the attention of the people so much, that education and religious teaching suffered greatly; so that, although Smith grew up without any marked vices, he was a thoughtless, wild, giddy young man, a lover of pleasure, and quite regardless of religion as he afterward understood it. At the age of twenty-four he married Erea Judd, the daughter of a widow, and of the old Puritan stock. She was a sister of the late Dr. Judd, of Oneida county, New-York, whose son has been so long and so honourably connected with the Sandwich Islands. She was two years his junior, and having been trained on a better pattern than he, the union was greatly to his advantage; and, indeed, to the advantage of both. They lived together most happily, to a good old age, died within a few months of each other, and were buried at Mount Hope, Rochester, in the same grave.

HEARS METHODIST PREACHING.

In a few months after their marriage they took a farm on shares in Montgomery county, New-York, where they first

heard a Methodist preacher. It was Philip Wager. He preached at the house of Phineas Leach, in the fall of 1790. He was followed, two or three weeks after, by Jonathan Newman, who preached in the same place. Preaching was an *event* in those days, and everybody went; but on this occasion his wife had a young child, which prevented her from leaving home, and he went alone. When he returned she asked him how he liked the preacher. The answer was not favourable. He said he was a very singular man, and told him all about his prayers out of a book, and pronounced such praying to be nonsense. "'When you pray,' said he, and he looked over to where I sat, 'you say, "Our Father, who art in heaven:" whereas if you prayed the truth you would say, "Our Father, who art in hell."' This made me angry, and I got up and left the house; for I knew that somebody had been telling him that I was a Churchman. As I left, he called after me and said: 'Take care, young man, lest God shall smite thee, thou whited wall.' To which I answered: 'Better take care of yourself, or somebody will smite besides God!'"

The next day he was greatly ashamed of his conduct; and, having occasion to go to the house of Mr. Leach on business, his state of mind was not improved by meeting the preacher at the gate. He had his saddle-bags on his arm, and was about to depart; but he seized the occasion to talk kindly to the offended man, and urged him to a better course; nor did his words fall to the ground: on the other hand, they made a strong impression, and long after, when Mr. Arnold began to feel concern about his soul, he longed to see the preacher who told him about his formal prayers.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

Deacon Walker, one of his neighbours, whom he calls "a zealous, praying man," was about to remove to a new township in Herkimer county, to settle, and prevailed on Mr.

Arnold and his wife to go along. In that day all central New-York was a dense forest, and the pioneer settlers were only beginning to take up the land and occupy it. The region in which these friends had purchased was in all the glory of its original solitude; and the adventurous undertook to occupy it in mid-winter, when the snow was four feet deep.

On the 18th of February, 1791, they arrived, with their families, within a mile and a half of the spot. Here they paused for a while till they could provide a shelter, and Mr. Arnold and Richard Dodge, another of the party, took up their abode in a log-house, which a Mr. Hatfield had built for his own use, but which was not yet ready to occupy. Beyond this house there was no beaten track, and all was a deep, voiceless solitude. Having arranged their family affairs, they made their way through the snow to their possession, and began the work of cutting down the trees, and building, of the logs, such extemporaneous habitations as the woods afforded. They took their dinners, worked through the day, and returned at night to sleep. Their industry was a good deal quickened by the tide of emigration which was setting in from behind, and which necessarily brought up at the end of the beaten way, and sought in vain for any other shelter than was afforded by the solitary log-house. It was a building of very primitive construction and limited dimensions, being only eighteen feet square; but its capacity and its ability to contain were wonderful. Before the pioneer party could get ready to leave, it sheltered no less than *fourteen* families.

Under such circumstances no time was to be lost, and as soon as the forest houses were in a condition to receive their future inmates, the removal was undertaken. But moving was not a very easy matter, with snow four feet deep and no road broken. The mode in which it was accomplished may, therefore, be worth repeating; especially as it shows a genius for extemporizing under the pressure of necessity. Mr. Ar-

nold borrowed a bullock of one of his emigrating neighbours, and having got his effects together, and placed them, with his wife and child, on a sled, he fastened his ox to the load, and taking the vacant side of the yoke himself, gave his beast the path, and, thus equipped, in due time reached his new habitation.

It was a building not very remarkable for its architectural appointments. It was built wholly of logs, notched together at the ends, and laid on the snow, packed down by the feet, as a foundation; the roof and floor were of logs split and somewhat trimmed with the axe; and the smoke-escape, or chimney, was of sticks defended from the sparks by clay. In the hurry to remove, only half of the floor was laid, and the snow bottom did not add to its attractions. But a roaring fire was soon blazing in the apartment, and the pioneers set themselves down in their own home with a feeling of independence and satisfaction not often experienced by a young couple on the Fifth Avenue.

A WARNING.

They had been moved only a short time, and just began to feel how rich they were in their associations and friendships, when the circle of their joys was broken by the sudden and alarming death of Deacon Walker, the father of the settlement. While at work in the woods clearing the land in view of the approaching season for sowing, he was struck by the limb of a falling tree, and instantly killed. This was a very impressive and sorrowful dispensation, there in the deep solitude of the forest. It came most unexpectedly, and broke, in a moment, the little circle of dear and intimate friends, who were thrown almost as much together as members of the same family.

The effect of this sudden stroke was deepened in Mr. Arnold by a startling dream, in which he heard the last trump ring loud and clear through the vast vault of heaven, calling

the dead to judgment. The celestial notes rang in his ears long after he awoke, and he lay there trembling and weeping, as if the scene had been a reality, and not a dream. For the first time in his life, he saw how great a sinner he was, and how utterly lost without a Saviour. After a while he fell asleep, but he soon awoke again with a feeling of alarm, and those clear, clarion notes were, to his startled imagination, still ringing through the heavens. He could not get rid of the illusion, and he felt an agony of sorrow for which there was no relief.

In his wretchedness the night lingered long, and when the morning broke he sent for Benjamin Cole, a Presbyterian neighbour, who gave him some good advice, but was not able to mete out the instruction that was needed. His wife pressed him to read the Bible and pray in the family; but he was not persuaded by her counsel, and his convictions gradually subsided, though he continued to long for religious instruction, and desired especially to see the Methodist minister who had talked so harshly about his formal prayers.

In the fall of the following year (1792) Mr. Arnold heard of a meeting five miles distant, which was to be attended by a Methodist, and he at once determined to go. On reaching the spot, what was his gratification to find the same Jonathan Newman that he had so desired to see. The discourse, as before, somehow or other, was levelled exactly at him. The preacher told him all about the workings of his mind, his convictions for sin, his vain excuses, his good resolutions, and all his varied experiences. The effect was to renew his broken spirit and bring back his sorrow of heart. He put his head down and wept bitterly, but all in silence, and let no man know his state. In two weeks Mr. Newman preached there again, and Mr. Arnold was once more a hearer. He now made himself known to the preacher, and before they parted, it was arranged that his house should, henceforth, be one of the regular preaching places on the circuit.

The first quarterly meeting after the events just narrated,

was held near Oriskany Creek, at the house of Robert Parks, in Westmoreland. Quarterly meetings were then great occasions, and were looked to as special means of grace. Mr. Arnold had never heard of such meetings; but Mr. Newman urged him so strongly to go, that he was at last persuaded. The meeting was in Mr. Parks's barn, and the sermon on Saturday produced a great effect. Mr. Arnold went home with a Mr. Robbins, who, like himself, was thoroughly "sick of sin." His host asked him, on retiring at night, to attend to family prayers, and he kneeled down to comply, but could not utter a word.

On the next morning there was a love-feast at Mr. Parks's house, and public preaching in the barn. Mr. Arnold had no idea of a love-feast, but his friend Luther Richards took him by the hand and passed him in. The speaking soon began, and one after another rose and told of their joys. His heart was melted, and his eyes were a fountain of tears. Among those that spoke was an aged Indian, who declared that he knew this Jesus forty years before, and had loved him ever since. He was deeply affected. "Ah," thought he, "that I knew as much about the Gospel as this heathen." "I gazed on him with wonder and admiration, as the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and fully determined that his God should thenceforth be my God. In an instant," he continued, "all my guilt seemed to be gone, and I felt unspeakably happy. The burden was rolled from my back, and I was enabled to rejoice in the Lord."

At this little love-feast five souls were brought to a knowledge of the truth; and three of them afterward preached the Gospel. Others were also converted at the preaching in the barn. Mr. Arnold was exceedingly joyful and happy, but he could not think what it was that made him feel so. He had no idea that this was religion. He wanted to hear singing and praying all the while, and wanted to have others feel just as he did; and was sure they would, if they could only hear the same wonderful preaching. On his way home he

had to ride through the deep, gloomy forest for ten miles, and that, too, in the night, and alone; but the woods seemed to be light about him, and he made the leafy canopy vocal with his shouts of joy.

This exultant state continued for three days, when one of his neighbour's oxen provoked him by breaking into his field, and he gave way to a storm of passion. His peace of mind fled in a moment, and a long season of temptation, darkness, and gloom followed, in which he sought his burden again, and took little satisfaction in the pleasures of the world, while he found little encouragement in his attempts to live the life of the Christian.

A CLASS FORMED.

Still he did not abandon his determination to be a Christian; and when Mr. Newman proposed the formation of a class, he warmly seconded the movement, and was one of the six that enrolled themselves as members. His father had moved into the neighbourhood, and though a communicant and an habitual attendant on the services of the Episcopal Church for many years, he now began to feel that his religion was not sufficient; and was so concerned on account of his soul that he well-nigh fell into a state of despair. He, too, embraced the opportunity which the formation of the class presented; and it consisted at first of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, senior, and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, junior, and Mr. and Mrs. Phineas Pond.

But although he attended his class, and went to all the religious meetings within his reach, he did not experience a return of his former joy, and felt no freedom in acts of devotion. He was often urged to vocal prayer, but he always declined; and his class-leader finally said to him: "Brother Arnold, you must take up your cross and pray, or you will be damned." But even the harsh alternative, thus presented, did not serve the desired purpose: he continued a silent worshipper.

At length, at a public meeting at Paris, (Oneida county,) he heard a sermon, by the Rev. David Bartine, on the witness of the Spirit, which opened his eyes in regard to his backsliding, and taught him that Christ was his refuge, and that the life of the Christian was a warfare, requiring watchfulness and effort. He was satisfied, from this discourse, that he once had this witness of the Spirit; and was now taught that it was his privilege to have it again. After the service he had an interview with the preacher, and said to him: "If you have declared the truth, I am almost persuaded that I have been justified." Mr. Bartine, after hearing his experience, assured him that he had been converted, and exhorted him to make known to others what he had felt and enjoyed. Accordingly, after the sermon on the following day, he arose from his seat, and with a trembling voice told what he had once enjoyed, and how unfaithful he had been to the teachings of the Spirit. At the moment he was weighed down with the burden and the duty; but before he reached home the Lord swept away the clouds which had so long obscured his prospects, and he felt a return of that heaven-born peace and joy which had so gladdened his heart many months before.

A CHANGE.

His tongue was now loosed; and, instead of holding back as before, he felt as if he wanted to sing, and pray, and rejoice all the while. "I could now," says he, "pray and praise with all my heart, and wanted everybody to come and drink of the fountain which had so satisfied all my cravings." Nor was this yearning for the souls of others without its fruits. His zeal, his sincerity, the change that was manifest in him, all bore testimony that he had learned in the school of Christ; and his neighbours, impressed by what they saw and heard, were "pierced to the heart," and began to inquire the way of salvation.

He was soon appointed to lead the little class; and its

numbers rapidly swelled from six to sixty. His aged father was one of the first fruits of his new-born zeal, and was brought to feel that he had an unclouded title to a heavenly mansion. His step-mother, a formal professor of long standing, was also made anew in Christ Jesus. In short, the whole neighbourhood seemed to catch sparks of the hallowed fire, and to be moved toward the spiritual life in Christ Jesus.

He was always a man of exuberant spirits and sanguine temperament; and the new inspiration by which he was moved seemed to lift him out of the world and carry him to the verge of heaven. These were years, to him, of ecstatic bliss; he was as happy as a man in the body could well be, and the glow in his own breast was widely communicated to others.

HIS THEOLOGICAL COURSE.

The great demand of the times for a Methodist preacher of that day was a thorough knowledge of the arguments against predestination. The prevailing theology was that of John Calvin; and Methodism was a sort of running hand to hand fight with the disciples of that creed. Mr. Arnold was not much skilled in lore of any kind, and least of all in the mysteries of theology. He knew much more about chopping logs, clearing land, and making potash, than about creeds and ologies; but he *felt* a free salvation, and he proclaimed it because it was the offspring of his own abounding love.

An opportune sickness, however, gave him an unwelcome leisure, which was advantageously employed. He was seized with the prevailing ague, and for nearly two years his field labours were in great part suspended. This was a severe visitation for his family, now rapidly increasing; but his wife was a Christian heroine, and bore poverty, sickness, and want without a murmur. It was owing to her industry and energy that in these years of affliction a show of comfort was still maintained in the household. On his part they

were the years of his theological studies. He was accustomed to lie on his back in his bed, and read himself full of Fletcher's Checks and Wesley's Sermons, which, besides his Bible, were the only books within his reach. He thus grew familiar with Wesley's divinity, and with the crushing arguments of Fletcher, the sweetest spiritual polemic that ever wielded the weapons of debate.

LICENSED TO EXHORT.

The idea of preaching, however, had not, as yet, entered his mind; but praying, singing, exhorting, and leading others to Christ were his daily food. At one of the quarterly meeting conferences, which was, we suppose, as now, a mere business meeting, he was invited by the minister to tell his experience. The Rev. John M'Clasky was the presiding elder, and was present. Mr. Arnold had asked no license, nor thought of any official relation to the Church, other than that of class-leader which he held; but before he left he was surprised by being commissioned as an exhorter, and charged with the duty of going out from his own neighbourhood to hold religious meetings. This enlarged his sphere of action, and wherever he went, he carried with him the same warm heart, the same flaming zeal, and new and greater conquests awaited him.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

Some of Mr. Arnold's experiences as an officer of the Church may be worth narrating. His first appointment, after the license was given him, had new responsibilities attending it, and he undertook it with a heavy heart. He did not, however, shrink from the duty, but prayed and sung, and exhorted to the best of his ability, though not with his usual freedom. He felt unhappy under the burden of his official cares; but, on his way home, his soul was filled with joy

and peace, and he was fully compensated for what he had suffered, and took courage to proceed. His next appointment was one of more importance, but he undertook it with a greater degree of confidence. He spoke with freedom, and came away well satisfied with himself, and thinking that he should have great happiness in the result. But the sweet peace and joy which he had experienced before, came not to his bosom, but in its stead, darkness and despondency, which soon cured him of his self-sufficiency, and made him feel that he was the poorest and weakest of all God's creatures. "I then learned," said he, "for the first time, what the apostle meant by those words: 'When I am weak then am I strong.'"

THE SEELEY FAMILY.

In 1797 his old friend, Jonathan Newman, was on the circuit again, and had a sacramental meeting at Westmoreland, where he had promised to baptize (by immersion) a young brother by the name of Daniel Seeley. Mr. Arnold was urged to attend the meeting, and joined his friend accordingly. On Saturday, after the sermon, he gave an exhortation with his usual earnestness and freedom, under which the congregation was greatly moved. When the services were over, he and Mr. Newman went together to the house of Mr. Seeley to spend the night. Mr. Seeley's young wife was in the company, and the proceedings at the meeting, especially the noise under Mr. Arnold's exhortation, had greatly displeased her. She was also annoyed at the announcement that her husband would be baptized on the following morning.

Before they had gone far, the "evil spirit" which had come upon her began to manifest itself. Mr. Seeley chanced to remark, that he did not know this Brother Arnold; and yet, he said, it seemed as if he had met him before. "Well," responded Mrs. Seeley, "I know him, if you don't. He was

at the great quarterly meeting at Snowbush, and exhorted as if he was crazy. He stamped with his feet, and slapped with his hands, and the people shouted and acted as if the devil was in them; and I believe he was."

This was said very tartly, and in Mr. Arnold's hearing. Her husband was deeply mortified, and tried to check her, but his efforts only made matters worse. "What do I care for your Methodist priests?" she exclaimed in reply; "they have nothing to expect from me."

In this mood she continued during the ride from the church to the house. Arrived there, the two preachers went to the barn with Mr. Seeley to look after their horses, and then they returned to the house. It was a comfortable, well-furnished dwelling for those days, and everything about it had the air of abundance and enjoyment; but its mistress was as unhappy as an evil heart and evil tempers could make her. She sat down in the corner, with her only child on her knee, and assailed her husband and his guests with bitter reproaches, while she refused to do aught to administer to their comfort. She said that Seeley would die a beggar; that he would give away all that he had to the noisy, shouting Methodists, and that his wife and child would be left to starve.

Mr. Seeley sought to appease her with words of kindness, but in vain. He said that his house and farm were paid for, and he did not owe more than six dollars in the world. "So, my dear," he continued, "I think you may get these friends something to eat, without fear of the poor-house." But she peremptorily refused. So her husband went to the pantry, and set out such provisions as it afforded, and asked his friends and his wife to sit by and partake. His wife, however, declined the invitation. "So," says Mr. Arnold in telling the story, "we told her that she was not happy." "No," she replied, "I am not, and never expect to be, as long as Seeley goes after the Methodists."

When the hour arrived to retire for the night, Mr. Seeley

took the candle and said: "My dear, where are these friends to sleep?" "What do I care?" she replied. "Let them go to the barn or to the hog-pen, for all that I care."

Her poor husband, full of sorrow and mortification, said no more, but led them to an unoccupied room, where, after praying together for the afflicted husband, and still more afflicted wife, they lay down to rest. In the morning they found Mr. Seeley in an ecstasy of joy. His face was radiant with a heavenly-minded sweetness, and his language was rich with the vocabulary of heaven. So full had his soul been of the waters of life, and so affluent did they roll up from the exhaustless fountain, that he had not closed his eyes in sleep, but had rejoiced the night away. "But," he added, "my poor wife is as wretched as the devil can make her. She says, if I was to be baptized by the Baptists, she would not feel so badly; but she can never consent to my being a Methodist."

He got his guests their breakfast as he had done their supper, and they all went on foot to the creek where the baptismal ceremonies were to be performed. Mrs. Seeley lost no opportunity to show her disapprobation of the proceedings. She remonstrated and cried aloud during the services at the water, and when, at the close, the minister knelt down to pray, he dealt with her after the fashion of plainness peculiar to those times, and told the Lord how unhappy she was, how she persecuted the Lord that bought her, how she was tempted of the devil, and how she was kicking against the pricks; but it had no other effect than to exasperate her the more.

Then came the love-feast and the public preaching, when they went back to Mr. Seeley's to get their horses, in order to attend preaching at another place, some miles off, in the afternoon. Mr. Newman went immediately on his way, but Mr. Arnold lingered for a season to drop some words of comfort in the bosom of his afflicted friend. On returning from the field where he had been to catch his horse, he met Mr.

Seeley at the barn. His eyes were full of tears, and his heart ready to break. "Brother Arnold," he said, "I am afraid I ought not to go with you this afternoon; my wife refuses to go along, and the state of her mind is such that I fear my course will be the cause of a separation between us."

Mr. Arnold's reply was characteristic, and an admirable type of the man: "Brother Seeley," said he, "Satan has got about to the end of his chain: if you yield now, he will triumph over you forever. Be kind to your wife, but go straight forward in the way of your duty." So saying, he shook him by the hand, and mounting his horse, rode off to the afternoon appointment.

Mr. Seeley, on thinking the matter over, determined to act according to the advice which he had received. So, after having saddled his horse, he went into the house for his coat. Mrs. Seeley met him at the door in a storm of passion. "Seeley," said she, "you are going off again with the Methodists, and we may as well have a settlement at once. If you go, I will not live with you another day, but will take my child and go to my friends at Whitestown."

Mr. Seeley understood that she was in earnest, and her words went to his heart; but remembering that "Satan had got nearly to the end of his chain," he took courage, and told her, in a calm and determined voice, that he should be sorry to have her go, but that it would not prevent him from doing what he understood to be his duty. So she seized her child, threw on some extra clothing, and started at once on foot for her former home. At the same time Mr. Seeley mounted his horse, and rode slowly in another direction toward the afternoon meeting.

Mrs. Seeley proceeded vigorously on her way, her steps a good deal quickened by passion, till she reached a large tree about fifty yards from the house, when she fell heavily to the ground and screamed aloud, as if in an agony of distress. Her husband had been anxiously watching her at a distance,

and now, seriously alarmed, dismounted and ran to her relief. Her child had fallen from her arms and rolled unheeded down the hill, and she was exclaiming with a sad earnestness, like one of old, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me! Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" As soon as she saw her husband she said: "My dear husband, can you forgive me? You have always been a kind husband to me, but I have treated you most cruelly! O how wicked I have been! Surely my day of grace is gone: I am damned forever: there is no mercy for me!"

Happy, happy husband! That moment repaid him for all that he had endured! He picked up his child, and holding it in his arms, knelt there by his prostrate wife, in the street, in the open day, and there, under the shadow of that friendly tree, poured forth his soul in prayer and praise. The child, uneasy and frightened, cried, but the voice of supplication swelled above all other sounds till the Lord appeared to the poor stricken culprit, and she burst out into a strain of rejoicing as wild and exultant as her sorrow had been deep and despondent.

Mr. Seeley shouted aloud, and was almost frantic with his transports of gladness; and between the cries of the child, the exclamations of the mother, and the shouts of the father, it must be confessed that the proceedings took their course without much reference to propriety. But there happened to be no critical spectators looking on, and heaven was so near that these lesser considerations were not heeded. At length Mrs. Seeley sprang to her feet, and throwing her arms about the neck of her husband, said, "Now I am ready to go with you to the meeting; yes, and I will go to glory with you too, if you will let me!"

Accordingly, no time was lost, and Mrs. Seeley, mounting behind her husband, as was the custom in those days, they started for the meeting, united heart and soul. They arrived late, and after the preaching was begun; but Mrs. Seeley was too full to keep the vessel from flowing over. "Glory to

God!" she exclaimed in the fulness of her joy, and, rushing up to the preacher, clasped his hand and pressed it with fervor; then she turned to Mr. Arnold, and seized his outstretched hand with another exclamation of "Glory!" to which the whole congregation responded with a shout that made the walls of the building tremble. From that day Mrs. Seeley and her excellent husband walked together over the journey of life, in pleasant conjugal affection, and ornamented the Christian profession. They had a large family; and Mrs. Seeley died many years ago, in the triumphs of faith, and assured of an everlasting home in mansions prepared for her on high.

CALL TO PREACH.

The first intimation that Mr. Arnold had of a call to preach the Gospel was on the occasion of a discourse in the school-house where he resided, by a Presbyterian, who fearlessly laid bare the enormities of the Calvinistic theory of salvation, and defended them as the Gospel of Christ. He was a man of ability, and handled his subject with so much skill as to make an impression on several members of Mr. Arnold's class. On his way home, the sermon was the subject of conversation; and he was asked by one who had been rather captivated by the discourse if *that* was not *preaching*. He replied, "It was not *preaching the Gospel;* for," he continued, "if Jesus called all men everywhere to repent, he meant what he said." This seemed to stagger the querist; but it did not quiet the uneasy feeling that the discourse had inspired in his own mind. The evil tendency of such preaching had impressed him most deeply, and the idea could not be shaken off. When he reached home, he was weighed down with this overmastering thought; and the more he talked about it and thought about it, the worse he felt. At length he burst into tears, and his wife, sympathizing with him, was moved to tears also. They then knelt down together and prayed.

"When I arose," he said, in giving the account, "the Lord shed abroad his love in my heart, and I was unspeakably happy." He then turned and revealed his state to his faithful companion. "My distress is all removed," he said, "glory to God! I feel as if I could do anything that my Lord requires of me." In an instant these words were thundered in his ears: "Cry aloud, spare not! Lift up your voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Israel their sin."

In this connexion the pointed suggestion of the text was not to be mistaken, and the idea flashed upon him so suddenly as to startle him. He asked his wife if it was in the Bible, and she said it was. "Then," said he, "I am undone. Alas! why was I so presumptuous? I am a man of unclean lips, and how can I obey? O, what—what shall I do?" Here he was fairly mastered by his emotions; and his wife, too, fell to weeping, and said, "I have expected this for a long time." He replied with astonishment, "How could you expect it?" but before he got an answer another text of Scripture came to him like the voice of inspiration, saying, "Go into my vineyard, and labour, and whatsoever is right I will give thee." To this he answered, in an audible voice, "O Lord, I cannot, I cannot!" But from this moment the burden was upon him, and he never got rid of it till he answered the call.

ARNOLD AND THE REV. WM. KEITH.

Among those who were brought to the knowledge of the truth about this time, by Mr. Arnold's instrumentality, was the late Rev. William Keith. He was living with his brother-in-law, at no great distance, and went with Mr. A. to a quarterly meeting, where his heart was touched, and he returned clothed with the spirit of Christ. The Methodists were then a "sect everywhere spoken against;" and when his brother-in-law learned that he was determined to associate

himself with these outcasts, he deliberately turned him out of doors. He was immediately received into Mr. Arnold's family, and remained there for many months, during which time he helped to work the farm. He was a young man of good education and marked ability, and soon began to take an active part in the religious meetings of the neighbourhood. No man could have been more beloved. He was regarded, in Mr. Arnold's family, very much in the light of a son and a brother; and the days which he spent there were long remembered for their cheerfulness and joy. It was said in the neighbourhood that he had gone to Mr. Arnold's to learn how to preach; but his divinity was learned in the school of heaven, and not of books or men. He was one of the most eloquent and successful young men of that age, but his career was short. He joined the conference in 1800, and died in New-York in 1810, aged thirty-three years; greatly beloved, and in the midst of a brilliant career.

GREAT REVIVAL.

Meantime a great revival, such as was never before known in that region, broke out and spread in every direction. Old professors were stirred up and exercised in a very unusual way; the wicked were struck down in their folly; the penitent were converted; and the most extraordinary scenes were witnessed wherever the people of God met to pray. In the meetings many were prostrated to the floor, and apparently insensible for hours together; and when they recovered their strength, would be in the most joyful and exultant states. It seemed as if an influence went out from these pious and enthusiastic worshippers, which seized on all who came within their reach, and brought them to the foot of the cross.

The meetings were often boisterous, confused, and disorderly, and brought the Methodists into great disrepute among the less emotional denominations; but they swept every-

thing before them. At a quarterly meeting in Mr. Kelley's barn, not far from Mr. Arnold's dwelling, the Rev. John M'Claskey preached with wonderful power and effect, and there were so many extravagances that Mr. Arnold began to ponder whether such things could result from a genuine work of God. These doubts were expressed to some friends, and were soon whispered among the worshippers.

On the following day, a number of those who had been in attendance at the meeting came over to his house to talk the subject over. Among them was a Brother Fairbanks, who proposed, after talking awhile, that they should all kneel down and pray, and in their prayers submit the matter to God. The proposal was readily agreed to, and the result was such a scene as has seldom been witnessed. A melting, subduing influence seemed to rest on all who were present from the first, and the little family group was soon enlarged to a crowd; and prayers were continued through the whole night and the following day. Mr. Arnold was among the first to become a prey to the extravagances that he had condemned. He was swept away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and used to say, in speaking of that remarkable meeting, that it was throughout, "Ask and receive—ask and receive."

He prayed that every one who entered the door might feel the converting or sanctifying power of God, and his prayer seemed to be literally answered. An old brother, by the name of Allen, came to reprove them for such gross delusions. Mr. Arnold met him at the door, and exclaimed, "Glory! glory! glory! God is love!" His words fell on the astonished visitor like a bolt from heaven, and he was instantly smitten to the floor, where he continued earnestly to cry for the experience of that love, till he found it. Not long after Mr. Arnold's aged father came into the room for much the same purpose. As he looked around, and saw the "dead and the wounded," he said, "Smith, it seems to me you are carrying matters to a great excess: God is a God of order,

and not of confusion; and I fear you will bring a reproach on his cause." Smith caught the old gentleman in his arms, exclaiming, "My father! God is love!" The old man's strength departed from him in an instant. He lay on the floor for a long time in silence; then his countenance began to shine with the love that beamed from within; and when he recovered strength to speak, his first words were, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!" when a shout arose that almost started the logs from their foundation.

A young girl that had been severely whipped by her parents for attending the Methodist meetings, stole away from her home and joined the enthusiastic worshippers, and was soon rejoicing in unmeasured strains of joy. Mr. Keith, who was at work in the field, came and looked in, but seeing the confusion, went back to his work; but he could not remain. After a short time he returned, and said he was so unhappy that he must ask their prayers. Mr. Arnold replied: "Glory to God! Jesus can make you happy!" At these words he lost his strength, and lay for three hours apparently senseless, and many thought that he was actually dead; his extremities were cold, and his pulse could scarcely be felt. There was a feeling of alarm in regard to him; but Mr. Arnold suggested that he had been called to preach, and was resisting the call. "Pray," said he, "that he may yield!" Prayer was offered accordingly; and soon after a placid smile was observed on his countenance, and then a soft voice was heard, saying, "Lord, I will do anything! Lord, accept me, and I will serve thee! Glory! glory! glory! The Lord is good! The Lord is love!"

The quarterly meeting on Delaware circuit, though forty miles distant, was attended by Mr. Arnold and several members of his class, all on fire with love and zeal; and it was an occasion for such an outpouring of the Spirit as had not before been seen. From this place the work spread to the surrounding circuits, and the whole country was in a blaze.

THE ITINERANT FIELD.

Mr. Arnold was now actively engaged in holding meetings wherever the way seemed to be opened, and in planting and nurturing new societies. He had long been licensed as a local preacher, and in 1799 was called into the itinerant field. His old friend, Jonathan Newman, had said to him, a long time before, "Brother Arnold, I tell you as a friend, that you will have to attack the devil's kingdom more extensively." He now sent for him from the Mohawk circuit, where the "kingdom" was strong, and the means of "attack" weak, to aid him in his labours.

He joined Mr. Newman at the quarterly meeting at Western, held at the house of Jacob Wiggins, where he found a large congregation gathered, and was called on to preach. Under this sermon Peggy, afterward the wife of the world-renowned Lorenzo Dow, was converted. In the following year (1800) he was admitted to membership in the Philadelphia Conference, then embracing the whole or the greater part of the state of New-York.

HOW MR. ARNOLD FAILED OF A WHIPPING.

Sometimes Mr. Arnold had misgivings about his fitness for the work, and strong temptations to leave it. On one of these occasions he felt so unequal to the task before him, that he concluded he would go to his appointment, and, instead of preaching, give an exhortation, dismiss the people, and retire forever from the duties to which he was so little adapted; but during the exhortation he was so inspired, and so filled with the spirit of his mission, that he spoke with unusual fervour and freedom, and several of the congregation were convinced of sin. One young married woman, by the name of Spalding, was among them, and went home sad and weeping. Her husband inquired what was the matter. "Mat-

ter!" said she, "matter enough! we are all going to hell!" Spalding wanted to know how she found it out. "Why," said she, "the Bible and Mr. Arnold say so." "Do they?" quoth Spalding, in return. "Well, the Bible must take care of itself; but Mr. Arnold has made a fool of you; and when he comes again I will give him a horse-whipping." Before he came again, however, Mr. Keith preached, and both were converted. "So," says Mr. Arnold, "I escaped the whipping; and when I came around to my appointment, he came to me with tears in his eyes, and confessed the wrong that he had intended."

SICKNESS.

Saratoga circuit was Mr. Arnold's first appointment after connecting himself with the conference; and the year was rendered memorable to him on account of a severe attack of typhus fever. He was at Wilton, near the head waters of the Hudson, when he began to feel the approaches of the disease, and, having no acquaintances there, and no physician living within twenty miles, he threw himself into the saddle and undertook to gain the nearest settlement. The effort was beyond his strength; and when at last he arrived at the house of a brother Olmstead, his strength was gone, and he had to be lifted from his horse and carried to the house. From the house of brother Olmstead he was removed to that of brother Edmunds, where he had such attention as the circumstances afforded.

He grew worse, and other medical advice was deemed necessary; so a messenger was despatched twenty miles for Dr. Jewett, celebrated alike for his skill and his infidelity. When he came into the house he inquired, "What does this Methodist priest want of me? If his work is not done, he will certainly recover; if it is done, all the physicians in the world can't save him." He was then conducted to the room of the sick man; and after looking at his tongue, feeling his

pulse, and asking the needful questions, he took his hand, and, looking him in the face, said, "Brother Arnold, 'this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.'" His words proved true in one respect, at least; the sickness was "not unto death." His extreme danger, however, rendered it proper for Mrs. Arnold to be sent for, though the distance was ninety miles. The messenger took Mr. Arnold's horse, and made the journey in a day. When she arrived, she found her husband slowly improving, and when he had gained sufficient strength, they started for their distant home.

ALBANY CIRCUIT.

In the year 1801 Mr. Arnold was sent to Albany circuit, then an immense territory, taking its name from the state capital, which was within its boundaries. His associate was Barzillai Willy. They were both young, and of moderate abilities as preachers; but they could sing, and pray, and exhort, from one end of the week to the other; and their zeal, and earnest, laborious efforts, were crowned with wonderful success. Some idea may be formed of the labours of a Methodist preacher in that day, by the fact that this circuit, which had to be traversed in four weeks, had no less than *forty-three* appointments or preaching places, to visit which required *four hundred miles* of travel. But during the whole year this immense territory was one great revival, and they left it with twice the number of members that they found in it. Mr. Arnold was eighty or a hundred miles distant from his family; and so pressing were the demands of his work, that he visited them only once during the year.

We have not space to follow this servant of God through his various fields of labour. Mr. Arnold continued in the active service, doing battle for God and truth, until 1821, when, in consequence of age and increasing infirmities, he took a superannuated relation. He lived within the bounds of the New-York Conference until 1838, when he removed

to Rochester, N. Y., and the next year finished his course with joy.

Brother Arnold was very useful to those who were about entering the ministry. Over William Keith, as we have already seen, he threw the mantle of his protection, and was his friend when his relatives had all forsaken him.

ARNOLD AND TOBIAS SPICER.

Rev. Tobias Spicer, whose locks are now bleached with time, who has been long and favourably known as an able minister of the New Testament, remembers the veteran Arnold with gratitude. He was his father, friend, and counsellor, just when he needed them. He not only personally to me expressed his obligation to the departed hero, but has recorded it in his own autobiography. Though about half a century has passed away, Mr. Arnold's kindness is not forgotten. Mr. Spicer lived in Chatham when Mr. Arnold was on the circuit.

"Feeling it my duty to preach, I concluded to open my mind freely to the preacher. Brother Arnold was an aged man, and prudent. He gave his views of a call to the ministry. He said he did not think every good man was called to preach. He thought a person should be deeply impressed in his own mind with a sense of duty; and he considered the voice of the Church as the *providential voice* of God in this matter. If God had called me to this work, he would somehow open the door for me. This aged brother gave me what I most needed—suitable instruction in this matter. He neither hurried me forward nor thrust me back. He advised me to exercise my gift in public by exhortation and prayer, to read my Bible very carefully, and by all possible means to improve my mind, and cultivate my heart in deep and ardent piety. He said a preacher who had not a strong religious feeling, would not make out much among the Methodists. I endeavoured to profit by the advice and instruction given me by

this aged minister." This testimony honours both Mr. Arnold and Mr. Spicer. It does justice to the former, and it shows the gratitude of the latter. How forcible are right words! "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

The venerable historian of Methodism, Dr. Bangs, thus speaks of him: "Brother Arnold was a man of great simplicity of manners, a Methodist preacher of the old stamp; plain and pointed in his appeals to the conscience, though sometimes eccentric in some of his movements and phrases. His talents as a preacher were respectable, and he generally commanded the confidence and affection of the people among whom he laboured; and when his death was announced, none doubted but that he had exchanged this for a better world."—*Bangs's History of Methodism*, vol. iv, p. 330.

HIS END, OR THE CLOSING SCENE.

He said to a preacher of another denomination, a little while before he died, with his usual quaintness, "I had hoped to live until I could have preached the funeral sermon of Old Bigotry." Brother Arnold is dead, but Old Bigotry lives; lives to separate brethren, to sow discord among them; lives to curse the Church; lives to dishonour God; lives to ruin men. And I am afraid it will be a long time before any of us will preach his funeral sermon. It is time he was dead, and buried so deep that he can never have a resurrection.

Mr. Arnold was always particularly annoyed on the subject of slow singing. One day, a short time before his death, having desired some friends to sing, they commenced singing,

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wishful eye," &c.

The music moved quite too slow to suit his ardent desires. He was very uneasy, and his dutiful daughter, Hannah, asked him if the singing hurt him. He replied, "No, but I don't want to go dragging to heaven in that slow way." He in-

quired of the doctor, a short time before he died, "Can you tell me how long it will be before the old tabernacle will come down?" The doctor shook his head. "Well," said he, "it is all the same—all the same; the Lord will give grace and glory." On being asked if he would have a drink of water, he replied, "No; I expect soon to drink the pure water of life in my Father's kingdom." It was not long before he was permitted to drink of those pure perennial fountains in the neighbourhood of the throne of God. On the 16th of March, 1839, aged 73, the old soldier was discharged from his warfare, and went up to join the multitude with their redemption robes, and palms in their hands.

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art saved at last."

To Samuel G. Arnold, Esq., the son of our venerated father, I am under lasting obligation for the greater part of the above narrative.

REV. SAMUEL HAMILTON.

THE REV. SAMUEL HAMILTON.

Mr. Hamilton was for many years an efficient member of the Ohio and Missouri Conferences. He was a presiding elder for a number of years in both of them. At the age of twenty, he was converted at a camp-meeting in Ohio, and made the woods vocal with his songs of joy and shouts of triumph. In 1814 he joined the travelling connexion, and laboured like a man of God, with great zeal and success, to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, till prevented by disease.

Mr. Hamilton understood what Solomon meant when he said, "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." He showed himself friendly; therefore, he had many friends.

As a preacher he was wise, shrewd, sarcastic, eloquent; irony he used to great advantage when attacking error. Finally, in the midst of his loved employ, Mr. Hamilton was prostrated by successive strokes of paralysis, which compelled him to retire from the field, and for two years he lingered, suffering patiently the will of heaven, till the Master said, "It's enough,"

> **"Enter into my joy,**
> **And sit down on my throne."**

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

HAMILTON AND THE INFIDEL.

To Bishop Ames I am indebted for the following awful incident:

Rev. Samuel Hamilton was travelling, and fell in company with a man by the name of M. They were both on horseback. Mr. Hamilton introduced the subject of personal religion, but it was casting precious pearls before one who undervalued them. Mr M. was an infidel; he had been engaged in the "Whisky Rebellion" in Pennsylvania. He neither feared God nor regarded man. He denied the Son of God, ridiculed the great doctrine of the atonement, undervalued heaven, and made light of the torments of the damned. Mr. Hamilton was horror-struck, and thought he could not be in earnest. To test the matter he inquired, "What will you take to forego forever your interest in the atonement of the Son of God?" Mr. Hamilton had just taken his watch from his pocket to see the time. Mr. M. saw it and said, "If you will give me that watch, I promise forever to forego my interest in the atonement, never to ask a favour of Jesus Christ." Mr. Hamilton reached him the watch, supposing he would hand it back to him. He took it, and put it into his pocket. The time came when they must separate. They came to a place where one turned to the right and the other to the left. They parted to meet no more till the dead, small and great, stand before God. At the conference which was held in Mount Carmel, when the question was asked, Is there anything against Brother Hamilton? a brother arose and said there was. He had heard that he had purchased a man's interest in the atonement of the Son of God. Mr. Hamilton explained that he did not

think the man in earnest, but merely wished to test him, and supposed that when he reached him the watch he would return it immediately. Upon this explanation his character passed.

Years rolled on. M. was lost sight of, though the circumstance had made an indelible impression. When Bishop Ames removed to St. Louis in 1838, he heard of M. and of his melancholy end. After M. moved to St. Louis, he joined an infidel club, where there were a number of bold, blasphemous men, who ridiculed sacred things, derided the Saviour, made light of his dying agonies, and of the torments of the damned. He was a kind of ring-leader to this infidel band; often he would show the watch and describe the transaction. But he had no peace after he received it. It haunted him by day and by night; he would pull out the watch and look at it, and then put it in his pocket.

At last he was taken dangerously ill, and his wife sent for Parson G. He came; the sick man treated him very cavalierly, and wished for none of his advice or prayers. He grew worse; his infidel companions visited him, and encouraged him to die like a man, to show himself a hero to the last.

One who saw him near the last, said that his death-bed was the most horrible; the dying man uttered such screams, such bold blasphemies, such horrid oaths as he never listened to before. They could be heard at a great distance, making the blood chill in the veins of those who heard them. His dying bed was a bed of thorns, his last hour an hour of despair, showing the crimson guilt of one who "trampled under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing."

HAMILTON'S GRAVITY OVERCOME.

Ludicrous things sometimes occur in congregations, some of which are "enough to make a minister laugh," for,

with all their gravity, they are men of "like passions" with others. Mr. Hamilton had a keen perception of the ludicrous, as will be seen from the amusing anecdote which follows, related by Rev. J. B. Finley, in his "Sketches of Western Methodism." Mr. Finley received it from the lips of Mr. Hamilton. It occurred at a meeting on the waters of the Little Kanawha. At a certain appointment there lived a Colonel ——, whose family were members of the Church, and who had a respect for religion, though he was too fond of the world to make a profession thereof. He was regular in his attendance, and on the occasion to which we have alluded he was in his seat, attended by a neighbour of his, who was respectable enough, with the exception that at times he would lose his balance under the influence of intoxicating liquor. He had taken on this occasion just enough to make him loquacious without being boisterous. Hamilton, after singing and prayer, arose and gave out for his text the first Psalm. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scorner," &c. He entered upon the discussion of his subject by showing what we understand by walking in the counsel of the ungodly, and as he gave a description of the ungodly, and their various wicked ways and bad examples, he saw the friend of the colonel punch him in the ribs with his elbow, and overheard him saying, "Colonel, he means you." "Be still," said the colonel; "you will disturb the congregation." It was as much as the preacher could do to refrain from smiling; but he went on with his subject, and as he described another characteristic of the ungodly, in "standing in the way of sinners," the force of the application was too strong to be resisted, and the colonel's friend, drawing up closely, elbowed him again, saying, "He certainly means you, colonel." "Be quiet, the preacher will see you," whispered the annoyed man, while he removed as far from him as he could to the other end of the seat. The preacher had arrived at the third characteristic

of the ungodly, and as he, in earnest strains, described the scorner's seat, the colonel's friend turned and nodded his head at him most significantly, adding in an under tone, "It's you, it's you, colonel; you know it's you." By this time most of the congregation were aware of what was going on, and cast significant smiles and glances at each other. Those who understood the features of the speaker, could easily discover that he was moving along under a heavy pressure of feeling, and unless something should occur to break the excitement, he must yield to the impulses of his nature. Just at that crisis a little black dog ran up the aisle, and stopping directly in front of the pulpit, looked up into the preacher's face, and commenced barking. The scene was ludicrous enough, but how was it heightened when the colonel's friend rose from his seat, and deliberately marching up the aisle, seized the dog by his neck and back, and began to shake him, exclaiming, "Tree the preacher, will you? tree the preacher, will you?" Thus he kept shaking the dog and repeating, "Tree the preacher, will you?" till he arrived at the door, when, amid the yells of the dog, and the general tittering of the audience, he threw him as far as he could into the yard. This was too much for Hamilton, and he sat down in the pulpit, his gravity completely overcome. It was impossible for him to resume his subject, or even to dismiss the congregation. There was no more preaching that day; and ever after, when the colonel went to church, he was careful that his friend was not by his side.

REV. ARCHIBALD M'ILROY.

THE REV. ARCHIBALD M'ILROY.

Archibald M'Ilroy, of the Pittsburgh Conference, was a man of eccentric habits and manner, and, as is frequent in such cases, of sprightly and original genius. He was born in Ireland, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, but emigrated to America when quite young, and settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania.

Before leaving his native land, he was associated with the "Hibernian Society," made up of the youth of the country, the chief business of which was said to be to study profanity, and opposition to the British crown and government; the former of which was winked at by the Papal Church, in which he was raised, and the latter was encouraged as a rare virtue by his spiritual instructors.

In the department of *profanity*, he excelled in the invention and coining of oaths, which he used to pour forth in volleys, not only in common conversation, but especially in the disputes, fisticuffs, and broils into which his association frequently fell, and for which they were frequently imprisoned and otherwise punished.

When about nineteen years of age—probably about the year 1809 or 1810, and not long after his migration to America—he was awakened to a sense of his sins, and, after a severe struggle with himself and the enemy of all good, was soundly converted to God. As a matter of course, he suffered severe persecution from his former associates and papal friends; but being made a new creature in Christ Jesus, through the instrumentality of the Methodists, he resolved to make them his people, and their God his God.

The soundness of his conversion was proved by the patience with which he bore persecutions in his early Christian course, as well as by his uniform piety and indefatigable toils in the itinerancy in after life.

In 1812, at the first meeting of the Ohio Conference, he was received on trial in the travelling connexion, in which he continued incessant in his labours until 1826, when he died in great peace, and went home to his eternal reward. For this account of his life, and most of the incidents which follow, I am indebted to the Rev. Alfred Brunson.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

M'ILROY AS A PREACHER.

As a preacher, he was a "son of thunder." His originality, his deep research, and his pathos and zeal, rendered his pulpit performances interesting to some; but his strong and vivid wit, and unequalled sarcasm, together with his scorching descriptions of hell, and the future misery of the finally impenitent, rendered his sermons and exhortations, and even his prayers, awfully terrific. It was no uncommon occurrence for his hearers, or at least some of them, to rush from the house in utter consternation. His originality, which was cultivated in the Hibernian school to the use of the most terrific figures and imagery, was now, as if unavoidable, pressed into his service in thundering "the terrors of the Lord."

It is true, he sometimes was placid and mild, and could and did argue pointedly, and to good effect, on the disputed doctrines of the day; and he would, on suitable occasions, administer consolations to the afflicted, or to the mourner in

Zion; but his *forte* lay in reproving sin and alarming the sinner.

To give specimens of his *manner* would be impossible, unless we could print his person, his gesticulations, and his Irish brogue. He seldom smiled himself, though his audience would frequently be in a roar of laughter; and the transition from laughter to tears, and even terror, was sometimes so sudden and great in his hearers as to produce profuse perspiration.

M'ILROY ON THE GENERAL RULES.

In reading the General Rules of Discipline, he made applications as he went on; and sometimes of an eccentric or ludicrous character. At one time, when he came to "visiting them that are sick, or in prison," he paused, and said: "Do you visit the sick? Yes, I suppose you do; but how do you do it? Why, when you hear that a brother or sister is sick, you 'll wait till Sunday, because you can't spend the time on a week-day; and then you 'll get up your horse, and ride away to visit the sick, instead of going to meeting, and you 'll prevent those from going to meeting that would have gone if you had done so, or if you had staid at home; and you 'll sit down by the sick, and ask them a few questions about their complaint, and what doctor they have, and say he 's a very good doctor, and you hope the sick will get well. But you do n't say a word about religion, nor sing or pray with the afflicted; but turn off and talk about your neighbours, and the crops, the weather, and the times. And there you 'll stay till eating time comes on, and then you 'll see every bare-legged boy and every puppy on the place running down the chickens; and when they are cooked, you 'll feast yourselves as if nothing was the matter. And this is the way you visit the sick; but this is not right. You should go where you 're most needed, and talk of Christ and his religion. You should pray with them, and then go home about

your business; and this you should do on a week day, if possible, and not take the Lord's time for it, if your own time will answer as well."

M'ILROY AND THE DRUNKARD.

I once heard him talk to the drunkard after this sort: "You 'll lie at the swill-tub like the brute; you 'll wallow in the mire like the swine, and the crows might peck your eyes out." He would sometimes trace the drunkard through a miserable life to an untimely grave, and a premature hell, where "the devil will pour the blue blazes of damnation down your throats with an iron scoop-shovel, when you 'll drink fire enough to satisfy you."

M'ILROY AND THE DUTCHMAN.

But his most distinguished discourse, and the one for which he obtained the greatest notoriety, was applied to one Mr. N., in Ohio. Mr. N. was very wealthy, and had raised a large and respectable family, who, at the time of which we are speaking, were mostly married, and settled in the country about him. The old man had a pious and good wife, to whose virtues, probably, the respectability of his family was mostly to be attributed.

Mr. N. often tried to be religious, but as often failed; and in his wicked fits several times drove his wife from home, when she would live with her children. After several such cases of ill-treatment, she had an estate fall to her, which Mr. N. wanted her to sell, and let him have the money; but she knowing that he had no special need of it, and not knowing but he might turn her off some time, concluded that it was safest for herself to keep it in her own name, so that, if necessary, she could have a home to go to. This, of course, excited the ire of Mr. N. to a high degree, and he drove her away to live with her children.

Just at this time Archy, as he was familiarly called, came round his circuit for the first time; and, from the discourse, people thought he must have heard of the circumstance of Mr. N. and his wife; but Archy told me that he knew nothing of it till afterward. He said he made it a rule to preach one rough sermon at each appointment on his circuit, in the course of the year; and it so happened that the good Spirit led him to this kind of discourse on this occasion.

Mr. N., hearing that a new preacher was on the circuit, turned out, with several hundred others, to hear him. What the text was I do not know, nor was it of any consequence, for hundreds of texts would answer his purpose very well. He went into a general view of the wicked; their present course and future punishment. He would take up and characterize one sinner after another, show their conduct, and picture, in the most vivid colours his fruitful imagination could invent, the miserable state of such sinners in the future world. And after exhausting the long and dark list of sinners of different grades and kinds, as if by some inspiring influence, he stretched himself up in the pulpit, and, raising his hand, said: "And as for that man, that 'll abuse his wife, so that she can't live with him, but will have to go and live with her children, he 'll die and be damned; and the devil will take him in the tongs of damnation, and lay him on the anvil of God's justice, and pound him with the sledge of the ten commandments! Then he 'll hitch him up by the throat to the rag-wheel of damnation, and hoist him up among the clouds of smoke, and let him down among the old Dutch scythes and sickles, and cut him all to pieces. The young devils will then take him by the hair of the head, and drag him over the pavements of hell till they pound him all to a jelly. They 'll then cut out his tongue, cut him in quarters, and hang him up to dry."

Mr. N., who was a German, stood it till the service was closed, when he rushed out of the house with the crowd, who knew how well the discourse applied, and exclaimed: "Mine

Got, mine Got, where did that man get all that Scripture? I wonder if he was a soldier or a sailor—what ship did bring over that man?" And turning to his son, Mr. N. said, "Jake, Jake, go fetch Missy home; the devil will have me!" Jake did so; and Mr. N. lived peaceably with her till she was called home to her final rest in heaven.

M'ILROY'S SERMON ON THE SWINE.

Mr. M'Ilroy had one sermon he sometimes preached, from the text about the swine into which the devils entered, when they ran violently down the mountain into the sea. He pictured the wicked as being like the swine with the devil in them, running violently down the hill of time into a sea of fire and brimstone.

To illustrate this idea he related an anecdote: "I was once in Dublin when three hundred hogs were driven into town about sunset, and were butchered that night, and ready for market the next morning by sunrise. Where I lodged in my hotel, I could look out of my window, and see and hear the whole movement. The fire was burning, the smoke was rising, the water was boiling, the butchers were blaspheming, and the hogs were squealing. I never," said he, "saw anything in my life that so fairly and fully represents the damned in hell. There the fire will be burning, the smoke will be rising, the lake will be boiling, the devils will be blaspheming, and the wicked will be howling, and that to all eternity."

This terrific mode of preaching was not uniform with him; it was occasional, and when he thought the circumstances of the case, or the character of some of his hearers, required it. He was often in a milder mood, and would explain the truths of the Gospel with the most vivid imagery, or argue and defend its truths against popular errors, with more than ordinary ability; but when he did preach terror, it was of the most scathing character, and would raise the hair on a

man's head, and especially if the remarks applied to him. But withal he was useful. Many, of course, preferred his milder mood of preaching, and some would flee from the house; but many were awakened and converted under his ministry.

He travelled in the wilds of the western wilderness fourteen years; saw much improvement in the settlement and society of the country; saw the Church emerging from infancy to maturity of strength; and finally died in the bosom of his family, in great peace and holy triumph.

M'ILROY AND THE DANCING-MASTER.

At a quarterly meeting on Carlisle Circuit, in 1821, the congregation was so large that they were obliged to go to the woods. They took some benches from the church, on which the people could sit, and the preacher stood in a wagon; and while William Swayze was preaching, a dancing-master, with some of his disciples, went into the church and got up a dance. The master afterward said to the others, "Let us go out and get converted." The dancers had been in the congregation but a few minutes when the power of God fell on the people, as on the day of Pentecost, and many fell to the ground, among whom was the dancing-master. The mourners were immediately invited to the altar made of the seats, when Brother M'Ilroy stood up on a bench and called out, "Hands to, here; hands to; here's a bull in the net; here's a bull in the net; here's the man that taught the people to serve the devil by rule. I pray God to break his fiddle, convert his soul, and tune his heart to sing his praise."

How it fared with the fiddle I do not know, only that it was laid aside; but the rest of the prayer was answered; the man's soul was converted, and his heart tuned to sing the praise of the Lord; and as a matter of course, the dancing-school was discontinued.

M'ILROY AND THE CALVINISTIC MINISTER.

A Calvinistic minister in Ohio, in the presence of Rev. J. B. Finley, made an attack upon Mr. M'Ilroy. The Calvinist also was a native of the Emerald Isle, and so Irishman met Irishman. The point of debate was the "secret and revealed will of God." M'Ilroy contended that if God had a secret will, from the very necessity of the case we must be ignorant of it; for if we know it, it would be no longer secret. He also denied that the Bible taught such a doctrine.

The Calvinist replied: "Your sophistry must give way to matter of fact." The matter of fact to which he referred was the case of Abraham. God had commanded him to offer up his son Isaac, and the revealed will of God was evidently that Isaac should be slain as a sacrifice, but the secret will of God was of an entirely opposite character. "Now," said the Calvinist, with an air of pride and conscious triumph over his antagonist, "your system of error falls to the ground."

The Methodist minister rejoined: "I am sorry for your sake, though not for the truth's sake, that your matter of fact turns out to be matter of fiction. Had you paid half as much attention to your Bible as you have to the Assembly's Catechism, you would not have assumed that to be matter of fact, which has in reality no existence. You say that only a part of the divine procedure in the case of Abraham was revealed, and that related to the peremptory command to slay his son. But what are the facts? God commanded Abraham to slay his son. While in the act of obeying, another command is given entirely reversing the former. Neither of these purposes of God were secret, inasmuch as they were both revealed."—*Finley's Autobiography.*

WILLIAM DAWSON.

WILLIAM DAWSON.

The following sketch of this remarkable man is abridged from a funeral sermon preached just after Mr. Dawson's death, by the Rev. Dr. Newton, and originally published in the "Leeds Times:"

Mr. Dawson was born at Garforth, near Leeds, in the year 1773. His parents were religiously disposed, and conscientiously regular in their attendance on the Established Church. His father, Luke Dawson, occupied a small farm and tenanted a colliery under the late Sir Thomas Gascoigne. His son William was the eldest, to whom he gave a good English education.

It was not till Mr. Dawson was seventeen years of age, that he was brought under the deep impressions of divine truth, and became more thoughtful and seriously concerned for his soul's salvation. This serious turn of his mind proceeded from the impression made upon it by the powerful and evangelical ministry of the Rev. Thomas Dykes, a minister of the Established Church, now residing in Hull, whom he always afterward considered as his spiritual father. He profited much also from the ministrations of that popular preacher, the Rev. J. Graham, of St. Saviourgate, York. About this time he was urged by many of his clerical friends to become a clergyman of the Church of England; they pressed the subject upon him repeatedly, but his mind appeared in a state of equilibrium. His diary, however, showed how much he reasoned upon the subject; for at this time he had commenced a diary, which consisted for the most part of statements of his own thinkings and actings. But Prov-

idence had a wider field of usefulness in reserve for him than if he had been employed in the pulpits of the establishment.

About this time, it appears, he went to hear the Methodist ministers. Mr. Pawson, that man of vigorous intellect and zealous exertion, one of the first preachers among the body in his day, went into that neighborhood. Mr. Dawson went to hear him, and was profited; but now he clearly began to see that he must either desist from going to listen to the Methodist preachers, or incur the displeasure of his clerical friends. He now became more acquainted with that body; and in the year 1800 (he states the month and day in his diary) he wrote a letter to the Rev. J. Graham, in which he gave a decided answer to the question respecting his going into the Church, and of his intention to join the people called Methodists. Although William Dawson had delivered several lectures, without texts, in Garforth, and several of the surrounding villages, in which he told them that a change was necessary, yet it was clear, as he afterward shows, that he himself had not experienced a new birth unto righteousness, and was a stranger to a clear evidence of his acceptance with God.

He was deeply impressed with divine things, and was exceedingly uniform and regular in his conduct, yet he possessed not the evidence of sins forgiven. He joined the Methodists in the village of Scholes, and there he learned from Mr. Pawson the paramount importance and necessity of a knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins; and saw that it was his privilege to have it. He earnestly began to pray, and wrestle, and agonize; and in answer to his importunities and prayers, God, for Christ's sake, was manifested, and William Dawson was filled with life, and light, and love. He could "read his title clear to mansions in the skies;" and from that time to the day of death he never lost what he then received, but often spoke of it afterward with feelings of the most inexpressible gratitude and delight.

But he did not remain satisfied with what he had already attained. It was his privilege to rise, and he saw it; he saw it to be the peculiar privilege of every child of God. He sought after, therefore, and enjoyed that "perfect love which casteth out fear;" and this he enjoyed for many years. In the following year, 1802, he began to officiate as a local preacher. John Barker was then superintendent of the circuit; and it was unanimously agreed, at the regular quarterly meeting of local preachers, that his name should be placed upon their list; when the venerable father, Mr. Barker, made the observation, "that it was his firm conviction that Mr. Dawson ought to travel as a regular preacher." There was, however, a tie which most probably prevented him from doing so. His father was no more; he was the eldest son of the family, and family claims seemed to urge him from every side to refrain. The entire management of the family devolved upon him; they looked up to him for regulation and support.

He saw that, if he gave himself to the ministry, he probably would be removed to some distant part of the country, where he should not have the opportunity of looking after them. But Providence had reserved for him a sphere of usefulness; and while a local preacher, there was scarcely a pulpit in the Methodist society throughout the country that William Dawson did not occupy. How much good was effected eternity alone will unfold. As a local preacher he had laboured until about six years before his death, when he gave himself entirely to the society; and after that time there was not a preacher in the connexion engaged in a more extended sphere of usefulness, in preaching missionary and Sunday-school sermons, and delivering speeches on missionary and other occasions. It was not in Leeds only that his preaching attracted such large congregations; but the pious, and good, and excellent William Dawson was sought after, and listened to, by persons of every rank, and of the most refined judgment and exquisite taste, in

every place. William Dawson was a thorough Methodist, and in his views of the doctrines, rules, discipline, and Church order of that body, was firm and unshaken to the end; and there were times when his fixedness was put to the test.

Though William Dawson was a firm Methodist, yet he was no bigot; he possessed a truly catholic spirit, and never reviled those of another denomination. He did not think that all the good in the world was confined to the Wesleyan Methodists. Wherever he met with the image of his Master, whether in Churchman or Dissenter, to them he would stretch out the right hand of fellowship, and with all his heart wish them success and prosperity in the name of the Lord.

William Dawson was a great man. He possessed extraordinary powers of mind; and this was shown in various ways. He had a reason for everything that he advanced. The first time that Dr. Adam Clarke saw him was at Chester. The doctor, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Newton had been preaching anniversary sermons there; and Mr. Dawson and the doctor had to go to Liverpool, after these services were over, to preach on a similar occasion. It was about eighteen miles distant, and they went in a postchaise; and Dr. Clarke was quite delighted with him, and said to Mr. Newton, the following morning, "Your friend Mr. Dawson and myself were talking all the way to Liverpool yesterday evening, and what an astonishing mind he has got! He assigned reasons all the way for everything he had done." Yes, he was a reasoning man; and had his mind been well disciplined in the art of logic when he was young, he would have been one of the first logicians of the day. He always thought for himself; and though he knew well how to take a hint from an old Puritan divine, yet he was no servile imitator. His originality was so great that he led every one to admire him. It is seldom that strong reasoning powers are combined with great fertility of imagination; but in

him they were happily united. He used strong provincialisms sometimes in his mode of expressing himself; and any person might easily discover that he was a Yorkshireman. But what of that? Truth and thought are the same, however communicated; and no matter with what accent it is delivered, so long as it answers the end. But, notwithstanding his provincialisms, who was there that could not see flashes of real genius sometimes blazing forth into a constellation? and even the exuberance of his eloquence was sanctified and happily brought to bear upon the truths which he intended to inculcate. He was an eloquent man; but his was not a stultified or strutting eloquence, to please the ear; it was the eloquence of nature, of thought, of sentiment, and of feeling; the only eloquence which can reach the heart. William Dawson was a powerful preacher, and many people would say, they knew he was a powerful man, because he had a powerful voice and frame. Ay, but William Dawson possessed another power, the power of the Holy Ghost; and, therefore, his word came with much assurance, and was exceedingly powerful to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan.

His taste for music was very refined and correct. As a poet, he ranked far above mediocrity; and had he cultivated his talent in this respect, he would have stood high in the estimation of the public.

William Dawson was not a mere moral lecturer; not one of that class of persons who give long disquisitions on the beauty of virtue, on the excellence of shedding tears of repentance, (however excellent they may be,) and the loveliness of moral perfection; nor did he simply dwell on what are the prevailing topics of most of the infidel lecturers of the day, the loftiness and power of the Supreme Being; wherever he was he introduced Christ; he knew full well that a Christless sermon would do nothing toward allaying the fears, or exciting the hopes, of a poor penitent sinner; and, therefore, he laboured with all his might to point poor

perishing men to their only Friend. And how often he used these lines:

"See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man."

And,

"Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me."

Such was his energetic mode of preaching: powerful, because experimental, practical, and accompanied with fervent prayer. Mr. Dawson died suddenly, July 3d, 1841.

On the platform he had the entire control of the passions of his auditory; and his figurative addresses will never be forgotten. O, to hear his "Harvest Home," or his "Reform," or his "Railroad," or his "Telescope" speech! If he had gone on the stage instead of into the pulpit, he would have proved himself a greater comic actor than ever Dowton was. His powers of drollery, however, were sanctified. We have heard his "Telescope" speech, and seen him make that optical instrument of his resolution, through which he saw whatever was in the heathen world, and, in anticipation, what would be when idols shall be utterly abolished. We have heard his "Railroad" speech; and when he got the Gospel car fairly moving, and Sabbath-school children, and teachers, and missionary collectors, and subscribers, and missionaries, and Bible society supporters, and how many more we do not remember, all pulling at the rope, and then forming a trumpet of his hand, made all drawing the cars to send forth their praises and hosannas to the Son of David, there were effects on an immense and eager audience we never saw before, nor expect to see again. Not a man, woman or child, could resist him; and there was so much Scripture in his representations and all said in honor of

Christ, that the speaker, with the sacred magic wand, was hid in the glory of his divine Redeemer. His travels and labours were almost as extensive as those of the Rev. Robert Newton; and few men have done more in support of the various institutions of Methodism.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

DAWSON'S "RAILWAY SPEECH."

Mr. Dawson, at the annual meeting of the York Wesleyan Missionary Society, gave the following allegory on railways, in the course of his speech:—"There was now a great mania for railways, and the Church of God was determined to have a railway round the world. They had got a survey of it, and God himself was preparing the way." He said—"Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." This is just the way they make railways. And "there shall be made in the desert a highway for our God." The Bible Society were laying down the rails, and the missionary societies were placing thereon the chariot of the Gospel, in which was seated the great Captain of our salvation. The chariot is drawn, not by steam, but by human instrumentality. The rope was twisted by faith, hope, and love. In front of the chariot were the heralds of salvation, blowing the trumpet of the Gospel—"Ride on gloriously, ride on gloriously, O thou King of saints!" And the females should have a pull—it would not dirty their hands or soil their gloves, and they would sing Deborah's song—"So shall thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let those that

love thee increase in strength." And the children would have a pull, and they would sing in thrilling music, "Hosannah to the King of David, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

DAWSON IN BRISTOL.

A friend of mine, from England, too modest to have his name recorded, is kind enough to give me the following description of Dawson, and of a Sabbath he spent in Bristol:

The "Yorkshire Farmer," as Dawson was familiarly called, was well made, and every limb was well proportioned, though his hands were very large. He wore breeches of corduroy, or plain velvet, and thick soled jack-boots. He entered the church and the pulpit humming a tune, and there was great silence among the people. In the morning his text was, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." It was a masterly sermon. His descriptive powers were very great. He said Luther declared "this news was worth carrying round the world." Mr. Dawson said "it was worthy to be printed in gold; the news was so good, and so great were the blessings connected with it, that it was worthy of being carried on your knees from one city to another, all over the globe, till the last son of Adam heard the joyful intelligence."

DAWSON CORRECTING DR. YOUNG.

In the sermon, he adverted to a passage in Young's "Night Thoughts," where the poet exclaims:

"Bound every heart, and every bosom burn!"

And where the ladder of mercy or love is represented with its

"Lowest round high planted in the skies."

Raising his voice to the highest pitch he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, in a tone of thunder, "Nay, doctor, nay, its 'lowest round high planted in the skies!' if it were in heaven we should be unable to reach it. Thank God! its lowest round is on earth, so the poorest individual on the earth may reach it, and accept of salvation!"

DAWSON STOPPING THE CHOIR.

After Mr. Dawson's masterly sermon, which was attended by the unction of the Holy One, he gave out that excellent hymn by Charles Wesley:

> "O love divine, how sweet thou art!
> When shall I find my willing heart
> All taken up by thee?" &c.

When the choir were singing the third verse,

> "God only knows the love of God;"

he stopped—addressing them thus: "Stop, friends! if angels, the first born sons of light, cannot understand the height, the breadth, the depth, the length of the love of God, how can we expect to fathom it while here below?" then he repeated with profound eloquence, thrilling his large auditory:

> "'God only knows the love of God.'

Let us sing it again, friends; for we shall have it to sing in heaven:

> 'God only knows the love of God.'"

DAWSON'S "COAL-PIT" ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the afternoon Mr. Dawson preached a very impressive sermon from a part of the fortieth Psalm: "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings," &c.

He illustrated the pit by the coal-pits. He began by say-

ing, "I know something of coal-pits. I have a number of them on my farm. Some of them are very deep; but let them be ever so deep, there will always be a light at the top. David was cast into the pit that was deep, dark, dangerous, horrible; and as he was in danger of sinking in the mire and clay, he cried out to the Lord, 'Incline thine ear unto me, and hear my cry!' David beheld the light at the top, his soul was encouraged, God inclined his ear to him, and heard his cry, and brought him up out of the horrible pit, and set his feet on a rock."

He illustrated his subject further by saying that there was once a man in his employ who was a backslider; and the power of the Almighty came upon him, and he was almost overwhelmed. He cried out, "I shall be lost, I shall be lost, I shall be sent to hell." He was in the coal-pit. "They came up for me," said Dawson, "to go down and pray with him. I went down into the pit, and he exclaimed in agony, 'O master, I shall be lost, I shall be damned.' I said to him, 'Well, Will, thou knowest thou deservest to go to hell.' He exclaimed, 'O, master, pray for me!' And we prayed where we were for two hours, and he was *delivered out of the pit while he was in the pit.* He praised God, for his feet were on a rock, and a new song was in his mouth. Like all others who are delivered from it, he felt an interest in the welfare of those who were still in danger. This is the feeling of every new-born soul:

> 'Then will I tell to sinners round
> What a dear Saviour I have found,' &c.

"He ran all the way home, and I close to him; and the moment he entered the house he fell on his knees, and exclaimed, 'Lord, sanctify my wife! Lord, sanctify my wife!' I said, 'Stop, Will, *let her be justified first.*' He prayed for her and she prayed for herself; she cried unto the Lord, and we continued to pray till the Lord converted her also, and he heard her cry, and delivered her out of the deep, dark, and

horrible pit, and she praised the Lord for delivering grace as well as dying love."

DAWSON'S BOLD FLIGHTS.

My informant goes on to say that Mr. Dawson "preached the third sermon to an immense multitude, from 1 Cor. xv, 52: 'In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.' It was on the resurrection, and was one of the most solemn sermons I ever heard. His audience were breathless. His application was most awful, making his hearer feel as if that awful hour had come, when they that have done evil should come forth to a resurrection of damnation. Toward the close, he cried out at the top of his voice, 'O, what would the lost spirits in hell give for one hour's privilege such as you now enjoy? I will call one up. In the language of Dr. Clarke, here is one speaking to you from hell. Come forward, lost soul; and speak to this judgment-bound congregation. Make way, make way, good people;' he cried out with a loud voice, at the same time extending his hands and arms. The people looked alarmed, as if they believed a lost soul from the regions of the damned was there; they were about parting, making way. Then he questioned the spirit from the regions of the lost: 'Lost soul, ruined spirit from the abodes of despair, what would you give for one hour's precious opportunity such as these people enjoy?' 'Give? Give? Give?' cried he at the top of his voice, 'I would give ten thousand worlds, if the liquid parts were liquid silver and the solid parts solid gold, I would give it all.' Then looking round upon the people, he exclaimed, 'See what a damned spirit says.' The effect was overwhelming."

DAWSON CORRECTING DR. WATTS.

In illustrating his sermon on the "pit," Dawson said that Dr. Watts had compared religion to a "golden chain, reaching from men's hearts to the pearly gates." Mr. Dawson said, "You may think it strange that I correct two of the greatest poets the same day, Dr. Young and Dr. Watts; but I think they are incorrect in these particulars, however correct they may be in other things. Nay, doctor, nay; it leads not merely from the heart to the pearly gates, but leads from man's heart to the throne of God. The links in this golden chain are made of love, good-will, benevolence, meekness, patience, charity. Brethren, there are no links in it like envy, jealousy, pride, or self-will. This glorious chain has lifted up millions out of the pit, and set their feet on a rock, and bound them to the throne of God, and as good Wesley says:

> 'Millions more thou art
> Ready to pardon and forgive.'"

In his application he came right home to the heart. Said he: "Sinner, you have nothing to fear. David was a king; you will never be a king. If it was no disgrace to David, it never can be to you. This is the only way, for king or beggar, to cry out for deliverance, and you shall find

> 'delivering grace
> In the distressing hour.'"

DAWSON'S RETORT UPON A BACHELOR.

Mr. Dawson was a bachelor, though at a late period in life he made one or two attempts to marry, but without success. When others talked of titles, he would pleasantly style himself "*Bachelor of Arts.*"

"What," said a friend, jocosely one day, "I am told you

have been disappointed in a love affair!" He instantly returned, looking shrewdly, but good-naturedly in the face of the gentleman who had passed the meridian of life, and who had himself no higher *degree* than bachelor, "that, according to report, is only *one;* but I am informed your disappointments have reached the *teens.*"

This was as unexpected as the other, for neither of them was aware, though nothing is more common, that *reporters* had been taking notes of their respective cases.

DAWSON'S RESPONSE TO REV. ANDREW FULLER.

Mr. Dawson was delighted with a masterly missionary sermon he heard the distinguished Andrew Fuller preach in the Rev. Edward Parson's church. After Mr. Fuller had elucidated his subject, and expatiated on the great good that had been effected abroad by Dr. Carey and others, he asked, in his energetic way, "Where will it end." "In heaven," responded Mr. Dawson, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard, and his face beaming with pleasurable emotions.

DAWSON AND THE PEDLER.

Mr. Dawson once preached in the neighbourhood of Leeds, on Daniel v, 27: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." A person who travelled the country in the character of a pedler, and who was exceedingly partial to him as a preacher, was one of Mr. Dawson's auditors.

The person generally carried a stick with him, which answered the double purpose of a walking-stick and "yard-wand," and having been employed pretty freely in the former capacity, it was worn down beyond the point of justice, and procured for him the appellation of "short measure." He stood before Mr. Dawson, and being rather noisy in his religious professions, as well as ready with his responses, he manifested signs of approbation, while the scales were being

described and adjusted, and different classes of sinners were placed in them, and disposed of agreeably to the text of justice, truth and mercy—uttering in a somewhat subdued tone, yet loud enough for those around to hear, at the close of each particular "light weight"—"short again," &c. After taking up separate classes of flagrant transgressors of the law of God, the hypocrite, the formalist, &c., Mr. Dawson at length came to such persons as possessed the semblance of much zeal, but who "employed false weights and measures." Here, without having adverted in his mind to the case of his noisy auditor, he perceived the muscles of his face working, when the report of "short measure" occurred to him. Resolved, however, to soften no previous expression, and to proceed with an analysis and description of the character in question, he placed the delinquent in his singularly striking way, in the scale, when instead of the usual response, the man, stricken before him, took his stick, the favourite measure, from under his arm, raised one foot from the floor, doubled his knee, and taking hold of the offending instrument by both ends, snapping it into two halves, exclaiming, when dashing it to the ground, "Thou shalt do it no more!"

Two things may be learned from this incident:

First. The power of faithful, honest, bold preaching. If the world was favoured with more of it, more yard-sticks would be broken, and more light weights and false scales would be thrown away.

Secondly. The power of conscience. How it lashed the poor pedler. There is no bribing it with money, no winning it by our smiles, no convincing it by our arguments to the guilty; when aroused it is like a whip of scorpions. Happy the man that has not conscience for an enemy.

DAWSON AND THE CRITIC.

To a person who sustained the character of a "snarling critic," and who hazarded some remarks in Mr. Dawson's presence, the latter said, "I passed some geese on Friday evening on the way to my class, when the old gander stretched out his neck and hissed at me: you are just like him, for you do nothing but *hiss*."

DAWSON AND THE BACKSLIDER.

Mr. Dawson understood the blessedness of sowing beside all waters. He often met a person near Leeds, who some years before had been converted to God, had lived sometime in the enjoyment of religion, and "then had made shipwreck of the faith" and "pierced himself through with many sorrows." He would almost always give him a word of re proof. At one time he said, "Well, John, have you joined the regiment again?" "No master, not yet," was the reply. After having accosted him in this way several times, mingling serious remarks with his interrogatories, Mr. Dawson met him full in front one day, and with great emphasis, fixing his eyes upon him like daggers, said, "I tell thee, John, thou art a deserter from God and truth; and as such thou wilt have to be *whipped* or *shot*," and so left him.

This fastened on his mind, and the dread of some heavy personal affliction, together with that of final misery haunted him wherever he went; and it was not long after, that Mr. Dawson was overjoyed with the tidings of the poor wanderer reclaimed. This certainly was being "instant in season and out of season." How well to take the exhortation of the Apostle Jude, "And others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."

DAWSON AND THE GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman who had been a Methodist in early life, asked Dawson to step into his house and take a glass of wine. He no sooner sat down than the gentleman erected a battery. "I do not like the aristocracy of Methodism." Mr. Dawson, finding where he was, replied "That, sir, is a subject which I have never studied," and after several remarks inquired, "Pray, how do you feel as to personal piety?" The gentleman returned, "I have family prayer." "In that reply," said Mr. Dawson to Mr. Everett, "I at once saw the nakedness of the land."

An appeal to personal piety was a weapon which he often wielded with amazing power, when argument failed, and when he suspected the disease to be in the heart, rather than in the system opposed.

This fault-finder is a representative of a class of ungrateful ones, who are indebted to Methodism, but having "lost their first love," they are empty-souled, the land is naked. It is not to them,

> "A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
> Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
> With every blessing blest;"

but it is barren, no fruit of holiness on their dead souls are found, neither do they bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. 'Tis true, it is not the system that is defective, they are defective; they may attend to family prayer, but it is a mere formal service, and this is the extent of their religion. Methodism has reason to complain of many ungrateful sons and daughters; "I have nourished and brought up children, but ye have rebelled against me."

DAWSON'S POWER IN PREACHING.

The following graphic description of one of Mr. Dawson's powerful sermons, is given by a correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal:

"Mr. Dawson was delivering a discourse which was peculiarly suited to his genius, and which will be long remembered in many towns and villages in England, because of the effect it almost always produced. The sermon was generally known to be one of his favourite discourses; he had preached it many times over, and it was called by his admirers, 'Death on the Pale Horse.' As the reader will readily suppose, it was founded upon Revelation vi. 7, 8. I have heard the sermon more than once, and know not that I ever heard one that was throughout of so startling a character. In bold and striking imagery; in powerful, thrilling, irresistible appeal, it scarcely could have a parallel. When Mr. Dawson had been happy in its delivery, I have seen the congregation listen with such absorbing interest that it seemed as though the very breathing was suspended, and in the pauses of the preacher a long and deep inspiration was resorted to as a relief.

"This discourse Mr. Dawson was delivering at the village in question, and was indulging in that peculiarly vivid imagery which was the basis of his popularity; 'Come and see!' the sinner is in the broad road to ruin; every step takes him nearer to hell and farther from heaven. Onward, onward he is going; death and hell are after him; quickly, untiringly they pursue him; with swift but noiseless hoof the pale horse and his paler rider are tracking the godless wretch. See! see! they are getting nearer to him, they are overtaking him!' At this moment, so perfect was the stillness of the congregation, that the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard in every part of the chapel, and upon this, with a facility peculiarly his own, he promptly seized, and

without any seeming interruption, leaning over the pulpit in the attitude of attention, he fixed his eyes upon those who sat immediately beneath, and in an almost supernatural whisper continued, 'Hark! hark! here they come! that's their untiring footstep; hark! hark!' and then, imitating for a moment the beating of the pendulum, he exclaimed in the highest pitch of his voice, 'Save the sinner, save him. See, the bony arm is raised, the dart is poised! O my God, save him, save him; for if death strikes him he falls into hell, and as he falls he shrieks, Lost! lost! lost! Time lost! Sabbaths lost! means lost! heaven lost! all *lost!* LOST! LOST!' The effect was so overpowering that two of the congregation fainted, and it required all the preacher's tact and self-command to ride through the storm which his own brilliant fancy and vivid imagination had roused."

"Perhaps somewhat apocryphal, yet generally accounted as true, is an anecdote of his preaching at Pudsey, a village inhabited by woollen-cloth weavers, some five or six miles from Leeds. As the story prevails, Mr. Dawson was preaching from the history of David slaying Goliath, and was indulging freely in the pictorial representation of which he was so perfect a master. Personating David, he had struck down the boasting Philistine, and, stepping back in the pulpit, he cast his eye downward and commenced a train of irony, which had the twofold effect of piercing every one that exalted himself against the Lord, and of adding force to the graphic picture he had already given of that strange conflict. So powerfully did the speaker depict the conqueror's emotion, and so rapidly did he heap taunt upon taunt on his prostrate foe, that the congregation seemed to forget the actual state of things in the ideal, and waited in breathless suspense for the catastrophe. Some in the gallery, in the intensity of the excitement, literally leaned forward, as though they expected to see upon the floor of the pulpit the giant's form with the stripling's foot upon his breast; and one person, carried away by his feelings, and forgetting in his excitement the sanctity

of the place, exclaimed in the broad dialect of the county, '*Aff wi' his head, Billy!*"

DAWSON SILENCING A FAULT-FINDER.

William Dawson silenced a fault-finder whom he met in Leeds, the day after he had occupied one of the pulpits of that town, in the following manner:

Gent. I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday.

Mr. D. I hope you not only heard but profited.

Gent. Yes, I did; but I don't like those prayer meetings at the close. They destroy all the good previously received.

Mr. D. You should have united with the people in them.

Gent. I went into the gallery, where I hung over the front, and saw the whole; but I could get no good. I lost, indeed, all the benefit I had received under the sermon.

Mr. D. It is easy to account for that.

Gent. How so?

Mr. D. You mount the top of the house; and on looking down your neighbour's chimney to see what kind of a *fire* he kept, you get your *eyes* filled with smoke. Had you entered by the door—gone into the room, and mingled with the family around the household hearth, *you* would have enjoyed the benefit of the *fire* as well as they. Sir, you have got the smoke in your eyes.

Live with your Bible at your right hand. Consider often, ponder deeply, hide safely in your memory's heart its precious truths; they will be your strength and joy.

DAWSON ENDING A THEOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

Doctor Adam Clarke and the Rev. Richard Watson differed widely in their views on the eternal Sonship of Christ. Mr.

Dawson was present one evening when this subject was discussed. He acted the part of moderator; and in the company where opposite opinions were espoused, he pleasantly broke off the debate by observing, in allusion to the persons of each: "Doctor Clarke is tall, and Mr. Watson is still taller; but if the one were placed upon the shoulders of the other, the doctrine of the Sonship, such is its profundity, will be found deep enough to drown them both."

Then in reference to the friends of each he smiled and said, adopting the proverbial expression, "'Every dog has its day;' I have had mine, and it has been a very good one; many have patted me on the back, and stroked my head: in the midst of all I have said, and that is my language now, 'I ask not *life*, but let me *love*.'"

DAWSON ON THE FARTHING CANDLE.

A person who was complaining of his poverty, and of his inability to serve the cause of God, was met in the following manner by Mr. Dawson: "You say you are poor, and can do nothing. If you have the grace of God in your heart, you can do something. You shall have the credit of being a farthing candle. Well, a farthing candle can give light. Take it into a dark room, and the inmates will be thankful for it. What, a farthing candle can do nothing! Yes, you can give light to a beggar. A farthing candle, and can do nothing! Yes, you can set the town on fire. Can do nothing! Yes, you can set the world on fire. Some of the first public speakers were probably lighted by the feeblest taper." This surely was encouragement to do good to the extent of his ability. If a person cannot be a sun, or moon, or comet, or star, they can be a farthing candle, and let their light shine. This is all that Heaven requires:

> "See how great a flame aspires,
> Kindled by a *spark* of grace."

DAWSON AND THE COLT.

Mr. Dawson used to relate the following in his "Incidents of Travel." He was travelling in a coach between Halifax and Leeds, when a gentleman and lady entered into conversation, of which this is the substance:

Gentleman. You are in the habit of hearing popular ministers?

Lady. At Manchester I am; not at Halifax.

Gent. You have no doubt heard Mr. ——?

Lady. I have.

Gent. What is your opinion of him?

Lady. His imagination is like a young colt turned into the field.

Gent. Have you heard Mr. ——?

Lady. Never.

Gent. Mr. ——, you, of course, have often heard?

Lady. Yes, often.

Gent. What is your opinion of him?

Lady. I never got a new thought from him in my life.

Gent. Have you heard Dr. ——?

Lady. Never.

Gent. Have you heard Mr. ——?

Lady. Yes.

Gent. He is an excellent preacher?

Lady. There is too much the appearance of manufacture about his sermons.

Gent. Have you ever heard Mr. Watson?

Lady. Yes; he never exhausts a figure. I would go ten miles to hear him any day.

Gent. There is a great deal of noise about Mr. Irving, Have you heard him?

Lady. No, nor would I go to hear him; he is for destroying the whole language of preaching, and for erecting something in its place.

But the cream of all this is in the application which Mr. Dawson made of it a short time afterward: He was in a large party, in which was one of the gentlemen referred to, who sported with a gentleman of wilder imagination than his own, and did not fail to direct attention to the playful fancy of Mr. Dawson. The latter, in the way of pleasant retort, related as much of the above dialogue as comported with the occasion, and was more than usually pointed when he turned the lady's "colt loose into the field."

This prevented the gentleman from rambling at the rate he was proceeding. The person who was partner with Mr. Dawson in the pleasantry, being seated near him, turned round, and said: "This *colt* has *trodden* upon both of us."

Mr. Dawson replied, "He has not hurt you, I hope?"

"No," responded his friend; "for, like most young colts turned out to grass, he is without *shoes*."

DAWSON AND JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

The Rev. John Angell James heard Mr. Dawson preach at a missionary meeting at Birmingham, from "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins," &c. After service, Mr. James observed that he had heard some of the boldest and most original conceptions that he had ever heard uttered, and clothed in language equally remarkable and powerful.

The gentleman to whom the observation was made, acceeding to the justice of the remark, inquired, "What would he have been had he been favoured with an academical education in early life?" He answered, "He would have been spoiled."

DAWSON ON METHODIST CLERKS.

Mr. Dawson's sermons were delivered with such pathos, that almost always he had very hearty responses. He was once preaching in Sheffield, in Carver-street Chapel. The congregation was overwhelming, and the feeling intense. He exhorted his hearers to give their hearts to God; and laying his hand upon his own heart, said, with a fine gush of feeling, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "Here's mine!" when a voice from the gallery cried out, "Here's mine too, Billy!" Nor was this the only audible token of the effect of his preaching; such exclamations as "That's right!" "True!" "Glory to God," &c., being frequently repeated during the service.

This led him to say, "If Methodism does not make men into *parsons*, it certainly converts them into *clerks*, for they are responding "Amen! Glory to God," wherever we go!

DAWSON NEXT TO NOBODY.

He would often preach when the audience were disappointed of a preacher, and was always heard with pleasure, so that he was almost an exception to the rule—"A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country." He never became old, but was ever fresh and new.

Yet he was sometimes amused with the remarks of persons on himself. "What," said a poor man, when disappointed of another preacher, "is it you?" "Yes," replied Dawson, "it is I." "Well," returned the man, intending it for a welcome in his way, "you are better than nobody." Mr. Dawson pleasantly observed, "I know my place; I am *next* to *nobody*." Such compliments are often passed by well-meaning people, who do not see their bearing or feel their force. When my first conference year was expiring, in 1834, a kind-hearted sister expressed a desire for my return

to Salisbury Circuit, seriously adding, "We would a great deal rather have you come back, than to run the risk of *getting any worse one.*"

DAWSON'S "LOCK OF STRENGTH."

A minister who heard Mr. Dawson preach, complimented the sermon, adding, "I wish I could produce the same effect in the pulpit when I am there." "Ah, sir," said Mrs. Reay, the lady of the house, "you must move the hand of Him who moves the world, before you witness these effects."

"Here," says Mr. Everett, "lay the 'power' of Mr. Dawson, and not barely, or even chiefly, in his manner of handling a subject. Though his remarks were often awfully solemn, eccentrically original, or movingly natural and pathetic, the great secret of his success lay in the power which God alone can supply." Power from on high is requisite in order to success. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

DAWSON AND THE JACK-TAR.

Mr. Dawson considered adaptation the great secret of successful preaching. Therefore he adapted his sermons to the time and to the circumstances of his audience. On a certain occasion he went to Sunderland to preach to seamen. The service was to be held in the evening, and during the day he went to see a life-boat on the shore. Some of the imagery of the sermon was terrific. He portrayed a storm at sea; a shipwreck; the raging wind, the roaring waves; storm howling to storm; the vessel driven before the mighty blast; the vessel on a lee-shore; the rocks right before the crew; death staring them in the face; the mariners not knowing what to do; despair on every countenance—some crying for mercy; wives, children and friends on the shore, but unable to render them any assistance; one crying out, "My

brother is lost;" another, "My father is there." At length the vessel strikes on the rocks; masts going overboard; a tremendous crash; awful shrieks; the survivors clinging to different parts of the wreck; waves dashing over her; in danger of going to pieces. At this moment, when all were breathless at the awful scene described; while they could hear the winds whistle, the waves roar as its dashing surges broke over the wreck, and amid and above the voice of either, could hear the cry of the perishing for help—just as the audience were breathless, thrilled and chilled with horror, he cried out, "What is to be done now? all is going, going forever!" "What is to be done?" bawled out a tar in the midst of the congregation; "why, launch the life-boat."

All this he applied to the general shipwreck of human nature, and to the only life-boat that could save from the storm. "Blessed be God," said he, "though there is no life-boat in hell, we have one here!" He then directed them to Him who is not only the way and the truth, but the *life*.

Years afterward, it was talked about, and styled by the sailors, "The Life-boat Sermon."

DAWSON AND THE SOLEMN TRIFLER.

A person who was anxious to be thought cunning, once began to exhibit his wit, in company with a few religious friends, while Mr. Dawson was present, by stating that when he became serious, he advertised a sale of his effects, referring to sin, and resolved upon selling all off. Mr. Dawson, to put a stop to what might lead to a trifling mode of conversation on a subject so awfully serious as sin, returned, "A *buyer* would be wanting for the stuff: the devil would not give a price, for it was his already; God would have nothing to do with it, for he hates it; and man needs it not, for he would find he had enough of his own without it." He could relish wit, but not when "reason put in her claim for the one half of it, and extravagance for the other."

DAWSON AND THE EDITOR.

To an editor who had been very undignified in controversy, and given exhibitions of ridicule and low wit, he gave the following advice: "Answer his reasonings like a man of reason, and not like a goose, who, when a gentleman walks steadily on, runs and hisses at him, and returns to her flock, and informs them what a victory she has got, and flutters and cackles most triumphantly!"

DAWSON ON "READING A SPEECH."

At a missionary anniversary one of the speakers appeared on the platform, with a bundle of papers in his hand. Mr. Dawson was suspicious of an attempt upon the patience of the people and inquired, "What he was going to do with all those papers." "To read them, to be sure," was the reply. "What, the whole of them?" "Yes," said the intended reader; adding, "such documents constitute the *life blood* of a speech." "Let me tell you, then," said Mr. Dawson—who looked upon reading on a platform as producing the same effects upon a congregation that a damper produces when put into the oven, and who well knew the difference between the exercise of the intellect upon written documents, and matter bubbling up from the heart—"let me tell you, that your speech will die of *apoplexy*, for the *blood* has all gone up to the *head*."

REV. JOHN COLLINS.

THE REV. JOHN COLLINS.

John Collins was a very distinguished man—distinguished not only for his talents as a preacher, and his zeal in the cause of his Master, but also for his success. He was a native of New-Jersey, born in 1769, and was brought up a Quaker, using the plain language *thee* and *thou*. After he was converted to God, and had identified himself with Methodism, he laboured some years in New-Jersey, as a local preacher, with great acceptability and usefulness. In 1804 he emigrated to what was then called the West, and settled in Ohio. He was the pioneer of Methodism in Cincinnati, and in many other places. He preached the first Methodist sermon in the "Queen City of the West," to twelve persons, in an upper room. Since then, the little sapling has become a mighty tree, the rill has become a river, "the wilderness and the solitary place have been made glad, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose." After labouring as a local preacher for three years in Ohio, he joined the Western Conference in 1807. After filling many important stations, with honour to himself and usefulness to the Church, he fought his last battle and conquered his last enemy in Maysville, Kentucky, 21st of August, 1845.

Mr. Collins went down to his grave full of years and full of honours. He was a man the Church delighted to honour. As a man, he was one of the noblest specimens—a noble body and a noble soul. As a preacher, he excelled in argument. He could use Heaven's burning logic. He abounded, also, in illustration, and would relate anecdotes and incidents with powerful effect. His preaching was distinguished both

for pathos and power. "He preached like a man that had measured eternity, and taken the dimensions of a soul." Abundant seals he had to his ministry, "living epistles," among whom were Judge M'Lean and his brother. "Though being dead, he yet speaks;" many rise up and call him blessed. His name in Ohio is held in grateful remembrance.

"The long and eventful life of Mr. Collins is made up of many important and interesting events. His history is identified with the history of the West. His usefulness as a preacher is unsurpassed in Western Ohio. As a successful pastor, we never knew his superior. His philosophic turn of mind eminently qualified him to meet the objections of sceptical minds, and many of this class have reason to rejoice that they were blessed with his instructions. Brother Collins possessed a strong and vigorous intellect, a quick and clear perception. His lively imagination enabled him to employ the whole field of nature to illustrate the truths of grace."—*Minutes for* 1845.

Judge M'Lean, who acknowledges Mr. Collins as his spiritual father, has done a service to the Church in writing a sketch of the life of Rev. John Collins. We only regret its brevity. To it I am indebted for some anecdotes and incidents, as well as to other sources of information.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

COLLINS AND THE QUAKER.

Mr. Collins, when a local preacher, often preached in Quaker neighbourhoods in his native state, New-Jersey, before he emigrated to the West. He was to preach in a certain place one evening. The night before, a Friend, who was

opposed to him and his sentiments, had a peculiar dream. In his dream he beheld the scenes of the last judgment, and imagined himself weighed in the balance, and, to his horror, found wanting. While expecting, in terror, his sentence, the Judge said, "Weigh him again," when suddenly he awoke.

The next day, one of his neighbours invited him to attend Mr. Collins's preaching, and judge for himself of the man he was opposing; but he declined most positively. His friend then urged him to accompany him in a short walk, for the purpose of some special conversation; he consented, and was led unsuspectingly toward the place of worship. When he found himself near, he attempted to return, but was urged to enter, and he complied with the request. He agreed to hear for once what the preacher had to say. He sat down, with his broad brim on, and not in the best frame of mind to hear; for he was full of prejudice as they were proceeding with the opening service before the sermon. When this was through the preacher arose, and, with the utmost solemnity, gave out for his text, "*Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.*"

The Quaker was astonished, and the recollection of his terrible dream made the discourse much more impressive. As the preacher proceeded with his sermon, describing the Scriptural standard of experimental religion, the Quaker was convinced that he was indeed "wanting" in everything that constituted genuine piety. He was convinced "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;" of the necessity of securing a "wedding garment" that would qualify him to mingle with those John saw with their redemption-robes before the throne. He sought and found the Lord, and united himself with the Church he had opposed; and in him the preacher found a sincere and steadfast friend.

Mr. Collins used to relate the anecdote, and conclude by saying, "He made one of the best class-leaders I ever knew in the Church."

COLLINS LAYING DOWN HIS COMMISSION:

Not his commission to preach Jesus and the resurrection, this he never did till he

> "The body with his charge laid down,
> And ceased at once to work and live;"

but when he was converted, he held the office of major of the militia; this he laid down when he received a commission in Immanuel's army. The one who succeeded him came to purchase his uniform and arms, and Mr. Collins said to him, in his own peculiar style, "*My friend, when you put these on think of the reason why I put them off.*" The remark made an indelible impression upon his mind, sunk deep into his soul, and led to important results. It led him to reflect, and his reflections led him to act. He also renounced his commission, and became a man of prayer; he yielded to the most illustrious of conquerors enlisted in the army of the redeemed, and fought under the great "Captain of our salvation."

COLLINS'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

While Mr. Collins was attending one of his appointments in the West, he dreamed that he received at the Post-office a letter bearing a black seal, and containing intelligence of the death of his father then in New-Jersey. It made so deep an impression on his mind that he made a record of it.

Two weeks afterward, on returning home, he received just such a letter as he had seen in his dream, sealed with black; and the date of his father's death agreed with the record in his diary.

COLLINS'S FIRST SERMON.

Mr. Collins was afraid he should "run before he was sent," and therefore long resisted the conviction that it was his duty

to preach the Gospel. Finally, he consented to try once, and if he was successful in the awakening of one soul he would consider this as evidence of his call to the ministry. While on his way to a place of worship, a text suddenly came into his mind, which he thought would be a suitable theme for a discourse; but he could not remember chapter and verse. He entered a house, just as a young man was reading the sacred Scriptures. Singularly enough, the text he wanted to find was a part of the lesson read. He preached from it with such power and pathos that the young man was awakened under the sermon, and was soon after converted to God, and became one of the most eloquent preachers in the Methodist connexion. In the West he was well known, universally beloved, and is still most deeply lamented. His name was Learner Blackman. For many years he travelled extensively, and preached the Gospel from the Ohio to the Mississippi.

His end was tragical and painful. Returning from the conference which was held in 1815, in Cincinnati, he was drowned in crossing the Ohio River. His conversion was not the only fruit of Mr. Collins's first sermon. Ten more of the family were converted under it. Heaven set the broad seal of its approbation upon his first sermon, and he no longer doubted or hesitated in regard to duty. He gave himself wholly to the work, and "made full proof of his ministry," for he had everywhere living epistles, known and read of all men.

COLLINS'S SERMON IN CINCINNATI.

Mr. Collins preached one day in Cincinnati, to a large congregation, and feeling a desire to discharge his duty faithfully and to the general acceptance of the congregation, he became embarrassed, and utterly confused in his ideas, and being wholly unable to recover himself, the thought occurred to him while preaching, that so soon as the service was end-

ed he would leave the house, avoid his friends, and never return to the town.

This suggestion he resisted; but he was deeply mortified and dejected. The next day he preached in the country on his circuit, and felt uncommon liberty. This, before he was aware, elevated his feelings, and he saw there was a selfish principle at the bottom. On this view he retired to a solitary place, fell upon his knees, and poured out his whole soul before God. He prayed fervently that he might be kept from despondency on the one hand, and from an undue elevation on the other.

Some two months after this, being at a love-feast in Cincinnati, a sister rose and told the congregation that she received the convictions which led to her conversion under the discourse of Mr. Collins, which had given him so much pain. Hearing this, "he thanked God and took courage." And this led him to a resolution which was never afterward shaken, that in preaching he would do the best he could and leave the result to God.

Ministers often are left in the same way to teach them wherein their great strength lieth; "that it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord:"—that "Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God giveth the increase." The planting of the one, and the watering of the other, availeth nothing without the divine blessing.

COLLINS AND THE CALVINISTIC WOMAN.

Mr. Collins once preached at a private house in Springfield, Ohio. A Calvinistic lady was present, and remained after the congregation had left, to converse with him. She commenced the conversation by saying, "Mr. Collins, I don't like your doctrines." With a mild and benevolent smile, he observed, "I am sorry to hear you say so, sister; but to what particular doctrine do you object?" She replied,

"You do not preach the perseverance of the saints." My dear sister," said he, "you are mistaken; I preach to the saints that they must persevere, or they cannot be saved."

COLLINS AND THE DRUNKARD.

One day Mr. Collins met a drunken man in the street, who came up to him, and professing much regard, observed, "Mr. Collins, you converted me some years ago." "I converted you! no doubt it was I; it looks like my work."

COLLINS AND THE COUNTRY FUNERAL.

When the country was new and but thinly settled, Mr. Collins was riding upon the banks of the Ohio River, some thirty or forty miles above Cincinnati, in company with a friend, when they came to the forks of the road; the left hand road led more directly to their place of destination, the right was more circuitous; but Mr. Collins, against remonstrance, preferred the latter, from an impression which he did not particularly define. It led to the mouth of Red Oak, where the town of Ripley is now situated.

As they approached this point they saw a funeral procession, which they immediately joined, and followed it to the grave. It was the *first* funeral in that place. The corpse was the wife of Mr. Bernard Jackson, an avowed infidel. After the grave was covered, Mr. Collins made known to the people that he was a preacher of the Gospel, and would then preach a sermon to all that remained. No one went away. He read for his text, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and preached with overwhelming power.

The solemnity of the occasion, and the circumstances which brought him to the place, added, no doubt, to the effect of the discourse. No one could apply circumstances more forcibly than Mr. Collins. There were many tears and

sobs in the congregation. The infidel husband was overwhelmed; and from that day and hour he renounced infidelity, shortly after became a member of the Church, lived to adorn the Christian religion, and died in peace. He had one son, who is now a traveling preacher in the state of Indiana.

Mr. Collins believed in a special Providence. The inclination to take the right hand road, he believed was prompted by it, of which he could entertain no doubt, when he saw the funeral procession, and preached to the mourning crowd.

"And is this," says Judge M'Lean, who relates this incident, "too small a matter for Deity? Peter was called to preach to Cornelius; and his objections were overcome in an extraordinary manner. Philip, being prompted by the Spirit, joined himself to the chariot of the eunuch, and 'preached to him Jesus.' And who that believes the Bible does not believe that the same Spirit operates more or less upon Christians at the present day?"

COLLINS AND J. B. FINLEY.

In 1833 Mr. Collins attended a camp-meeting near Batavia. Mr. Finley was preaching, and the power of the Lord descended upon the people in a remarkable manner. The preacher was divinely assisted. When he was about two-thirds through with his sermon, Mr. Collins, who was seated on the stand, arose and touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Now, brother, stop; keep the rest for another time, and throw out the Gospel net; it is now wet, and we shall have a good haul." Mr. Finley obeyed, the net was thrown out, and there was abundance of fish when it was drawn in.—*Finley's Western Methodism.*

COLLINS AND THE BANK-NOTE.

In 1832, when the General Conference held its session in Philadelphia, Rev. John Collins spent the Sabbath in Tren-

ton, N. J., and related the following anecdote to Wm. C. Howell, Esq., with whom he put up. In a letter to me, Mr. Howell says: "Father Collins, of Ohio, was a very interesting man. He was full of anecdote, but all were of a serious character, and calculated to profit. The only one I recollect distinctly is that of *the genuine bank-note.*"

When Mr. Collins was presiding elder in Ohio, he held a quarterly meeting where the congregation was new to him. At the love-feast, a brother of timid, doubting disposition, arose and said, "Brethren, I feel to-day as though I was in doubt what to say. Sometimes I think I have religion, and then, again, I hardly know whether I have or not. I wish to be a child of God, and save my soul; but I hardly know how it is with me. I should like to know what the brethren think of me;" and then sat down.

Brother Collins sat some time waiting for some one to reply to the brother. As no one spoke, he said he was moved, as if by inspiration, to say what follows, although he did not know when he began where he would end, viz.:

"A man is in utter poverty, deeply in debt, and has nothing to pay with. He is sorely afflicted in consequence of it. He owes a thousand dollars. A friend pities him, and presents him with a bank note sufficient to pay off the whole. The man receives it with gratitude, and hastens to his creditors to pay off his indebtedness. On the way he meets a friend, who, knowing his difficulties, and seeing him so buoyant in spirit, hails him, and asks him which way? The man tells him that a friend had presented him with a bank note sufficient to pay his debts, and he was on his way to do so.

"The friend says, 'Let me see your note.' He shows it to him. The friend condemns it as counterfeit—good for nothing. The man's spirit sinks within him. He is disposed to turn back; but thinks again, 'I will show it to another friend.' He does so. The second friend says, 'The note is good.' His spirits are again elevated, and he proceeds onward and meets

a third person, to whom he shows it. He says, 'It is counterfeit.' The man is discouraged, and returns home, and relates the whole thing to his wife. The wife says, 'I tell you, my dear, what I would do. I would take it to the bank, and show it to the cashier, and ask him; he will tell you all about it.'" By the time Father Collins had got thus far, the brother caught the idea, and with extended arms he arose, his countenance beaming with celestial splendour, and shouted at the top of his voice, "*Glory to God, my note is genuine.*"

REV. THEOPHILUS LESSEY.

THE REV. THEOPHILUS LESSEY.

Theophilus Lessey was one of the best preachers English Methodism has produced. The following brief sketch of his career is taken from the English minutes:

"He was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, April 7, 1787, and was presented to God in the holy sacrament of baptism by the venerable John Wesley. His father, who was an esteemed minister in the Wesleyan body, endeavoured to train up his son in the Lord's ways from his earliest infancy. Nor were his labours vain. Our departed friend was early moved by the Holy Spirit's gracious visitations to "know the God of his father, and to serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind." Deep impressions of God and things eternal were made on his heart while at Kingswood school; and, at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, he became a partaker of that scriptural conversion in which the divine life really begins. After some time he was thought to possess talents which might, by God's blessing, render him an acceptable and useful teacher of the Christianity which he now personally enjoyed. But at first he shrunk from the task. His father also was of opinion that, from his constitutional sensitiveness and timidity, he would never be competent to the performance of public services. How little did he then foresee the station which that diffident youth would occupy among the guides and teachers of the Church of God! He engaged for some time as a local preacher, and was afterward conducted through the usual trials and examinations into that ministry which he exercised with so much ability for nearly thirty-three years. The

sphere of his labours became more and more extensive. He stood forth as one of the most powerful preachers of God's truth among us, and was, in the Christian sanctuary, 'a burning and a shining light.' The memory of many bears witness to his character as a public teacher. His understanding was enlarged, vigorous, and sound; his spirit was richly imbued with sentiments most unfeignedly and deeply evangelical; his attainments were of a highly respectable order, and were sacredly devoted to the service of scriptural theology, in which he greatly excelled; and his gifts as a preacher were of no ordinary rank. His sermons were remarkable for comprehensive views of divine truth; for clear expositions of the word and ways of God; for a strain of thought and feeling which was formed and guided by all that relates to the cross; for a lucid and orderly communication of the lessons which he taught, a constant reference to the varieties of Christian experience and practice, and an eloquence eminently pathetic and powerful. It may justly be said of him, that he was 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' When he had for a series of years extended the benefits of his services, regular or occasional, through most parts of the connexion in the United Kingdom, he was at length raised, in the year 1839, to the highest station of the body, as president of the conference; the duties of which station he discharged, for the short time that health was continued to him, with exemplary zeal and fidelity; but shortly after the conference over which he presided, he was seized with the affliction which remained, with different degrees of severity, for nearly two years, and at length issued in his removal to the world of eternal life. During that affliction he afforded a most edifying example of the 'end' of a Christian 'conversation.' He thirsted for larger measures of sanctifying grace, and rejoiced in the possession of them. All seemed mature. 'Christ,' said he, 'is my *only hope*. On his atonement I rest—his *precious atonement*.

'In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to his cross I cling.'

"'I cannot now kneel before God, as I used to do; but my mind is almost constantly engaged in prayer.' 'I live in the favour of God. I am a poor, sinful, worthless creature; yet for the sake of Christ he has blotted out my transgressions, and cast my sins behind his back. But I want to be *wholly* sanctified; as the apostle says, "body, soul, spirit." I want this body so to partake of this sanctifying grace that even the nervous agitation which I feel when anything suddenly surprises me may be done away, that in constant calmness and quietness I may possess my soul.' 'I am just now at the mercy-seat. I am casting myself there. It is my place of refuge—my only refuge.' '*Precious* atonement! the sinner's hope.' 'O for more of God!' 'I have had a *restless*, but a *happy* night. This room has been a Bethel to me; and so it has often been; for here I have held sweet communion with God from time to time. O how good the Lord is to me!' Two or three weeks before his death he said, with uncommon emphasis, 'I am sanctified! sanctified by the grace of God! O the mercy and goodness of God!' Speaking of the sudden departure of some of his friends, he said, 'If it be the Lord's will, I should be thankful for such a departure; but if he sees fit to do otherwise by me, I trust he will give me patience and strength to endure *all* his will. I little expected to be laid by so long; I thought I should have died in the harness; but it is all right. He has taken me from the hurry and agitation of such a laborious and public life as mine has been, and has led me into a comparatively solitary wilderness, apart from most of my friends, that I might look into my own heart, to humble me, and to prove me, and to give me, by more uninterrupted communion with himself, a fuller meetness for my heavenly inheritance.' Speaking to Mr. Scott on the subject of his affliction, he said, 'It has done me good; and whether I live or die I shall be the better for

it. I feel ready, quite ready, to go, whenever the Lord shall call me.' On the Sunday before his death he was greatly cheered and comforted by the visit and conversation of Dr. Bunting, to whom he gave the most delightful testimonies of the peaceful state of his mind, and of his preparation for whatever the Lord might think fit to appoint to him. On the day of his death he emphatically repeated a couplet which was often on his lips:

> "And when thou sendest, Lord, for ME,
> O let the messenger be LOVE!"

His death was sudden. He had spent a comparatively quiet and easy day, when, from the rupture of a vessel in his lungs, the blood began to flow copiously. He rose from his chair, apparently oppressed with a feeling of suffocation, walked into his bedroom, sat down on the bedside, and with a slight quiver, but without a sigh or groan, passed at once to that rest for which it had pleased God so mercifully to prepare him. He died June 10, 1841, in the 55th year of his age, and the 33d of his ministry."

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

MR. LESSEY AS A PREACHER AND PLATFORM SPEAKER.

Mr. Watson once said to him, "You have the happy art of touching the hearts of the people; you reach their consciences, you move their affections, and by this means good, great good, is done, in the conversion of sinners and the building up of the Church." It was a remark of Billy Dawson's, that Mr. Lessey "had the heart strings of the people in his hands, and moved them just as he pleased." The poet

James Montgomery, was a great admirer of Mr. Lessey, and wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs. Lessey, when she was left a widow. Mr. Lessey was also the intimate friend and correspondent of the eloquent and elegant Robert Hall.

He excelled as a platform speaker as well as in the pulpit. This is not always the case; some ministers are giants in the pulpit, children on the platform. There are others who seem to be far more at home on the platform than in the pulpit. Daniel Webster once said, "If a lawyer should be shut up in a place like one of our 'tub pulpits,' he would never accomplish anything."

Mr. Lessey was honoured by his brethren by being elected president of the conference, and he is the only son of a Methodist minister on whom such a distinguished honour has been conferred.

Though dead, his pulpit and platform efforts will not soon be forgotten; the influence he left behind him is hallowing. He was buried close by the remains of Richard Watson, and within a few feet of the tomb of the venerated Wesley. What sacred dust is sleeping there! What mighty prisoners the grave holds there! But the period is coming when these sleepers shall awake at the sound of the trump and rise to life immortal.

LESSEY AND DAWSON.

On the platform Mr. Lessey was sometimes a little playful, but generally full of pathos. Mr. Thornton gives us the following account of a misssionary meeting which Messrs. Lessey and Dawson addressed. Mr. Lessey's address was eminently pathetic; his health was then feeble; he had suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs several times. Mr. Lessey described *the greatness and glory of the Missionary work as viewed by one who stands on the borders of the unseen world;* and he enlarged with his characteristic eloquence, softened, but not enfeebled, on the universal charity of the Gospel.

When Mr. Dawson arose to speak, he was overpowered and burst into tears. Finding himself scarcely able to proceed, he begged the president's leave to give out one verse of a hymn, which was sung with much emotion by the assembly.

"Till glad *he* lays this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend,
And O! his life of mercy crown,
With a triumphant end."

During the singing Mr. Lessey's face was wrapped in his cloak, and for some time after he was deeply affected. After the singing, Mr. Dawson made a characteristic and effective speech.

LESSEY AND THE INFIDELS.

In the month of July, 1829, two noted infidels, Carlisle and Taylor, visited Stockport. They heard of the fame of Mr. Lessey, and sent him a challenge to publicly discuss the merits of the Christian religion with them. Of this he took no direct notice, but at the request of a few friends, he preached a sermon on the truth of Christianity. An overflowing congregation attended on the occasion. The preacher seemed to rise with the grandeur and dignity of his theme, and the impression produced on the minds of his audience, was uncommonly deep. Some could scarcely repress their feelings, while Mr. Lessey, in his most powerful style of argument and eloquence, proved and illustrated the truth of Christianity, as the only basis of man's immortal hopes, while he also exposed the absurdity of infidelity. Many infidels whose curiosity had led them to hear him, retired from the chapel with something like the air and manner of criminals, when sentence had been pronounced against them.

LESSEY AND THE COUNTRY PREACHER.

On one occasion a country preacher whom Mr. Lessey scarcely knew, had written to him at a time when he was

much engaged, requesting him to make inquiries concerning a situation for his daughter. A friend present signified that he might delay this matter for a while. "No," replied he, "I will do all I can to serve a brother minister. It is possible that my own children may one day be thrown upon strangers." This certainly was acting in the spirit of the hymn,

> "Help us to help each other, Lord,
> Each other's cross to bear;
> Let each his friendly aid afford,
> And feel his brother's care."

LESSEY'S PUNCTUALITY.

One stormy night when the wind was howling, and the snow fell fast, Mr. Lessey had an appointment in the country. Mrs. Lessey tried to dissuade him from going, saying it was dangerous to venture out such a night as that. "Hush," said he, "you, as a preacher's wife, ought not at any risk to dissuade him from the performance of his duty, but should be ready to turn even your husband out in such weather, rather than he should neglect his proper work."

LESSEY ON POPERY.

Mr. Lessey visited Dublin in 1839, and delivered some addresses there, which were efficient and masterly. They were baptized with Protestantism.

A subscription from a converted Roman Catholic lady was handed up at one of the meetings, with a slip of paper, on which was written, "A thank-offering of gratitude to Almighty God, for saving me, through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, from the errors of Popery and the horrors and expenses of the confessional." "Shortly after this," says Mr. Fannin, who was present, "Mr. Lessey arose in one of his most impassioned moods, and gave utterance to bursts of eloquence, which astonished and delighted all who

heard him. He drew a picture of Popery to the life, and exposed it in its true colours; he assured the Irish Protestants that all the sound, good, and right feeling of England sympathized with them; and he also admirably showed the singular fitness of Wesleyan Methodism in all the branches of its agency, and its other institutions, to counteract not only the errors of popery, but every error incident to man, and to lead him to happiness here, and to heaven hereafter.

"Large subscriptions," adds Mr. Fannin, "and gifts of land to build chapels and school-houses in different parts of the country, were the immediate results of this speech, and were acknowledged as such."

Mr. Lessey was requested to furnish a copy of his speech for publication, but he replied, "it was altogether extemporaneous."

LESSEY AND OLD JAMES.

A poor, aged member of the Society in Weymouth, was an eminent example of Christian faith. He had passed the years of his strength at sea, a rough, coarse, ungodly mariner. His health failing, he was compelled to abandon the seafaring life, and do what he could to provide himself with support. He occasionally attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and, yielding to the agency of God's Holy Spirit on his heart, was made an humble and joyful partaker of divine love.

He longed to do something for the good of his fellow-men, and was wont to "cast his bread upon the waters," by dropping a useful word, as opportunity allowed, in the ears of others, exhorting, encouraging, reproving, in some short terse sentence, every acquaintance he passed in the street. Mr. Lessey found him too feeble to do any regular work. He was receiving an allowance of five shillings a week, which he expended in a way that deserves to be mentioned. Two shillings and six pence he paid to his sister who was a poor

woman, for his lodging and washing; six pence a week he set apart for the poor-box, the Missions, and for the support of the cause of God in the town where he dwelt; one shilling a quarter he gave for a seat in the chapel, and another as his contribution at the quarterly renewal of the society's tickets; thus reserving only one shilling and ten pence a week for food, fire, and clothing. Yet old James, as he was called, never wanted. His necessities were supplied, according to his faith, by the bountiful providence of God; and "he went on his way rejoicing." He commonly spent the Lord's day in the chapel and vestry. Taking his Bible and a little bread and cheese with him, he repaired thither to the early prayer meeting, and did not return home till the last evening service was concluded. Mr. Lessey's ministrations were exceedingly edifying to old James. To hear Christ proclaimed in all his offices, (and this formed one of the peculiar excellences of Mr. Lessey's discourses,) was the joy of his heart. Never did he meet his beloved pastor without giving utterance to some strong expression of gratitude for benefits received through his instrumentality. He has long since entered into his rest, but his "works" of self-denying charity "do still follow him." Such examples do not always find a place in the annals of earth. Are they ever omitted in the annals of heaven?

LESSEY AND THE DRUNKARD.

One Sunday afternoon in Halifax, England, in 1825, a notorious drunkard repaired, as usual, to the public house; but the landlady refused to supply him with any more liquor until the old score, which stood against him, was discharged. At last, however, she consented to let him have a pot of beer for his hat. Not a drop more would she give him; and he returned home mortified and vexed. On entering his cottage, he perceived a tract lying on the table. It had just

been left by a tract distributer. A wood-cut on the first page attracted his attention. That cut represented a woman, the mistress of a public-house, driving a drunken-looking fellow from her door, while she pointed with one hand to a long score on the wall, and held his hat in the other. The man was thunderstruck. It was precisely such a scene as the one in which he had just been an actor. He saw what an object of contempt and derision he had rendered himself by his misconduct, and resolved that he would change his course. Having washed and dressed himself, he set out, after tea, for a walk; but as he passed the Wesleyan Chapel, he was attracted by the singing which he heard, and turned in thither.

Mr. Lessey was the preacher. The word of God as administered by him, reached the heart of this poor sinner. From that time he resolved that he would regularly attend the chapel, entirely withdrawing himself from the scenes of his accustomed resort. Deep conviction had seized upon his heart. He was heavily burdened with a sense of his guiltiness before God, and earnestly sought acceptance with him. The Sunday but one after the above mentioned event had occurred, he again heard Mr. Lessey, and, during the sermon, was enabled to commit himself by faith into the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ. He instantly found the mercy for which he mourned, and "went down to his house justified." The change was not transitory. He continued steadfast in the ways of the Lord; and more than a year afterwards, himself recited the circumstances of his wonderful conversion in a Wesleyan lovefeast, rejoicing in that divine compassion which had plucked him also as a "fire-brand out of the burning."

REV. JACOB GRUBER.

REV. JACOB GRUBER.

The following sketch of the Rev. JACOB GRUBER was prepared by the Rev. T. H. W. Monroe, for the *Christian Advocate and Journal:*

"The Rev. Jacob Gruber was born in Bucks county, Pa., February 3, 1778. His parents, John and Plautina Gruber, though natives of Pennsylvania, were of German descent and dialect, their parents having emigrated from Germany. They were members of the Lutheran Church, in which they had been trained from infancy; and, as a matter of course, brought up their children in the same faith.

"At this early period Methodism was hardly known in that region; but it soon began to make an impression through the travelling preachers, who, in their regular visits, proclaimed the Gospel with such power and energy, that many became awakened and began to cry for mercy. These extraordinary meetings, attended with such unusual excitement, soon aroused the prejudice of some, and the alarm of others, until stern opposition was raised against the new doctrine, as they called it, and the Methodist preachers were denounced as false prophets. Very soon, under this preaching, the subject of this memoir evinced considerable seriousness and concern for his soul. The preacher who was the immediate instrument of his conversion has been heard to say, that so violent was the opposition he had to encounter, so great the embarrassments thrown in his way, and so discouraging the prospects before him, that if he could succeed in getting one soul converted to God, it would be a good year's work, and would amply compensate him for his labour. His moderate

wish was more than granted. That year a gracious revival of religion occurred, many souls were converted, and among them was Jacob Gruber, then between ten and fifteen years old. The precise year of his conversion cannot now be ascertained with certainty. His consequent connexion with the Methodists, together with his burning zeal for the cause of God and the salvation of souls, so exasperated his parents, that after all their efforts to cure him of his Methodist religion and zeal had failed, he was driven from home. Some time afterwards, however, but how long is not known, they became so far reconciled as to receive him back again. A short time after this he was apprenticed to learn a trade, at which he worked for several years, enduring great hardship and neglect. The bad treatment he received becoming known to his father, (though Jacob never mentioned it, nor complained of it himself,) he immediately went after him, demanded his indentures, and took him home. During all this time, and amid all these discouragements, our youthful Christian continued faithful to his God. By the advice of his father, he determined to remain at home and work at his trade, which he had not quite completed. For this purpose a small shop was erected, and tools and materials were procured; but how long he remained thus employed is not definitely known.

"During this whole time his religious zeal and faithfulness knew no abatement. He had been appointed class-leader and licensed to exhort. As a leader he was efficient and useful; and his labours and exhortations in prayer-meetings were so greatly blessed, that many were awakened and converted through his instrumentality. This again produced such religious excitement in the neighbourhood, and was so offensive to the *orderly* notions of the *professedly* religious, and withal excited such alarm for the safety of their children and the Church, that the opposition of his parents was once more aroused, and to a higher degree than before. With the hope of extinguishing this *wild-fire*, as they called it, and of arresting and subduing this dangerous delusion, as they

imagined it to be, Jacob was peremptorily and finally driven from their home; for sooner than abandon his religion and offend his God, he was willing to part with all the endearments of home and parents, believing with the Psalmist, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up;" and in his case this was most literally and strikingly fulfilled. Pressed to the necessity of making his election between an abandonment of his religion or his home, he willingly and cheerfully chose the latter; and, with great Christian firmness, prepared to carry it into effect. With his clothes in a knapsack on his back, he started on foot for the town of Lancaster. On his way, he was providentially met by a Methodist preacher, perhaps a presiding elder, who, after a short conversation, advised him to commence calling sinners to repentance in a larger field than heretofore; and urged him to fill a vacancy which had occurred on an adjoining circuit, perhaps by the death of one of the preachers. He consented, and immediately investing nearly all the money he had in the purchase of a horse and equipage, went directly to the circuit referred to, and laboured there until conference, which came on soon after, when he was admitted into the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the spring of 1800, and appointed to Tioga Circuit.

"Though young and inexperienced, being only a little over twenty-two years of age, he preached, and prayed, and suffered with all the zeal and stability of a veteran, and thus early formed those habits of industry, economy, sobriety, and abstemiousness for which he was ever after distinguished. The privations and hardships of early life, with the blessing of God, effectually trained him for the arduous work of a Methodist itinerant. So faithful and useful were his labours wherever he went, that he soon rose to an honourable height in the confidence and affections of the bishops and his seniors in the ministry; as proof of which he was put into offices of great responsibility at a very early age. He had only finished his sixth year in the ministry, being just twenty-

eight years old, when he received his appointment from Bishop Asbury as presiding elder of Greenbrier district, Virginia.

"His different fields of labour, their great extent, &c., will be seen by the following statement of the circuits, stations, and districts to which he was appointed during the fifty years of his ministry. By carefully examining the 'Minutes,' it appears that some of his circuits were as large as some districts are now, and the districts which he travelled were, in extent, equal to, if not larger than some entire conferences at the present time. In the year 1800 he travelled Tioga circuit; 1801, Oneida and Cayuga; 1802–3, Dauphin; 1804, Carlisle; 1805, Winchester; 1806, Rockingham; 1807–1809, presiding elder on Greenbrier District; 1810–1813, presiding elder on Monongahela District; 1814, Baltimore City station; 1815–1818, presiding elder on Carlisle District; 1819, Frederick; 1820 and 1821, Dauphin circuit, Philadelphia Conference. Some time during the first of these two years he was married to Miss Sally Howard, of Frederick county, Md. This he accomplished during his *rest-week*, as he called it, so that he lost no appointment, but was married and returned to his circuit again in time for the Sabbath work; 1822–3, on Bristol circuit; 1824, Lancaster; 1825, Burlington; 1826–7, Chester; 1828, stationed at St. George's, city of Philadelphia; 1829, Gloucester; 1830, Salem; 1831–2, Waynesburg; 1833, Port Deposite. In 1834, because of the ill health and enfeebled condition of his wife, he was transferred back again to the Baltimore Conference, and stationed at Sharp-street and Asbury, Baltimore City. During this year Mrs. Gruber died in great peace, and was buried in the old family burial ground in Frederick county, Md. In 1835, he was reappointed to Sharp-street and Asbury; 1836, Ebenezer station, Washington City; 1837, Carlisle circuit. At the close of this year he was married to Mrs. Rachel Martin, of Lewistown, Pa.; 1838–9, stationed at Sharp-street and Asbury, Baltimore; 1840–41, Lewistown

circuit; 1842–3, Mifflin; 1844, Trough Creek; 1845, Warrior's Mark; 1846, Shirleysburg; 1847, East Bedford, but was changed by the presiding elder to Huntingdon circuit, which he travelled during the year; 1848–9, Lewistown circuit. Unable to attend the last conference, March, 1850, by reason of affliction, he addressed a letter to one of his brethren, Rev. S. V. Blake, in which he took an affectionate leave of the conference, and asked that a superannuated relation might be assigned him for one year, thus allowing him to have his *jubilee*, after fifty years of toil. The conference complied with his request, and also directed the secretary to address him a letter expressive of their affection and sympathy. During the whole of his half century of itinerant labour there was not a gap or intermission of four consecutive weeks for any cause whatever. This is a remarkable fact, and worthy of record, as it so seldom occurs, even among the healthiest and strongest of ministers. His work was divided as follows: thirty-two years he spent on circuits, seven in stations, and eleven as presiding elder on three different districts.

"After finishing his work on Lewistown circuit, (and he worked up to the last Sabbath in February, without any abridgment of duties,) he started with his wife for Baltimore city, hoping to reach the conference, which sat in Alexandria, Va. Passing through Carlisle, he preached his last sermon in that place on Sabbath night, March 3, though with great suffering, as he was much indisposed. He reached Baltimore in a few days, but his pain was extreme, for violent inflammation had seized his right foot, which, to the skillful eye of his physician, soon developed the fearful fact that *saline mortification* or *Pott's gangrene*, had become established. At the instance of his medical adviser, he hastened home to his residence in Lewistown—a sufferer indeed.

"The best medical advice within reach was immediately procured, and all was done that skill, medicine, and attention could do to arrest the progress of this terrible disease,

but in vain. Though his vigorous constitution, the skill of his physicians, and the constant attentions of his wife and friends, did much to delay the crisis, and lengthen out his days, yet, after his sufferings had been protracted for nearly three months, disease gained the mastery, his strength gave way, and he sunk to rally no more. Unaccustomed to affliction for more than threescore years, it was a most painful trial to him to be confined to a couch and tortured in body. He often said it was a new, strange, and mysterious lesson he had to learn. At first, with painful days and restless nights, his patience and fortitude were taxed to their utmost capacity. It was difficult for him to reconcile his present suffering with his past long life of labour, activity, and health. But as grace was needed, it was kindly bestowed; and sweetly was he mellowed down into true Christian resignation. Now he began to perceive that having finished his work, and through a long life having, to the best of his ability, done the will of God, all that remained was to suffer his will.

"His affliction had a most happy influence upon his heart and feelings; they became so tender, humble, simple, pure, and holy, as to indicate clearly that his Heavenly Father was just finishing the work preparatory to his reception to glory. He punctually attended to his religious duties and devotions during the whole period of his confinement until within two days of his death, and, being generally able to kneel, officiated in turn with his wife at family worship. So fixed were his habits of devotion, so great his love for the privileges of the sanctuary, and the public as well as private means of grace, that he would not consent to remain at home on the Sabbath, but was carried to the church by his brethren in a chair or on a bench, that he might *hear* the word of God and be comforted, if he could no longer preach it himself. This he continued to do up to the Sabbath before his death. The last Sabbath he spent on earth, he was in the house of the Lord, morning and evening, and listening to a discourse delivered by the

preacher of the station from a text which he himself had selected, viz.: 1 Pet. v, 10, 11, 'But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle you. To him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.' This day he seemed to enjoy himself more than usual during the public worship, having less pain to distress him. It was very gratifying to see how God was graciously answering prayer in his behalf, and was gradually softening the violence of his disease, and kindly and gently smoothing his pillow as the eventful moment approached.

"Not allowing himself to indulge any certain hope that his disease could be removed, he hastened to adjust his temporary affairs. In the disposition of his property by will, the aged and worn-out preachers, the widows and orphans of those who have died in the work, and the missionary cause, are beneficiaries. A real and genuine friend to all that was good, he showed himself true to the last.

"He was taken suddenly worse on the evening of the 23d of May, having several attacks of fainting or swooning: and no doubt the work of death began at that time, as he gradually grew weaker and weaker until, forty-eight hours afterward, the scene closed. It was a matter of regret to me that my appointments required me to leave on the morning of the 24th, and I was thereby deprived of the privilege of being with him in his last hours. His attentive neighbour, Rev. S. V. Blake, however, had the mournful satisfaction of ministering to him even to the last, and his unwearied devotion to the bedside of the venerable man is worthy of all commendation. From him I have learned the particulars connected with the closing scene. Brother Gruber was perfectly conscious that his end was rapidly approaching, and he sighed for the happy release. He requested Brother Blake, if it could be ascertained when he was about to die, to collect a few brethren and sisters around him, that they

might (to use his own words) '*see me safe off;* and as I am going, all join in full chorus and sing, On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' &c. A few hours before he died he asked Brother B. whether he could stand it another night; and was answered, that in his judgment he could not. 'Then,' said he, 'to-morrow I shall spend my first Sabbath in heaven! Last Sabbath in the Church on earth—next Sabbath in the Church above!' and with evident emotion repeated, 'Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths never end!' Brother B. perceiving that he was fast sinking, and could only survive a few moments, asked him if he felt that he was even then on the banks of Jordan? to which he replied, with great effort, and these were his last words, 'I feel I am.' He was exhorted to trust in Jesus, and not to be afraid, but to look out for the light of heaven, his happy home; and then, in accordance with his request, the hymn he had selected was sung, but ere it was concluded his consciousness was gone. The singing ceased, a death-like stillness reigned, only broken by his occasional respiration, and an overwhelming sense of the presence of God melted every heart. A minute more, and his happy spirit winged its way to its long-sought rest without a struggle or a groan—so calmly, so peacefully did he fall asleep in the arms of Jesus. O! it was a privilege to be there. To see so aged a servant of God finish his course with such confidence, such composure, such firmness, such blessed hope of glory beaming from his countenance, was a privilege indeed, the grandeur of which we will not attempt to describe.

"Thus has fallen one of the oldest and most faithful ministers of Christ, aged 72 years, 3 months, and 22 days.

"He shared the sympathy of the whole community during his affliction, and marked respect was paid to him and his family at the interment. Brother Blake conducted the funeral services, and delivered a discourse founded on Matt. xxv, 21, in the M. E. Church, to a large concourse of all denominations, and citizens in general, after which the body was

committed to the earth, to sleep there till the resurrection morning. Subsequently the association of preachers for Huntingdon District, passed resolutions expressive of their high regard for his character, and similar proceedings were had in the preachers' meeting at Baltimore City, in the convention of stewards for this district, and in the Quarterly Conference of Lewistown and Mifflin circuits.

"Brother Gruber was, in many respects, an extraordinary man. In his character there was a rare combination of traits. Some of the harsher and more unpleasant of these were frequently most prominent, and, to the superficial observer, they were made the standard by which his whole character was judged. By such a rule, however, great injustice has been done him, for in this way should no man's character be measured. All the different traits should be taken together, all the features should be viewed at the same time, and a just and righteous balance struck, or the decision will be partial, the judgment inaccurate, and the portrait will fail to be an exact resemblance of the original.

"There existed in him a very unusual combination of severity and lenity. Faults in professors of religion he never spared, but felt himself bound, as a faithful watchman, to reprove; and this he did, sometimes, with withering sarcasm, and always with great severity and sharpness. Apparently he seemed to select such opportunities, and such language, as would make the deepest impression and inflict the greatest torture. But under this apparent harshness (which is attributable, in a great measure, to the rigid discipline under which he received his early training) there was an inexhaustible vein of lenity and kindly feelings. Though he always used a sharp instrument in probing the wound, and did not always use it with a steady and tender hand, yet so soon as the true signs of contrition, convalescence, and amendment were discovered, he had always a healing balsam to apply. And if some might suppose that his harshness and severity were excessive, others, having an

equal opportunity of judging, might decide that his lenity and kindness were equally excessive. In all cases, however, whether of severity or lenity, it cannot be doubted that his motives were always pure.

"In him *rigid economy* and *great liberality* were strangely blended. This was another of his peculiarities; but the combination was often overlooked, from the fact, that while his economy was always visible and notorious, his liberality was generally silent, modest, and unostentatious. He never allowed himself to indulge in luxury, nor gave any countenance to superfluity. He permitted nothing to be wasted, no needless expense to be incurred, and saved everything that could be turned to good account. In dress, in diet, in the transaction of business, in the management of his circuit or station, the same rules governed him. His rigid adherence thereto has, in the estimation of some, fixed upon him the reputation of being parsimonious. But they did not know him. His benefactions may be said to have been munificent—for he has given away to needy individuals, towards the erection of churches, to literary institutions, and by his last will has bequeathed, for the benefit of worn out travelling preachers, widows, and orphans, and ultimately to the missionary cause, sums making in the aggregate a larger amount than is often contributed by men of his means. The excellency of his course, as he himself has often remarked, is seen in this; the great objects which he kept steadily in view by the rigid economy of his life were, first, to set a good example before his brethren and the younger preachers, who, he feared, were becoming too extravagant and prodigal; and, secondly, that thereby he might be able to give the more to all benevolent objects. Thus his economy became the means of his liberality, and fully acquits him from the charge of parsimoniousness. If he carried his economy to an extreme, as some supposed, which, however, is very doubtful; yet the fault was not only fully covered, but overbalanced, by the good use he made of it. If any

benevolent enterprise was started by the Church in the place of his residence, or its vicinity, the first application was generally made to brother and sister Gruber, that they might head the list, and by their liberality stimulate others. And this they but seldom failed to do, and never when the necessity and propriety of the measure were beyond doubt.

"He was a man of untiring energy and industry. His energy was kindled, his principles moulded, and his habits formed, in the school of early Methodism in this country, and after the model of some of the most useful and efficient Methodist preachers. Nay, like St. Paul, he could say, that he was 'in labours more abundant.' He performed more work, preached more sermons, endured more fatigue and hardship, with less abatement of mental and physical energy, than perhaps, any other minister of his times. Indeed, the steady and glowing flame of his zeal and industry was never quenched until extinguished by death. He knew no cessation, nor even abridgment of labour, until just three months before his departure, and only then when arrested by disease. Truly he 'ceased *at once* to work and live.'

"He possessed a strong and vigorous mind, which generally exhibited itself as well in conversation as in his sermons. Had he been favoured with a thorough education, there is reason to believe that he would have been surpassed by few. He displayed an originality of thought, a sharpness and readiness of wit, an aptness of illustration, together with a flow of cheerfulness, which made him an interesting and instructive companion. The vigour of his mind, which seemed to ripen and mature with his years, evinced none of that infirmity which was stealing upon his body, and displayed no diminution of strength up to the last hour of his earthly existence.

"He was a sound theologian. None will charge him with a want of orthodoxy. Thoroughly posted up in the doctrines of Methodism, from the works of Wesley, and catching the living inspiration from the lips of Asbury, Whatcoat,

M'Kendree, and others, these doctrines became to him that system of divinity most in accordance with the Holy Scriptures. Nor was he unacquainted with the doctrines and usages of other denominations, as laid down in their books. His sermons gave unmistakable evidence of this, when he felt it to be his duty to come in contact with them. As a preacher, his pulpit discourses were always good, and sometimes almost overwhelming. Generally, he took a sound and correct view of Scripture, pursued his own course in its exposition, and preached with great zeal and energy, and often with considerable effect. In exposing false doctrine, and unmasking false religion, he was quite caustic, and frequently successful.

"But Jacob Gruber is gone, and his voice is silent in death. Yet his name and his deeds still live. Thousands now living on earth will remember him with gratitude; while thousands more have already welcomed him to the mansions of rest; and, beyond all doubt, many will rise up in the judgment, and call him blessed."

The following statement received from an old minister, who does not allow me to mention his name, shows that the opposition of Mr. Gruber's parents, mentioned in Mr. Monroe's sketch, must have entirely vanished in the course of years:

"About the year 1830, I travelled Bristol circuit, which reached up to 'Haycock Mountain,' where the Grubers lived, and where Jacob was born and spent the days of his childhood and youth. Here lived his brothers Peter and John, and his mother resided with a sister, who was married. The father died some years before. The mother died in 1832, from old age, not disease. 'The weary wheels of life stood still.' Her death was triumphant. The children were all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Peter was a class-leader, John only a private member. We preached every two weeks at Peter's on a week night. He lived in a large stone house, having a grist-mill under the same roof. We used

to go through the mill to bed when we lodged there. It was said that Peter was the richest man in the township, and yet he and his wife, worked harder than any southern slaves.

Anecdotes and Illustrations.

GRUBER'S CONVERSION AND ENTRANCE UPON THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

"In 1791 the Methodist preachers came into my father's neighbourhood. G. Bailey and J. Lovell were the first we heard. Many strange things were said about them; some were afraid of them, called them false prophets, and other bad names; but many went to hear them, and some got awakened. In 1792, S. Miller and J. Robinson preached for us, and a class was formed. Father and mother, and a dozen more joined; so did I, though only a schoolboy. I got little or no schooling after I was twelve years old; father had other work for me to do. Under deep conviction I went from meeting to my closet, sought the Lord early and diligently, and found peace and comfort to my soul. We had good meetings. The Lord was with us. But the next year my father was ill treated by one of the preachers, got prejudiced against the Methodists, and ordered me off to hunt a master and learn a trade. I went to Lancaster county, was bound apprentice, served out about half my time; was not well used; was taken sick. In the meantime my father got among the Methodists again, and very kindly came and took me home, built me a shop to get my trade complete, and go to work and make my fortune, as it was called. We had regular meetings and a revival. My brother and others

were powerfully converted. We had wonderful meetings. The cries of mourners, and shouts of converts, were painful to some whose heads were softer than their hearts. Some were offended, persecution arose, many false reports about our meetings; and, as I was leader and had licence to exhort, much blame fell on me. Some neighbours, who were enemies to the Methodists, brought the evil reports they had heard or dreamed to my father, and set him against his family and the Methodists, and as I was a ringleader, as some said, there were no quarters for me; so I was driven away, left father and mother, brothers and sisters, shop and tools, all behind, took my clothes in a wallet, &c. I found friends who knew my situation and the exercise of my mind. They said Providence opened my way to travel. They recommended me to the Philadelphia Annual Conference. Some of the preachers encouraged me. One said I would kill myself in six months; another said one month would end my labour, the way I exposed myself. I had got a low-priced white horse. One of the preachers, who knew how I got out, said to me, 'Well, you have got on the "Pale Horse," death and hell will follow you, only take care and don't let them get before you.' So I had some comforters. My thoughts were, perhaps they would send me into Delaware, a sickly country, to finish my work in a year, and then go to my long home. But instead of going down I had to go up—up rivers and mountains, and take my degrees among lakes and rivers, and Indians, for two years.

"A mysterious Providence brought me into the travelling connexion. I was not a volunteer; I was pressed into the ranks. I never applied for licence to exhort, nor to preach, nor for a recommendation to conference. My friends did all that for me. A gracious Providence has 'my life sustained, and all my wants supplied.' Hitherto 'the Lord hath helped me,' 'and I hope, by his good pleasure, safely to arrive at home;' but not till my work is done."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TWO YEARS IN THE ITINERANT MINISTRY.

"In reading some pieces about old times, I thought I would give my beginning. In 1800 I was driven from my father's house, with my all in a wallet on my shoulder. My brethren recommended me to the Philadelphia Conference. I was sent to Tioga circuit—a four weeks' circuit, all alone. It was a large circuit, and I had only a few rest days in a month. The lower part of it was Wysock, then Towanda, Sugar Creek; the point up the Chemung some distance; then up the North Branch, above the Great Bend, as they called it. We had good meetings, the Lord was with us. Being young, only a stripling, I requested, and the presiding elder brought a preacher with him to the second quarterly meeting to take my place. The stewards paid me my expenses—between four and five dollars, and sixty-seven cents quarterage, for two quarters. Then I was sent to Herkimer circuit, with Father A. Turk, the last two quarters of the year; in which time we took in Mohawk circuit. Then we had the country from Jericho to near the head of the Mohawk River, in a six weeks' circuit, for three preachers: we had good and great times.

"I was told there was no need of me at the conference, so I continued in the work, and got my appointment for 1801 to Cayuga circuit, with J. Newman. This year was full of changes. Oneida was added to Cayuga. I went one round on Seneca circuit, which included the country between Cayuga and Seneca Lake, and all beyond the Genesee River.

"The last quarter I was on Chenango circuit. We had prosperous times this year. Persecutions and oppositions from different quarters—no new thing. What a change since that time! The Albany district was then in the Philadelphia Conference. In two years I travelled all

over every circuit, from Tioga Point to the head of the North Branch; then to the head of the Mohawk River, from Jericho to Cooperstown; then to Utica, and to Rome; from Rome to Paris; then to Geneva; and then to Jerusalem, and all the places between. The people were kind, and treated me better than I deserved. Here ends the second year's work and travels."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER'S PERSONAL HABITS.

Mr. Gruber generally rode on horseback, as the old itinerants all did. They seemed to think it a sin to ride in a carriage or in any other way than on the animal's back. He was the very personification of neatness, as well as plainness. He generally wore a drab hat, and a gray suit, of quakerish cut. He was very eccentric, and remarkably sarcastic. His conduct was marked by not a few singular whims. He could not endure cats, dogs, tobacco, tea, coffee, canes, veils, or any superfluities whatever. He considered them evil, only evil, and that continually; and he denounced them in no measured terms, and his practice was in perfect accordance with his preaching.

His aversion to dogs amounted almost to a monomania; he would expel them without mercy, from the house, the yard, or the high road, whenever they came in his way. It is said, even, that he once stopped a funeral procession and got out of his carriage, in order to drive away some dogs who were following the mourners. After attacking the dogs lustily and successfully, he remounted the carriage, and allowed the procession to go on.

During the session of a conference in Philadelphia, he preached at the Union Church, from Matt. ix, 10: "Provide neither gold, &c., nor yet *staves*," &c., and he said, "without *canes?*" "And were you not in danger of falling down without them?" Some of the preachers had procured ivory-headed, and others silver-headed canes, and he wished to

express his strong disapprobation of the practice. There was something so quizzical in his countenance, that the preachers were ready to smile in advance, before anything was said, because they expected something, and were not disappointed.

GRUBER AND THE VEILS.

In preaching at a certain place where some of the women were in the practice of coming in rather late, he said, "It was no wonder; they were doubly blinded: blinded by the God of this world, and then they had 'towels' before their faces, poor creatures, how could they see?"

GRUBER'S POWER IN PRAYER.

Many men excel in preaching, but not so many in prayer. The heroes of Methodism were distinguished for power in preaching, power in singing, and power in prayer. There must have been something very extraordinary in the following prayer for Brother Howe to remember it a half a century:

"In May, 1800, or 1801, at a quarterly meeting on old Delaware circuit, when the Rev. William M'Lenahan, presiding elder, and Rev. D. Higby, and Jacob Gruber, were circuit preachers, we had one of the most extraordinary and powerful times I ever saw. It seemed to resemble the day of Pentecost: the sermon by the presiding elder was very powerful: under the prayer by Brother Gruber, the barn where we were assembled was shaken, and the people almost instantly sprang to their feet, and shouts of joy and cries for mercy filled the place, and many fell to the floor, and others were filled with fear and fled. It was a glorious time, never to be forgotten. We returned home with our hearts burning within us, like the two disciples who went to Emmaus."—*Rev. Samuel Howe.*

GRUBER AND THE DEVIL'S FIRE-BRAND.

Mr. Gruber was a great enemy to tobacco, whether used in chewing, snuffing, or smoking. When he travelled Chester circuit, Pennsylvania, he put up at the house of a brother, whose son, in order to be courteous, offered him a segar. Mr. Gruber felt indignant, and said: "What do you stick your devil's fire-brands at me for?"

GRUBER'S POSSESSIONS.

Mr. Gruber was once riding near his father's house, and pointed out to his first wife the beautiful farm of his brothers. She inquired, "My dear, where is yours?" "Here it is," said he, "the road on which we are travelling."

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in the wilderness."

He was disinherited when he joined the Methodists, and expelled from his father's house, but "when his father and mother forsook him, then the Lord took him up." Afterward, as we have seen, the parents were reconciled, united with the Methodists, and died in the bosom of the Church.—*Rev. G. D. Bowen.*

GRUBER ON EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS.

"At a meeting on Greenbrier District, Baltimore Conference, in 1807, we had the common shouting exercise, the jumping exercise, the running exercise, the dancing exercise, the whirling exercise, the pointing exercise, the crying exercise, &c., &c. When any ask me to explain all these antics or exercises, I say I do not explain what I do not understand. Many who had these exercises did not understand them—would not account for them. I am not called to analyze or methodize the jerks: have no tools for that work. At one

of the camp-meetings in Greenbrier, there were some Presbyterians with tents. In one of them there was much praying and shouting. I asked them where they belonged. They said, 'To the Presbyterians.' I said to them, 'In those places they would not own you; you make too much noise. Who is your preacher?' They said, 'We have none; we hold prayer-meetings, and meet with the Methodists. We have some occasional supplies.' I was told a young minister came 'hunting a call.' He preached or read a sermon, and had the appearance of a dandy. One of their elders asked him whether he had ever had his soul converted. His temper rose, and he said he was sent to preach to them, not to be examined by them. They told him, if he had never been converted, they did not want him to preach to them: so he did not even get a 'common call.' Poor fellow, he would have to try it again and again.

"An old preacher came and preached. Some in the congregation fell, as was customary then, and the preacher fell himself. It was said, after he got up, he preached like another man. When he got back to his congregation, his preaching was so different from what it had been, that some got alarmed, and made inquiry whether he had turned a 'New Light.' He replied, No, it was the old light, but newly snuffed. What a good thing it would be to have our lamps frequently trimmed, and our candles snuffed! May the Lord shine away all our darkness, and make us all light in him. Yours respectfully."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER LOST AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"My travels among the Pendleton and Greenbrier mountains were hard and severe. One very cold night in the winter, I took a path for a near way to my stopping-place, but got out of my course, wandered about among the hills and mountains, and to the top to see clearings, or hear dogs bark, or roosters crow, but all in vain. After midnight the

moon arose. I could then see my track, the snow being about knee deep. I went back till I got into the right course, and reached my lodging between four and five o'clock. The family were alarmed, and said I was late; but I called it early. Lay down and slept a little, got up for breakfast, then rode part of the day, and filled two appointments. I took no cold; the Lord supported me, and gave me strength according to my day and work. Thank him for it.

"At the end of the first year in this district, I had a chain of appointments through Greenbrier district to Baltimore Conference. I went from Tygart's Valley to the head of Greenbrier, a wilderness of hills and mountains, through which there was only a path. No house was to be found for more than twenty miles. On one occasion, the snow was gone into the valley; no one told me of any danger; I got to the path and hills about ten o'clock; soon found snow near knee deep, and no track. It began to rain; got to Cheat River about two o'clock; found it between two and three feet deep. Half way across, the ice was too hard to break. Got on it, and made my horse do the same, and got over. Went on; night came on; lost the path, and had to stop. It began to snow and blow—a cold storm. It froze hard; had to sit all night on my horse, or stand by his side. Heard panthers scream, and other beasts howl. It was a long, painful night. I thought I was dreaming; but found it a waking and frightful reality. When light came I found my path; got to the Greenbrier River about ten o'clock; found it like Cheat River, the day before, and got over it just the same way. Got to a friend's house about eleven o'clock. They were frightened at seeing me, for no one had come through the wilderness by the path through the winter; no one would have ventured who knew the danger. Neither my horse nor I had eaten anything since the morning before. Next day I overtook my appointments; went on, filled them all, without *catching* cold; though the cold caught and held

me fast one night for true. Hitherto has the Lord helped me."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER'S REPROOF OF PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

There is much of the spirit of Eli in the world—criminal parental indulgence; especially where the parents have risen from poverty to wealth. But few ministers would reprove with the fidelity of Jacob Gruber; and if they did, they would probably receive as few thanks as himself.

"In one of the circuits I found a local preacher who had been an itinerant, but had married, settled himself quite easy and independent, got rich, and had a fine family; but none of his children had religion. On a Sunday afternoon, while sitting with him and his wife, a very *fine* young man and a *fine* young lady came in. The preacher introduced them to me as his children. After a friendly conversation, I took upon myself to be master of ceremonies, and introduced the father to the son after this manner: 'This is your father; he is a plain Methodist preacher; he is trying to persuade all to come to Christ for salvation: the young to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and children to honour and obey their parents. What will his congregation think when they look at you, his son, his oldest son? the Lord pity you.' Then I spoke to the father: 'This is your son, this fine, gay, fashionable young man, with his ruffles and nonsense about him, is the son of a plain Methodist preacher. What will your congregation think of you when they hear you preach, and see your son as he is? Will they not think of Eli, the priest?' This was amusing to the fine young lady. I then turned to her, and said, 'This is your mother, this plain, old-fashioned woman, is your mother. She prays for you, is trying to get to heaven, and will probably leave you behind, in a world of pride, vanity, and folly. Look at her. Who that looks at you would guess that you were related to her?' I then spoke to her mother: 'This is your

daughter, this fine-looking young lady, with her ruffles, rings, curls, locket, and silly needle ornaments about her. Look at her. What will the people think of you and her? You a professor of religion, and a preacher's wife. Some will think, that though you are plain yourself, you love to see your child gay and fashionable; but they will wonder who buys those costly toys and trinkets, father or mother. Others will think that your daughter is master and mistress both, and does as she pleases. But some will fear that, with her beau-catchers, she will catch a fool and go to destruction. This would be no comfort, or credit to you or her.' Here ended the introduction; but I got little thanks for my ceremony, politeness, and plain-dealing. Amen."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER AND FATHER RICHARDS.

"At the conference in 1805, held in Winchester, Virginia, I was left on Winchester circuit. J. Richards, a fine, sensible young man, was my colleague for two quarters. He was then taken away by the presiding elder, to fill a station from which a preacher had run away, to be a parson in a Protestant Episcopal Church. At the conference the character of J. Richards was fair and good; he had a very young though serious appearance; and one of the old preachers said, he wished 'that some old preachers were as serious and solemn as that young man.' Bishop Asbury looked pleasant, and said, 'Do you make any allowance for solids and fluids?' The young man preached very nice well-connected sermons, fifteen or twenty minutes long. He was very studious. Take a sample. A man asked him to stop and dine at his house, being on his way to his afternoon meeting. He stopped, the man took him into the house, left him in a room, and went to feed his horse. On coming back to the house, he met the young preacher coming out, with his saddle-bags on his arm, and asking for his horse. 'Why,' said the man, 'Mr. Richards, you must not go away; stay for dinner.' The preacher spoke

out, 'I cannot stay here. There are young persons in another room, laughing and talking, who interrupt me in my studies. Did you not know I was a minister? Why would you let me be so insulted?' All the man could say would not pacify the minister; he must have his horse, and go where his studies would not be hindered or interrupted; so he went on.

"He was then sent to the Lake country; and from there the bishop sent him as a missionary to Canada. There he left his station, ran away to his grandmother, (the Church of Rome,) got among the priests, and the last account I saw of him, he was among the nuns, known as Father Richards, a little, good-natured, fat man, &c. I hope he will not go to limbo or purgatory at last, to finish his studies."

If the reader wishes to know more of Jacob Gruber's colleague, "the solemn and serious model young man," he can peruse the following extract from a letter of Rev. R. M. Greenbank, who travelled with Mr. Gruber in New-Jersey many years ago. It was published originally in the Christian Advocate and Journal:

"I was much amused and gratified to hear from my first colleague in the ministry, Rev. J. Gruber, with whom I laboured and *grubbed* very agreeably one year among the pine-roots and sands of New-Jersey. I was highly interested in hearing the statements in reference to the early ministry of Mr. J. Richards, and perhaps Brother Gruber may not be dissatisfied to hear once more of his 'fine, sensible' colleague, the little '*fat*' *Cretan* whom I had the *distinguished honour* to see a few years ago. When I was in Montreal I took the liberty to visit the old gentleman, (?) and not far from the seminary where he resides, I met, from appearance, a respectable lady, from whom I inquired the way to the domicil of Father Richards. She very politely returned with me to his residence. As we walked up the yard near to his door, a well-fed little man was sitting at the window, enjoying, apparently, a cooling breeze on a warm summer's morning, perhaps being

over-fatigued with his morning religious exercises. My very kind *Cicerone*, pointing to the window, observed, 'There is Father Richards;' and as I was very near the window where he sat, I was just going to make my best bow, when the gentleman stepped back and disappeared. I fully anticipated he was coming to meet me at the door and bid me welcome to the seminary. The door not opening, I knocked with all the gentility I had ever learned. A servant was there in a moment. I asked for Father Richards. He replied, 'I believe he is not in, sir, but will see.' After a few moment's absence, probably spent in conversation with the ghostly father, he returned, and observed, 'He is not in.' I replied, with obstinate pertinacity, 'I saw him at the window a minute or two ago.' He replied, 'I will see again,' and tarrying a little longer than before, he returned and positively assured me he was not at home. Wonder if he was still attending his studies? I fear such *modern politeness* in directing servants to state such abominable and wilful falsehoods, and commanding domestics to say they are not at home, will send many persons, as well as Brother Gruber's colleague, one hundred and eighty degrees beyond the outskirts of purgatory. Although the above expression, 'Not at home,' be very common in the '*beau monde*,' yet I apprehend in the judgment day, it will be alarmingly sufficient to send the individuals guilty of these things to that place where hope and mercy never come."

GRUBER AND THE QUAKER.

"I will relate a conversation that took place on the road from Cumberland to Union Town. I left Cresap Town early in the morning, and passed the first tavern about sunrise, just as two travellers were starting on their journey. We rode together. One of them was very talkative and inquisitive. After I bid him good morning, he said, 'How does thee do?' After asking me a number of questions, my

turn came to ask, 'Where did you come from?' 'From Virginia,' was the answer. 'What part?' He replied, 'Applepie Ridge.' 'That is a place I have been at in years past,' said I. 'Is it improving any?' 'O yes, it is. There are a number of Friends about there.' 'Well, there are revivals of religion in different parts and denominations now. Is there any revival, are any getting religion and getting converted, among the Friends on Applepie Ridge?' 'O yes, a good many, I hope.' 'I am glad to hear that—am always glad to hear of souls getting converted anywhere, but never heard of any getting converted in a Quaker or Friends' meeting in my travels.' He said, 'Thee is uncharitable.' 'I do not wish to be so; but now you bring good news. Were there many converts at Applepie Ridge?' 'I hope a good many,' said he. 'Well, I hope so, too. Could you give me the names of some, perhaps I might know them?' 'O, there are a number.' 'I am glad of that. Please to name two or three?' A pause and silence. 'I want to have it to say,' I continued, 'that souls get converted among you as well as among other denominations. Don't leave me as uncharitable as you found me. Name one convert.' No answer. 'Have you ever been converted yourself?' No reply. At length he said, 'We don't look at these things, and speak of them, as thee does.' 'What,' said I, 'can you, after being sick, full of pain, miserable, starving, and in a dark dungeon, be cured, healed, find peace and rest, be fed and filled, be brought into light and liberty, and not tell of it? After being blind, can you recover your sight and not know it, and speak of it? Ay, tell to all around what a loving, powerful Saviour you have found.' He said, 'There is no need of speaking or preaching. Every one might turn inward, and find the true Teacher and inward light.' 'What,' I asked, 'do you mean Christ, by the true Teacher and light?' He said, 'Yes.' 'Why, then,' I replied, 'he is compared to the sun; and that sun that is shining on us, and all around us, is not in us. He dwells in the hearts of believers by faith. He is

not in the wicked; he "stands at the door and knocks," not inside. You make no distinction between the good and the bad—all have the same inward Teacher. But it is clear that Satan is in sinners. The evil spirit works in the children of disobedience. It does not teach them to read and search the Scriptures, to pray, and keep holy the Sabbath day, and to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of God blameless.' He turned off from the road to a house, to get his breakfast, and said, as he went, 'Fare thee well.' So let it be. Farewell."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER AND THE IRISHWOMAN.

"Between Redstone and Washington there was a very friendly Irish family. The woman was 'a great woman;' she 'guided her house,' and sometimes her husband too, like the Shunamite. She was a subscriber to Dr. Clarke's Commentary, and also a great friend and admirer of John Wesley and his preachers. The first morning after lodging in her house she said to me, 'Now you can say what you never could say before.' 'What is that?' 'Why, you slept in the bed that Mr. Wesley slept in.' 'How is that?' 'Why, the last time he was in Ireland he lodged with us, and I have always kept that bed for the preachers to sleep in.'

"She told me about a Church parson in this country, who had been one of Mr. Wesley's preachers in Ireland, but was overcome by a besetting sin, and got out of the connexion. He came to this country, got a gown, became a parson, and one day he called at her house. She treated him kindly, but was afraid he would take it as a respect to his office. So she told him that, when he came that way, he was welcome to call, because he had once been one of Mr. Wesley's preachers. David respected Saul because he was the Lord's anointed, so I shall always respect you because you was once one of Mr. Wesley's preachers; not because you are a parson, and get *frisky* sometimes.' He replied, 'No great compli-

ment, madam; good-by.' I know not whether he called again.

"She had a singular idea in one thing. I inquired whose field that was in sight of her house? She told the man's name, but said he was not likely to come to much. I asked why? She said, 'He is a bachelor.' 'What,' said I, cannot a person—a man—get along in the world, and do well, without getting married?' She answered, 'No; but as soon as a man is married he may get on his knees before his wife, and ask her if he shall ever be worth anything.' She thought, too, that 'a girl that did not know how to make and bake bread, and make her own clothes, and do housework, would be at a loss to direct how it should be done, and would be a poor thing for a wife. She might do for a doll, or a plaything to put in a cage, or to look at, and to catch a fool.' And I think the Irishwoman was more than half right."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER AND TWO RICH METHODISTS.

"On the South Branch some rich men were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One was said to be a singular man. I will state one of his peculiarities. He did not like to be imposed upon. He frequently had visitors, travellers, who called themselves Methodists, and wanted to stay all night. If they had a fine dandy appearance, he would tell them they must feed their own horses. He would show them the granary, take them into it, and shut the door. Then they must kneel down and let him hear them pray. He thought he could tell what they were. Just before a quarterly meeting, when he was near his end, I went to see him. He was 'calm as summer evenings are;' his prospect bright, his peace great, and his hope full of immortality. I was the last that prayed with him, and that he spoke to. One thing which he said was this: 'Some of my neighbours set me down for a hypocrite or an

enthusiast in life, but I hope they will believe me sincere in dying, as I shall die. I hope I shall be like Samson, conquer more of the enemies of religion in my death than in all my life.' I sat by his side till he breathed his last. His end was peace. He fell asleep in Jesus, not to awake till the morning of the resurrection. I made an effort to preach his funeral sermon to a very large and serious congregation. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' I said to myself, 'Let my last end be like his.' Amen."

"I want to write something about another man in the same neighbourhood, a rich man, but an humble, good man —not always the case with rich men. He had a large family, a number of slaves, and was a good master. His slaves were better off than some who were their own masters. He had a large house, and had good lessons written above the doors in large letters; in one place, 'God is here,' and something good above almost every door. The worship of God was regular in his house. About daybreak a trumpet was blown as a signal to rise. About a quarter or half an hour afterward, the trumpet sounded again for prayer; all in the house, the kitchen, or the quarter, were to attend. If there was a preacher there, he was told the order of the house. If he did not get up, they had prayer without him: they would not derange the family regulation for a lazy preacher, who preached self-denial and laid abed till after breakfast time. About sunrise they were all ready to go to their work, and to work while it was day. He was a straight, tall man, had some office, but was as teachable as a child. He told a preacher who had spoken or written very plainly and pointedly to him about his duty in a certain thing, 'I am like a certain kind of dog—the more you whip me, the more I love you.' At one of the camp-meetings he got such a powerful blessing, that he scarcely knew how to contain himself. He walked about, shouting, laughing, crying, and looking up to heaven. He said to me, 'I did not know what to do with my mouth, how to hold it: my neighbours

looked and stared at me, and thought me a fool, but I did not care, I was so happy. Glory to God!' I have no doubt he is now happy in heaven, and looking out for his friends to join him."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER ON GAIETY AMONG METHODISTS.

"Some ask, Why do not preachers preach against the fashions of the world? It is answered, The preachers read the rules and make comments upon them. Some, in preaching, draw the bow and take aim at some in the congregation, but the arrow does not reach its object; it is stopped in the trimming, rigging, muff-drums, bustles, and other fashionable gear of their wives and daughters. Some dare not say anything against the fashions and customs of the world for fear of hearing, 'Physician, heal thyself'—begin at home. What shall we do? I do not want to live to be an old, complaining, fault-finding man; but I hope never to get into my dotage, so as to call that right which is wrong, and forbidden in Scripture and in our Discipline. Why did St. Peter and St. Paul write against women wearing or putting on gold? &c. Were they old and doting? Likewise Wesley and Fletcher, Dr. Clarke and Watson, and many who are in heaven, or on their way there, and who have testified against this evil—were these all dotards? I make an apology for some of our women, telling them they would not go contrary to the New Testament and our Discipline, by wearing gold and costly apparel. Everything is not gold that is yellow: their rings, lockets, trinkets, &c., are of brass or pinchbeck, and very cheap. Alas! I get no thanks for my apology. If some of them had as much grace as they have brass about them, they would be much happier, and not so easily offended. The fashion of this world passeth away. May the Lord keep us from the evil, that we may not perish from the world forever. Amen.

"What must a preacher think, or how must he feel, if he

should hear that not a few of the members say they do not want him in their station, or on their circuit, nor his gown, nor his whiskers, nor his wife, nor her bustle, artificials, or curls? Is there no possibility of getting a reproach wiped away from us, which comes in language like this: 'The Methodists are as proud, gay, and fashionable as any denomination in our country?'"—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER ON METHODIST MINISTERS USING TOBACCO.

"Let me ask a question: How shall we cure or treat a young preacher who preaches self-denial, is very severe on those who take a dram sometimes, but takes tobacco himself without ceasing, and says he cannot quit it, it does him good? Is not his faith strong? But still, it is not as large as a grain of mustard-seed, or it would remove this mountain. It is only as large as a grain of tobacco-seed. What a pity! I had some acquaintance with a good man who was a judge of good tobacco. One of his particular friends told me that one day he was confused in his preaching. He asked him after meeting, what was the matter that he could not get along better? 'Why,' said the preacher, 'I had such bad tobacco.' 'What, do you chew while you are preaching?' 'Yes, I always take a fresh plug when I begin.' 'After this,' said this friend, 'I could always tell when I heard that preacher, whether he had good tobacco, and I frequently gave him some.' May the Lord pity us, and save us! So prays—*J. Gruber.*"

GRUBER AND THE MAN IN A COLD, WINTER STATE.

"Some say variety is the spice of life; but to put it together, and give beauty, harmony, and life to it, is more than a sufficient task for me. But still I will write more of what took place in Monongahela district before the last war. Though there had been a great stir, and revival, and new

light, yet there was a great deal of old darkness and superstition, but with little deep and experimental godliness. In going to an appointment one day I got in company with a straight, stiff-looking man, on his way to a sacrament meeting. In conversing with him I found he was in 'a cold, winter state.' As a stranger, I inquired if 'their apple-trees bore, or had fruit, in the winter?' He said, 'No.' 'Do they bear crabs, or apples of Sodom, in the winter?' He said, 'No; they bear no kind of fruit in the winter.' I said, 'If a man's faith is dead *without* good works, what kind of faith has he while his *works are bad?*' He said, 'No man can live without sin; as soon as a man is made holy, he must die; he cannot stay in this world any longer.' I said, 'How can he serve God in holiness, and have his fruit unto holiness, and still live in sin?'"

GRUBER'S DESCRIPTION OF CAMP-MEETING SCENES.

Mr. Gruber held camp-meetings on the Monongahela district in 1810. He thus describes

THE CONVERSION OF A MAN WITH A PISTOL.

"In one camp some bold sinners came to fight for their master; but our Captain made prisoners of them, and then made them 'free indeed.' One fine, young, strong-looking man among the mourners was in great distress, and found no relief till he drew a large pistol out of his pocket, with which he had intended to defend himself if any one should offer to speak to him, and laid it down on the bench. Then the Lord blessed his soul, and gave him great victory. He had grounded the weapons of rebellion, and now enlisted under a new captain—the Prince of Peace."—*J. Gruber.*

THE CONVERSION OF A MAJOR.

"In another camp, after midnight, among many mourners, there was a large man (some called him Major, and he *had been* a Baptist) who was in great distress, crying and praying for mercy. Some looked on with astonishment; for they said, 'None but shallow men, silly women, and ignorant children, would make such a noise in a public congregation. But see, see there, there is the Major; look, look, hear, only hear him!' Presently the Lord blessed him powerfully. He arose, and big and heavy as he was, he leaped as high as the benches, shouting 'Glory to God! there is mercy for all. I used to hear it was only for a few. Now I know Christ died for me; yes, he died for all.' In the height of his rapturous joy he saw one of his brother officers looking on. He called to him, and said, 'Captain, come here: there is a reality in religion; don't you believe it? Yes, yes, there is mercy for all. Glory, glory to God for it!' While he was telling the captain this wonderful news, his wife was brought to him. She too had just got her soul blessed and made happy. She had been in distress, and praying among mourners in another part of the congregation. She had been a Presbyterian nominally, but she learned a new lesson, and a new song [which was neither Presbyterianism nor Methodism, but evangelical religion.] When she met her happy husband, she shouted 'Glory to God!' They embraced each other, and wept tears of joy. There were but few dry eyes around them. O what a time it was! a heaven on earth—joy in heaven above, and here on earth below. Hosanna! A little before day they went into a tent. Some of the Major's old friends were watching him. They did not come to pray with him in his distress, but now they came and took him out back of the tent. He was gone but a little while, and came back, saying, 'My Baptist friends need not think strange of me because I am a Meth-

odist.' He and his wife joined our Church. It was 'the Lord's doing, and marvellous' in many eyes."—*J. Gruber.*

CAMP MEETING HELD ALL NIGHT.

"Our meetings frequently lasted several whole nights in the camp. At one of them, between Washington, Pa., and Steubenville, there was very little intermission day or night. The work went on—preaching, exhortation, weeping and rejoicing, singing and praying, crying and shouting—I saw the day break three mornings at that meeting. We fulfilled what we had sung—

> 'With thee all night we mean to stay,
> And wrestle till the break of day.'

And we could sing, too,

> 'Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
> For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God!'

Truly these were days of the Son of man, when he made known his power on earth. Glory be to God for his wonderful works!"—*J. Gruber.*

A SINGULAR LOCAL PREACHER.

"In Rockingham, Greenbrier district, we had a local preacher who was a good and great man, but very singular withal. The presiding elder, J. W., frequently took him to camp-meeting, as he was very active and successful in labouring with mourners. On one occasion, the presiding elder would have him to preach first on a Sunday morning, and said he would follow after him. He had to obey; but after prayer and reading a text, he told his congregation to be patient; he was not going to preach, but was only going before to prepare the way, like John the Baptist. 'There is one to speak after me,' said he, 'that is mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose.' In a camp-meeting,

where the work did not go on well, mourners few and slow in coming to the altar, he went into it, and spoke out, 'Come on, I want to get a little *more* converted myself.' He kneeled down at the mourners' bench, and soon had a crowd around him, and went to work with them: the Lord was with him, and the work went on; souls were converted powerfully. If some, instead of looking at and watching others, would pray and get a *little more converted* themselves, they would be happier. Like one who did not feel happy, when some near him became excited, he said, 'Don't shout yet, you are not ready; go on, but hold back.' Next day he was blessed, and felt happy, looked around, and spoke out again, 'You may shout now, Glory to God!' He was ready then.

"In a place near a town, there was a revival, but much opposition by the clergy and others. There was a college there, and our singular man sent an appointment for preaching to the place, and went to stop the mouths of persecutors. Having been a 'master mason,' and a stone mason, he thought he could do it, as he had built their college, and was acquainted with the people and their religion. He took a text about the book of life, and the names written in it, and falling down, crying, Holy, holy, &c., &c., worshipping. He showed the necessity of worshipping God and being holy, the impropriety of wickedness and persecution, and said they must serve God and be holy to be found in the book of life. In his application, he told them many of their names were not in the book of life, but in such and such people's good books, naming some tavern-keepers. These, he said, were not books of life, but of death, containing bills for whisky and for stirrup drams; and perhaps, if they would look, they might find twenty-four elders' names there, who fell down when they could not stand any longer, and cried, 'Unholy, unholy, we cannot live without sin.' The Methodists had some rest and less persecution after that in that place."

It is amusing to read Mr. Gruber's description of "singular men," he having been himself considered the oddest of all the odd. I have sometimes doubted whether any eccentric man is aware of his real character. They move in an orbit so different from the generality of people, they think others are singular, not themselves. I once said to Billy Hibbard, "You are considered very odd." He said, "It is a grand mistake; I am not odd—other people are odd—if they were all like me, there would be no odd folks."

GRUBER'S DISLIKE FOR MINISTERIAL CANES.

Mr. Gruber was once attending a camp-meeting in Pennsylvania, and saw a young preacher with a cane. Mr. Gruber indirectly reproved him by inquiring, "What do you carry that stick for? Can't you stand up without assistance?" The young minister was quite shrewd, and knowing Mr. Gruber's hatred to dogs, replied, "I carry this to protect myself from dogs." Mr. Gruber, with equal readiness of wit, replied, "I should think it pretty poor business to be a dog pelter."—*Rev. G. D. B.*

GRUBER SETTLING A FAMILY QUARREL.

"In Rockingham I found a serious case; two respectable persons, the one among the oldest members, the other a class-leader, had a misunderstanding between them. Though father-in-law and son-in-law, they were not on speaking terms with each other. At a camp-meeting each had a tent. I watched when they were in a good frame, and in an intermission of services I went to the leader's tent, and told him he and his wife should take a walk with me. He asked, 'Where to?' I answered, 'To your father-in-law's tent.' He begged to be excused. 'I told him I must and would see them together.' He said, 'Then let us meet in the woods back of the tents.' To this I

agreed, and added, 'You and your wife go from your tent in such a direction.' I went to the old man's tent, and told him he and his wife should take a walk with me. He agreed, and I started in a certain direction. They followed me. Before we got far we met the son-in-law and his wife coming toward us. They met, face to face, and I introduced them to each other. They shook hands doubly, embraced each other, and wept. I wept too, and we all wept together. Satan's snare was broken; they talked together after a silence of months; their families were like new friends in the way to heaven; they lived and died in friendship and love, as far as I know. Thank the Lord for camp-meetings and great grace."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.

The first quarterly meeting I attended in Pittsburgh was held in a private house, T. Cooper's. There were two large rooms and an entry, all filled. We had a good work, souls converted, and believers edified. After preaching one night, and while praying with mourners in the front room, some one fired a squib in the back room. We sung on,

> "Shout, shout, we're gaining ground,
> The power of God is coming down."

The squib-fellow ran.

> "When Christians pray, the devil runs,
> And leaves the field to Zion's sons."

He was brought before a justice of the peace the next day. He was a young man, who was *learning to be a lawyer*, and told a lie in denying what he had done, but could not stick to it. When the case came on, he plead guilty. Some of our official members were sent for, and requested to say what they wanted done with the young man. They said, 'Don't hurt him; we do not want him punished: all we want is peace, and liberty to worship without being inter-

rupted.' The judge made him stand and hold up his hand, while he gave him a severe lecture, made him pay a fine, and let him run, and learn to do better. We had no more squibs there. The Methodists soon built a meeting-house, prospered, increased, and became a city station; they built a house for worship, and I know not what all."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER REFUTING A PROVERB.

Still water runs deep is an old adage that has passed into a proverb; but Jacob Gruber controverted it in a sermon which he preached a number of years since at Allentown, New-Jersey. He used to shout aloud the praises of God, and contended that it was Scriptural. In answering the objections to shouting, he noticed this, "Still water runs deep." "Not so," said he; "*still water does not run at all*, for if it run it would not be still. Furthermore, still water is not so pure as the water that runs. It becomes stagnant, slimy, and breeds tad-poles."—*Isaiah Toy.*

GRUBER AND THE QUAKER.

"In the year 1814, I was stationed in Baltimore city station. There were four preachers. Sharp-street and Asbury were included, each having a regular appointment there. It was understood that the preacher whose name was second on the plan should attend to the coloured people's business; so they called me their elder. One of their official men soon told me that they had persecution at Sharp-street, by the Quakers, for having too much noise in their meetings. They had complained to the grand jury, who sent for an old Friend, whose house was near the meeting-house, to know about the noise, which some said was a nuisance in the neighbourhood, &c. The old Friend said the noise did not hurt him, so they found no bill. An old Friend soon called on me to let me know he had heard I had charge of the

coloured people; that they were very unruly, and hard to govern and to keep quiet; that he lived near Sharp-street meeting-house, and that he would assist me in getting them into order. I thanked him for his kindness, told him that I would do all I could to get them right and good, and that much allowance ought to be made for them; many were slaves and ignorant, and ought to be pitied and instructed. I said I was told, that one night last winter, an old man went into their meeting while they were singing and praying, put out some of the lights, raised his staff, and ordered them out of the house, to break up their meeting. He said, 'That was me.' 'What!' said I, 'did you do that?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'What would you say if one of them had come into your meeting, and found you sitting silent, had raised his stick, knocked off your hats, and told you to clear out? This is not the way to worship! What! to set here at ease, nodding and plotting; no praying or preaching, no crying aloud, showing the people their sins, nor getting their souls converted. Some of them were ignorant enough to think they had liberty, in this free country, to worship as the Spirit led them, as well as others. I said, I was sorry when the noisy Methodists and silent Quakers were near neighbours.'

"I saw, some Sunday mornings, companies of men opposite Sharp-street meeting-house, on the pavement, reading the newspaper, while the coloured people were singing and praying, &c. This would disturb the readers. 'What,' says he, 'does thee think it wrong to read a newspaper on the first day?' I said, 'It is not setting a good example to the coloured people, nor to any that go along the street; for it is written, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' I inquired, 'How many coloured members have you in your meeting?' He said, 'Not any here.' 'What, not any in Baltimore?' 'No.' 'What a pity! If you had, we could see you keep them in order,' &c. He said, 'Friends had some in their society in New-York.' I told him we could

not go to New-York for a pattern. 'Begin in good earnest here, and get coloured people into your meeting, get them converted, show as much friendship for their souls as for their bodies; then you can show us what a fine, plain, religious society of negroes you have, and we will take pattern by it, if you have a more excellent way. But tell me, have you not complaints against Light-street meetings at night?' He said, 'Yes,' he thought it would be best not to have night meetings. I told him to go and get the white people right and in order, which would take him awhile and keep him busy. He never came back to help me."—*J Gruber.*

GRUBER'S PRAYER FOR KING GEORGE. HIS VIEWS OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"In Baltimore we laboured successfully, though in the midst of the war, and had a large increase. I do not recollect the number among the whites, but we added more than five hundred to Sharp-street and Asbury. There were between forty and fifty classes in that charge. We had a very severe and trying time, 'fightings without and fears within.' The soldiers encamped around the city. I tried to preach to them twice. Had another appointment to preach to them on a Sunday afternoon, but while I was trying to preach at Light-street, in the morning, the alarm was given that the British soldiers were landing at North Point. My meeting concluded, some were in a hurry to get away, some were much alarmed, some said I was frightened and prayed for the king after this manner, 'Lord, bless King George; convert him, and take him to heaven; we have enough and want no more of him.' Right or wrong as the prayer was, not a few said, Amen. Soon after, instead of preparing to hear me in the afternoon, the soldiers marched and prepared to give the king's soldiers a warm and wonderful salutation and reception, and send as many of them as they could to heaven or hell, without praying the Lord to convert them.

"I will not attempt to describe the glory of the day and night of the bombardment, the bombs and rockets flying in their sublime beauty and glory; this has been done long ago in a masterly and superlative manner. Still there were persons, even in Baltimore, that did not like nor love the war, blamed Madison for it, said his administration was like the street called by his name, it began at the poor-house, went past the jail, then past the penitentiary, and ended on Gallows Hill. Some delight in war, and sail in the storm, and live in fire.

"The most painful funeral I attended was that of one of our members who was killed in battle, and was buried with the honours of war, as they called it. From such honours the good Lord preserve and keep me. I had rather be buried with the honours of Lazarus the beggar, than to have them shoot into my grave as though they wanted to kill me again, and then fire upward after my spirit as though they wanted to kill that too. What pains are taken, and what expenses are brought on families and the public, to make death and destruction both honourable and glorious!"—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER'S PRAYER FOR A MINISTER.

At a certain place Mr. Gruber preached in a house where the Presbyterians preached a part of the day, and the Methodists the other. The parties had an understanding that they were not to preach on disputed points, or to interfere with each other's sentiments.

One morning the young Presbyterian preacher held forth, and, forgetful of the understanding in regard to not preaching on disputed points, he made a very rough-shod attack upon Methodism, and was very bitter in his denunciations as well as very incorrect in his representations. Mr. Gruber was there and heard him. When the minister had finished his discourse, he called upon Mr. Gruber to conclude by prayer. He did so; and prayed for many things; and, as is customary

he prayed for the minister. "O Lord," said he, "bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning, and grant to make his heart as soft as his head is, and then he'll do some good."—*Rev. C. Pitman.*

GRUBER'S HORSE IMMERSED.

"Mr. Gruber was returning from the Philadelphia Conference, which was held in Smyrna, Del. He was in company with Rev. Joseph Lybrandt, Rev. Edward Page, and several others. They all rode on horseback. As they journeyed along, they had a discussion on water baptism. Mr. Gruber strongly opposed the mode of baptism by immersion, assigning reasons against it. While the dispute was going on, they came to a stream of water of considerable size, which they must pass through. They paused to let their horses drink. Father Gruber's horse seemed determined to wade into the deepest water and then lie down, immersing himself and partly his rider. The preachers laughed at him most heartily, and told Mr. Gruber, if he did not believe in immersion his horse did."—*Rev. E. Page.*

GRUBER'S SERMON AT ST. GEORGE'S, PHILADELPHIA.

"Mr. Gruber had been stationed in that charge, I believe, in 1828, but for some cause a request was made to have him removed at the end of the year, which was accordingly done, not altogether to the satisfaction of Brother G. At the end of the next year, while in attendance at the Conference in 1830, Brother G. was appointed to preach one evening in St. George's. He took for his text, Psa. lxxxiv, 4, 'Blessed *are* they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee:' and no doubt recollecting his treatment in the past, he felt disposed to let his hearers know it, by making some witty and cutting allusions, &c. The sermon was well arranged, and the matter was in the general very instructive.

Under the head of *the character of those who 'dwell in the house of the Lord,'* I distinctly recollect three characteristics:

"1. *They are an humble people*, willing to occupy a humble place in the Church, indeed, any place, so that they might be permitted to abide in the Church; but there were some people who were so proud and ambitious that, unless they could be like the first king of Israel, from the shoulders up higher than everybody else, they wouldn't come into the house at all, but hang about the doors.

"2. *They were a contented people.* If everything did not exactly suit them, they made the best of it, and tried to get along as well as they could, but there are many who are so uneasy and fidgety that they can't *dwell* in the Church, but are continually running in and out, disturbing themselves and everybody else.

"3. *They were a satisfied people*, always finding something good, and thankful for it. Let who would be their preacher or preachers, they could always get something that would give them instruction and encouragement. But there are some people who are never satisfied, but are always finding fault with their preacher; some preach too loud, and some too long, and some say so many hard and queer things, and some are so prosy and dull, that they can't be fed at all, and are never satisfied. If the multitude that were fed by the Saviour, were like these people, they never would have been fed. If one had cried out and said, 'John you shan't feed me, Peter shall;' and another had said, 'Andrew shall feed me, but James shan't;' and another had said, 'I want all bread and no fish;' and others, 'I want all fish and no *bread*'—how could they have been fed? Such dissatisfied people cannot dwell in the house of the Lord. If they are not turned out, they will soon die out: they can't live."—*Rev. J. L. Lenhart.*

GRUBER AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

"As Methodism has not, till lately, had any schools of divinity, it has afforded a rare field for originality and a natural manner in the pulpit. But there are some natures so inexorably perverse, that, escaping from one fault, they will incontinently plunge into another; hence we have had some of the most amazing exhibitions in the Methodist pulpit. Of the *mannerisms* of excited speakers, there is one which we have sometimes witnessed as the accompaniment of high inspiration, and which we presume cannot claim endorsement from the 'ancient writers on oratory.' It is the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic 'ah.' Sometimes, when the speaker waxes mighty, this eloquent exclamatory gasp gives an impetus to each word, like a puffing locomotive behind, instead of before, the car. Among the many humorous anecdotes told of the late Rev. Jacob Gruber, of Baltimore, is one which relates to this point. An ardent young orator of the pulpit, who was unconsciously master of this exclamatory style, wrote to the veteran German for some counsels respecting his homiletic labours. The old preacher, believing that the correction of this one egregious fault would be a sufficient achievement for the time being, wrote him the following laconic letter:

"'Dear Ah! Brother Ah!—When-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah, take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah Ah-ah! Yours-ah, JACOB-AH GRUBER-AH.'

"The letter was a capital one, as it not only stated but exemplified the defect in all its folly. It was effectually curative also, if we have been rightly informed. Perhaps its insertion here may extend its remedial virtue."—*National Magazine.*

GRUBER AND HIS HOSTESS.

Mr. Gruber's aversion to tea was so great that he did not always observe the rules of courtesy in refusing it. On one occasion, when a good lady had kindly prepared tea for him, and offered him a cup, he found fault with her so sharply as to excite a little anger on her part. "You should," said she, "take the advice of the apostle, Mr. Gruber, and eat such things as are set before you, asking no questions, for conscience' sake." "Yes," replied Mr. Gruber; "but we are not commanded to *drink* everything that is set before us for conscience' sake."

GRUBER AND THE DANDY PREACHER.

Mr. Gruber was much opposed to any show of dress in Christian ministers. He was plain himself, and believed that an ambassador of Christ should be like his Master, "meek and lowly;" that he should be clothed with humility. He did not believe in superfluities in any one, much less in a preacher of the Gospel. On one of his circuits he had a colleague who stood high in his own estimation, and was disposed to magnify his office. This minister's deportment, as well as his costume, were so different from those of most Methodist ministers, that Mr. Gruber was exceedingly tried with him; and said the minister that was on the circuit with him was "the only dandy he ever travelled with."

It was not long before the dandy left the Methodist Episcopal Church. But we will permit Mr. Gruber to tell his own story, in which the reader cannot fail to be interested; and no doubt, in conclusion, will pray, from all such "dandy preachers," good Lord deliver us.

"At the Conference in 1825, Bishop George gave me an easy circuit—Burlington, in Jersey; but told me he understood it was too small, and requested me to enlarge it,

"I had some painful exercises. My colleague was a natural dandy. He took rest days to go fishing and hunting. Some of the members requested me to ask him to call and see them: some were sick. He went past their houses, with gun, dandies, and dogs, but did not call. When I spoke to him about it, he said he did not go to see those who did not send for him, or invite him. I told him they had not invited us to the circuit; but, as we were sent, they would expect us to do our duty as Methodist preachers. He said he would go to see such as sent for him. I asked him if the birds and fishes had sent for him, when he went after them. He said he did not answer such questions. He got himself a gig to ride in, as the road was sandy and level. He had a good young horse, excellent to ride, but not so good in a gig: he would stop, or go backward, instead of forward. Sometimes an old man and woman would have to help to pull and push on and off the horse, gig and preacher, to get him along to his appointments. However, instead of getting a saddle, and riding as a young man ought to do, he let a man have his young horse for a mare not so young, and gave him his note for about forty dollars to pay for value received, when the man, not long after, would not have given the horse for the mare. So much for dandy economy. However, he had the honour of gigging about in style. It was said, in one place, he drove up to a gate. A man came out to ask what was wanting, when the preacher asked for a coal of fire to light his cigar. The man brought the fire, and the preacher offered him a cigar; but the man would not take it, but said, 'I don't serve the devil in that way.' But the best and the last of the dandy preacher was, that in a few years he turned reformer, (no one needed reform more;) and it is to be hoped he cured himself with 'number six,' instead of tobacco; and, as chaplain or high priest of the grand lodge, did himself honour. *So mote it be.* I never was so unfortunate before as to have a dandy sportsman for my colleague, and never wish to have one again. There was one Sovereign,

one King, and only one real Dandy in the conference."*—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER CATCHING A TADPOLE.

The following anecdote was related to me some years ago by the late Dr. Pitman, when in one of his pleasant moods.

"Jacob Gruber was holding an evening meeting at a certain place, and he invited penitents forward. One came forward in deep distress of mind. Mr. Gruber never liked to leave a contrite one until the broken heart was bound up. This time he continued the meeting very late, and they prayed earnestly for the conversion of the man. At last a brother inquired, 'if he did not know that man at the altar for prayers had been drinking too much liquor?' He said 'he thought not.' 'Then go smell his breath,' said the man, 'and you will be satisfied.' He did so, and found the man was quite *spiritual.* He took hold of his arm, and told him to rise, and he walked with him deliberately to the door, and opened it, and said to the man, 'You can go, sir;' and turning round, he said, 'Brethren, we read that the disciples toiled all night and caught nothing; we have toiled till twelve o'clock, and caught a *tadpole.*' Thus ended the evening service."

GRUBER SEATING THE PEOPLE AT CAMP-MEETINGS.

"Mr. Gruber once attended a camp-meeting where there was a difficulty in getting the people seated. The horn had blown for preaching, and the presiding elder was trying to induce the people to take seats. Very courteously he said, 'The

* The Philadelphia Conference was not then divided, and he plays a little upon the names of some of the members—Rev. Thomas Sovereign, Rev. H. G. King, and Rev. James H. Dandy—all good men and true, who still war with the enemies of unrighteousness.

gentlemen will be kind enough to take seats on the right, and the ladies on the left.' But he made no impression on them. Mr. Gruber jumped up; said he, 'Let me try.' He then said, 'Presiding elder, you called them "gentlemen and ladies;" they did n't know what you meant. Boys, come right along and take seats *here;* Gals, come along and take seats *there.*' It was said in such a comical way, that all were delighted with his oddity, and smiling, they immediately complied with his request, and the minister proceeded with his sermon."—*D. Ostrander.*

"At another camp-meeting they found it exceeding difficult to get the people seated. A number of ladies were standing on the seats, and refused to comply with a request that was perfectly reasonable. Mr. Gruber said, 'If that young lady standing on the bench knew what a great hole she has in her stocking, she would certainly sit down.' They, not knowing who he meant, each supposed that he meant her, and they *all* sat down suddenly, as quick as possible.

"A preacher, after the discourse, asked him if he saw a hole in one of their stockings? He said, 'No.' 'How dare you say so then?' Said Mr. Gruber, in his quizzical manner, 'Did you ever know a stocking without a hole in it?'" —*Rev. Edward Page.*

GRUBER REQUESTED TO PREACH "NICE AND FINE."

When Mr. Gruber preached in Camden, New-Jersey, his preaching was, as usual, plain and pointed: he wrapped no silk around the sword of the Spirit, for fear it would be too sharp.

Some thought its edge was too keen, and requested the recording steward to speak to Brother Gruber, and desire him to be more particular and systematic in his discourses. "Ah! very well, brother, you want me to preach very nice and fine when I come to Camden among the fashionable people: I 'll try."

When he came round again, the house was crowded, to hear Brother Gruber preach "nice and fine." The discourse was arranged in the most logical order, delivered in correct style, and showed his capability to preach systematically; but such a *scorching* as those *nice*, smooth sentences, and well-arranged divisions, and masterly arguments, all combined to execute upon any deficient in the requisites of perfect piety, such a beautiful scorching as "Jacob" sent to those deserving it that day, did not require a *repetition.*

After that day Mr. Gruber was permitted to preach in his *own* way, without suggestions or dictations.—*Rev. G. A. Raybold.*

GRUBER DID NOT LOVE TO STEAL.

Not long before his death, Mr. Gruber sent a communication to the Book Room, in which he commented upon one of the hymns in the new book. He said he did not like the hymn which commences

"I love to steal awhile away."

He said there was no truth in it. He did not love to *steal.* He did not love to steal, at home nor "away" from home. This was his method of showing his dislike for this hymn. Perhaps he would have disliked it worse, if he had known what awkward work would have been made in singing it. It is said that a minister in Bridgeport, Connecticut, gave out this hymn. The chorister commenced singing, "I love to steal," but did not get the right tune; so he commenced again, "I love to steal"—wrong tune yet; again he repeated "I love to steal," with no better success. The minister said, "It is to be regretted, brother. Let us pray." The minister did not mean that he regretted that the chorister had a propensity for stealing; but that he was unable to set the tune. The same thing occurred in a class-meeting connected with the church of which I am pastor. A brother commenced singing "I love to steal," but he could not get the right tune; and he

kept trying, repeating, "I love to steal—I love to steal—I love to steal awhile." It was too much for the gravity of the class. A circle of smiles went all around; the brother who was trying to sing also smiled, and gave it up, after testifying to his love for stealing. These examples may show that the shrewd old German was right in his dislike to the hymn that commences with such a singular declaration as this:

"I love to steal."

GRUBER MISQUOTING A TEXT.

To the late lamented Dr. Pitman I am indebted for the following incident:

Mr. Gruber was preaching in Smyrna, Delaware, during the session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference. He took his text from 1 John, iii, 2: "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," &c. He read it, "Now are we the children of God," &c. A young brother, seated near the altar, thought he would correct his mistake, and cried out, "Now are we the sons of God." Mr. Gruber paused, and gave the young man a significant look; and then, in his own peculiar style, said, with a kind of lisp, "I guess I know that as well as you do; but I did not wish to exclude our beloved sisters, and therefore I said *children* instead of *sons*." His tone of voice, his look, his manner, almost annihilated the young man; while the preachers were so amused that the gravest of them could not be grave; and some of them, as they could not contain themselves, were obliged to leave the house and myself among the number.

GRUBER AND HIS LEFT-HANDED FRIENDS.

In 1828, Mr. Gruber was stationed in St. George's, Philadelphia; and his left-handed friends, as he called them, had him removed at the expiration of the first year. He then went to New-Jersey. He was never partial to that State; he called

it "the land of peaches and sweet potatoes." He wished his left-handed friends to understand that he had not forgotten them.

"I finished my work as well as I could in the charge; but when conference came my presiding elder had not much to say for me. However, Dr. S., and some who were intimate with Bishop R., told me that wrong statements had been made to the bishops, and before they knew better they had committed themselves; so my appointment came out for Gloucester circuit in 1829. Some said it was the hardest circuit in the Jersey district, a large four weeks' circuit; but I had an excellent colleague, brother Greenbank, in his first year. We laboured harmoniously and successfully together. We had a good work pretty generally through the circuit. We laboured hard, but not in vain. We had a good reward in hand, in heart, and yet to come, when all is done.

"One time, on my way to see my family, riding along the street through the city, one of my left-handed friends spoke to me, and said, among other things, that I was riding a very fine horse. I answered, 'There is no knowing what a poor fellow may come to. There has been a great change; last year I was here in the city, had to walk every day, labour harder than a slave, was kicked away like a dog—and now I ride like a gentleman. Farewell.'"

GRUBER'S REBUKE OF VANITY IN A YOUNG PREACHER.

Mr. Gruber detested clerical pride and vanity. Perhaps he was sometimes too severe on young preachers, because they did not come up to his standard. In 1829 a camp-meeting was held in Chester circuit, Pennsylvania, in a grove near West-Chester. Many preachers were there. A young talented brother preached twice, and preached able sermons. Father Gruber thought he was "puffed up," and he concluded he would try and lessen his dimensions. Several ministers were in the preacher's tent. Father Gruber was

there, and the preacher who had expounded the word. Mr. Gruber related in the presence of this preacher, and what was supposed to be at the time for his special benefit, an incident which took place at a camp-meeting near Baltimore. He said, "A young minister was there and preached, and no one said anything about the sermon, either criticizing, commending, or condemning. So the young man went into the preacher's tent and introduced the matter by saying, 'Brethren, I never preached from that text before, and never heard it preached from, and I do not know what you think of my arrangement?' Then that shrewd old man, who was a discerner of spirits, Rev. Joshua Wells, replied, 'If you had said nothing about it, I should not, but since you inquire, I'll give you my opinion; it is this, it was like a mess of tadpoles, all heads and no tails.' Thus the young preacher stood reproved in the presence of his brethren, and anxious to have something said about his discourse, something was said, exceedingly mortifying to ministerial pride."

As soon as Mr. Gruber had related this, and the young man was making the application, a local preacher well acquainted with Mr. Gruber, said to him, "Father Gruber, how came you to be so much like the young man you have described in your preaching yesterday?" Father Gruber, not at all disconcerted, replied, "Why, I knew the people here did not like flesh nor fish, so I thought I would give them a mess of tadpoles." He had the day before taken a strong stand against depending on the "internal light," on which the Quakers lay so much stress. His text was, "Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness," &c.

GRUBER AND THE REFORMERS.

"In the year 1828, I was stationed in Philadelphia. The station embraced St. George's, Ebenezer, Salem, and Nazareth churches. There were four of us, Brothers Doughty,

Scott, Thompson, and myself. Brother S. Doughty had the charge, having been there the year before. He boarded near St. George's; my boarding-house was near Ebenezer. Brother Doughty died after harvest. Three of us had to do the work of four the most part of the year. The labour was hard, preaching, classes to meet, and other meetings to attend, the sick to visit day and night. Some said I attended more funerals than any preacher in the city; almost at every one's beck and call; but the Lord helped me, and I got along, with fear and trembling, better than I expected. Having charge after the death of Brother Doughty, knowing something about the station, and how critical and contrary some were, we got along with tolerable peace and quiet, had good meetings, and some success. In a quarterly conference I unfortunately appealed from the decision of the presiding elder, a good little man. He took it as a great offence, and remembered me at another time, in some other way. In this year the great reform took place in Baltimore, which was 'the match to set fire to the train laid from Georgia to Maine, to blow up the Methodist Episcopal Church.' Word came to Philadelphia that many local preachers were expelled, and many private members had left the Church, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church was ruined by tyrannical preachers, &c. Some came to me inquiring whether we had not better call an official meeting to express our views about the Baltimore excitement and doings, and guard our own rights. Some spoke and wrote much about 'mutual rights,' and were doing mutual wrong all the time. I told them we would mind our own business. I was acquainted in Baltimore with the head men among the reformers; let them reform what they can: but, said I, if we were to hear that a fire had broken out in Baltimore, should we ring the fire-bells in this city and get the fire companies out? No, let us wait till the fire breaks out here, then ring the fire-bells and go to work to put out the fire, and take care and add no fuel.

After a while, a local preacher told me, he would leave the Methodist Episcopal Church. I said, We are in a free country. Soon after another local preacher went to the presiding elder, and got a certificate, and went away from us; and some of the members went too; but, altogether, not more than about twenty, while I was in the station. At a distance it was reported that a great many had left the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city, preachers and members. When some inquired of me how many preachers had gone from us, I told exactly. They were 'Cramer and Cropper, and then it was Dunn,' that is, altogether three. I understood they did not harmonize together long, neither preachers nor members. The preachers wanted to be bishops or something else, and the members did not like to be Crammed, nor Cropped, nor Dunned, so their meeting-house was shut up, or sold, or—it is none of my business what."

GRUBER'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

"In 1830 my appointment was on Salem circuit. It included a tolerably large space of country, Salem and other towns. Here I found my old friend, Father T. Ware, who gave me my first licence to preach, and took my recommendation to the Philadelphia Conference. Sister Ware's first husband took me into society.

"When in Salem, one evening, the president of the temperance society requested me to go with him to a meeting. A young Baptist preacher read a piece very severe against rum-drinking, stating how it ruined families, men of talents, doctors, lawyers, and even ministers; how it defiled courts, and even churches and pulpits. He read hard words; and, when he was done, the president said if any stranger had anything to say, there was time. I took the hint, and, as a stranger, made a few remarks, stating that severe things had been said against drinking, and it would be a kindness to

point out a course to prevent thirst, and to give advice to such as were almost continually under a salivation. Churches were polluted by rum-drinkers, and so they were by some who use a stimulus called tobacco. Look on the floor of a church, on the men's side, if you have a strong stomach! See, see! spatteration! slaveration! fi! fi! Where did all that come from? From the drainings of a dung-hill? No, no; be decent; don't tell! Look in some pulpits and see self-denial, or can you only hear it? Well, faith comes by hearing; but the best sermon a preacher can preach would have no relish for some if it was not seasoned by tobacco. As soon as the preacher takes his text, some take a chew to brighten their ideas, and spice what they hear. Why not allow another poor fellow to take out of his pocket a flask, and take a dram, to brighten his ideas and stimulate his devotion? While I was dropping my hints there was a wonderful *wiping*, not of eyes, but of mouths. I was not invited to speak again in that place about either rum or tobacco."

GRUBER AND JOHN ENGLISH.

When Jacob Gruber travelled Cumberland circuit, in West Jersey, a man by the name of John English resided there, who was a member of the Church, and applied for licence to preach. It was concluded that if he had "grace," he had not "gifts," and the application was not granted. He was exceedingly dissatisfied to think his talents were not appreciated; and he resolved to leave the Church, and go where he could obtain licence. He applied to Mr. Gruber, stating, that for fifteen years he had been dissatisfied with the Methodist Episcopal Church; with its government, with its bishops, its presiding elders, as well as the circuit preachers. Mr. Gruber told him, "At the church, to-morrow, we will attend to your certificate." After he had preached and met the class, Mr. Gruber introduced the case of Mr. English.

Said he, "My brethren and sisters, here is John English, who has been for fifteen years dissatisfied with the Methodist Episcopal Church; all you who are opposed to his withdrawing rise up." No one rose up. Turning to John English, says he, "There, *your'e out.*" Said Mr. English, "I would like my certificate." Said Mr. Gruber, "I will call and leave it to-morrow." The next day Mr. Gruber rode up before his door, on horseback, and Mr. English invited him to come in; but he could not stay, the "King's business required haste." "Here is your certificate, sir," said Mr. Gruber. Mr. English, with surprise, read the following:

"This certifies that the bearer, John English, has been for fifteen years a dissatisfied member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has withdrawn on the day of in 1832.

"J. GRUBER,
"Preacher in Charge."

Mr. English said he did not want any such certificate as that; but he wanted one to certify his standing in the Church. Said Mr. Gruber, "Does not that certificate tell the truth? Did you not tell me that for fifteen years you had been dissatisfied with the Church." "Certainly," said Mr. English. Mr. Gruber replied, "Then, as that certificate tells the truth, you have no cause of complaint, and can have no other," and rode off.

Mr. English joined the Protestant Methodist Church. He made application for licence to preach, and they granted it. Oft have they done it to their sorrow, by licencing men who left us, because we chose to hurt their feelings by refusing rather than licencing them, and sent them out to hurt the feelings of almost all who listened to them. After he was licenced there, he wished to be received into the travelling connexion; but they had discovered that he had no talents for the work, that he never could sustain himself, that he would injure himself, and injure the cause, and they refused to admit him. This

displeased him about as much as the refusal to licence him to preach; and as he saw many things in that Church that did not please him, he became a dissatisfied member of it, and came back to his old mother Church, asking to be received simply as a private member; willing to take the lowest place, to sit at the feet of his brethren and learn, giving up all idea of preaching as a local or travelling preacher. He came back one of the most humble, childlike men, and lived and died an humble Christian.—*Rev. Sedgwick Russling.*

GRUBER'S DESCRIPTION OF "FEEBLE CHRISTIANS."

He was preaching on Dauphin Circuit, and he showed how some ought to be men that are children—babes. He said, "There are a great many people in the Church, who have been in it a long time, that ought to be able to be fed with meat; but they are so feeble they can only endure milk; and they cannot endure pure milk, they must have it well watered, and administered to them in very small quantities with a tea-spoon. They must be some relation to the 'conies,' which are described by the Psalmist as a 'very feeble folk.'" —*Rev. G. D. Bowen.*

GRUBER'S CONVERT.

On Dauphin circuit, a young lady who had been converted through his instrumentality, and whom he had received into the Church, approached him, smiling. She was dressed most fashionably. When she had told him who she was, and the relation he sustained to her as her spiritual father, he replied, "I thought you were one of *my* converts; if you were the Lord's, you would not be dressed so fine, nor have those posies in your hat."

GRUBER ON BORROWED PHRASES.

"Why do Methodists trespass on other denominational phrases? Why do we hear, or read, of 'session rooms'

for our members? Why do we read of a member coming into a circuit, or station, 'by letter?' Why not say, 'by certificate?' Why do we read about a number being 'hopefully converted?' Do *we* hope, or do *they* hope? or who is *full* of it? Is it not better to be filled with 'joy and peace in believing?' Another thing: Why have we had so much about *parsonages, parsonages?* It will be a dark and stormy day when the Methodist preachers all become *parsons.* Would it not be more agreeable to many of our members, and to our economy, to say *preacher's house?* I hope you will not think hard of my queries. I would write something about the support of the ministry, and not forget the *local parsons;* but fear many would say, 'We have had too much on that subject already; peace, let us have a little rest in these hard times.' I would like to give several hints, about several things; but this is a cloudy day. I remain, your old-fashioned friend,—*J. Gruber.*"

GRUBER AND THE "LONG SHORT DRESSES."

"'Father Gruber,' it is well known, was rather a stickler for plainness in everything, and especially in apparel. Nothing could be more offensive to him than any, even the least, disposition to copy the fashions of the world. Thirty-five or forty years since, when presiding elder, he attended a camp-meeting held in the neighbourhood of Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania. It was about the time a certain kind of female attire, then known as the '*petticoat and habit,*' came first into fashionable, and then general, use. The latter article somewhat resembled a gentleman's coatee, and, associated with the other garment, rather tended to a graceful display of the female form. Some of the 'better sort' of Methodist young ladies, dressed after the new fashion, attended the camp-meeting in question. Their appearance attracted the by no means favourable regards of the presiding elder. So displeased was he, indeed, that he determined, if

possible, to inflict upon them a public mortification. The opportunity soon occurred. During some of the social exercises, these young *fashionables*, grouped together, were singing a hymn very popular in those days, but much less so, I am happy to say, in these modern times, of which the last line of each verse was a kind of chorus, 'I want to get to heaven, my long sought rest;' in which they were most cordially joined by the presiding elder. They perceived him in their midst: and, inspired by the presence of so distinguished a functionary, sang on with more than ordinary zeal and pathos. At length, however, it was discovered by those standing next to him, that when the presiding elder came to the closing line of the verse, instead of 'following copy,' as the printers say, he sang, 'I want to get to heaven, *with my long, short dress!*' As fast as they detected the variation, they stopped singing; first one, then another, and then another, till all had ceased save the elder. But so far was he from stopping, that he really seemed to acquire momentum from progress; so that when he had engrossed the entire attention of the whole social circle, he was still singing at the top of his voice, and to the unutterable chagrin and mortification of the young sisters, 'I want to get to heaven, *with my long, short dress!*' It is hardly necessary to add, that the 'long short dresses' were quite scarce during the rest of the meeting." ZETA.

GRUBER ATTENDING TO THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

Mr. Gruber was on his way to be married to Mrs. Martin, his second wife. A brother who had talked much about the affair, and tried to prevent the "match," met Mr. Gruber, knew on what errand he was going, and thought he would quiz him a little. He inquired, "Brother Gruber, where are you going?" Said he, "I am going to attend to

the eleventh commandment, '*Mind your own business.*'" He then drove on adding no more, and very soon, Mrs. Martin was Mrs. Gruber.—*Rev. G. D. Bowen.*

GRUBER'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP ASBURY.

"The last time I saw Bishop Asbury, was among the Alleghany Mountains, not a year before he went to heaven. He was going out to the West, and I was coming East. He stopped. I tied my horse to a tree, went and sat with him in his carriage, and talked about half an hour. I shall never forget his earnest look and expressions, such as, 'O, if I was young I would cry aloud! I would lift up my voice like a trumpet! O, what pride, conformity to the world, and following its fashions! Many of our people are going to ruin. Warn them, warn them, while you have strength and time. Be faithful to do your duty.' I parted with him while he asked the Lord to bless me. I had many tears to wipe from my eyes, fearing I never should see him again in time. O may I get near enough to see him in heaven! Amen."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER ON HIGH HEADS AND ENORMOUS BONNETS.

"We have no love-feast tickets here to give our members, as they have in the city, but we have the discipline, which forbids giving tickets to those who wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles, or rings. How do preachers or members get over that in the city? Or how do they explain the rule? May I write how some explained it in old times; high heads meant three story hats, one story for the head, another for the pocket-handkerchief, and the third for a few dozen cigars. Enormous bonnets were some things for women's heads, so large and enormously ugly, that it took more than a yard of something to cover them, or to keep the wind from blowing them away. High heads have pass-

ed away and flat heads are in their place. Little, little things in the place of enormous bonnets, not large enough to shade the nose, so a shade has to be carried over it. Ruffles are almost as silly and needless as artificials and bows, and rings are as round, wrong, and needless as ever they were in this world."—*J. Gruber.*

GRUBER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CIRCUIT WHEN IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR.

There is something lovely in the appearance of an aged minister of the Gospel, an old hero of a hundred battles, still wielding the sword of the Spirit; still conquering new enemies, achieving new victories, gathering fresh laurels. How beautiful was Paul the aged, the hero of heroes. We look upon the aged Wesley, and Asbury at work till the last hour, with profound admiration; and who can read this letter of the old veteran, Gruber, who had plenty of means on which he could retire, still as zealous and active as ever; never thinking of resting till he rested in Abraham's bosom, never thinking of locating, till he located in the neighbourhood of the throne of God.

"My circuit (Shirleysburg) is not large, sixteen or seventeen appointments for four weeks. A few extra ones we took in. We found some complaints about disappointments in time past, and, to remove fears for time to come, I told them they might dock me five dollars for every disappointment I made on the circuit. I am on my last round, have missed no appointment, and expect to finish my work on the first of March.

"Through mercy I have had good health, filled three appointments every Sabbath, and met the classes after preaching, wet or dry, cold or warm, snow or hail. We have had some revivals, conversions, &c., and more than *fifty* have been taken in on probation; but there have also been many

removals, and some backslidings. Alas! for some they are unstable as water. What shall we do with them?

"We have half a dozen or more Sunday-schools, a report of which will be made at the conference. Brother Maclay attended to the books and periodicals. Being a young man I thought it would be an advantage to him. Money is very scarce here, but they will do a little for the Missionary Society, &c.

"It is to be feared some of our brethren are bearing too hard on some stations and circuits for money. Some persons are not able to pay more than they do, and some are not willing; and there is no law nor gospel to make them pay; nor has the Lord any 'day of his power' in which he will make them 'willing.' So we must trust Him who has said, 'Bread shall be given, and water shall be sure.'

"I have been sorry for some young preachers whose quarterage was taken, in part, to make up the table expenses of married preachers. I approve of a piece in the Advocate, some weeks ago, except the last paragraph, in which it is stated that the young preacher must have a sulky to carry the books he has to study, &c. This is a mistake. Many never had a sulky, but carried books to read and circulate in saddlebags and portmanteaus, to the amount of twenty or thirty dollars at a time. Persons bought them and the preachers had the reading of them.

"I would like to see a preacher with a sulky among these mountains, and on many circuits where I have rode. I guess he and his horse would both get *sulky*, and stop, and turn back."

GRUBER NOT AFRAID TO GO HOME.

When Jacob Gruber was about to cross Jordan's stream, a brother minister inquired if he was afraid to die? "Afraid to die," said he, "that must be a *very poor home* which a person is afraid to go to."

The old pilgrim has gone home; the old soldier has fought his last battle, passed through the last conflict, and gone home to share the rewards of victory. We conclude with the following

LINES IN MEMORY OF THE REV. JACOB GRUBER.

Rest from thy labours, rest!
Warrior, resign thy trust;
The mem'ry of thy name is blest,
The mem'ry of the just.
A star is lost below,
An orb is found above,
To spread anew the burning glow
Of everlasting love.

For threescore years and ten
He walk'd the earth till even;
For fifty years he offer'd men
Salvation, life, and heaven.
Then to his promised rest
He turn'd with faltering tread,
And found on the Redeemer's breast
A place to lay his head.

Fallen—at close of day;
Fallen—beside his post;
At sunset came the bright array,
The chariots and the host.
With triumph on his tongue,
With radiance on his brow,
He pass'd with that exulting throng,
And shares their glory now.

Warrior, thy work is done!
Victor, the crown is given!
The jubilee at last begun,
The jubilee of heaven.
Rest from thy labours, rest!
Rise to thy triumph, rise!
And join the anthems of the blest,
The Sabbath of the skies.

H. J. Meek.

NOTE.—PORTRAIT OF ASBURY.

On page 40 there is an account of the manner in which Bishop Asbury's portrait was obtained in Baltimore. Some have supposed this to be the *first* portrait, and others the *only* one ever taken of the venerable bishop. This is incorrect. Bishop Asbury, in a letter to his mother, from Maryland, as early as 1784, says: "There is one thing that to me savours of human pride, and vanity, and expense; that is, to have my portrait drawn, which I will have done if it is any satisfaction to you, if it will remind you of me, and stir you up to pray that God may keep me; for there never was a man of smaller abilities raised so high. If you desire my portrait, send me word in your next." —*Methodist Quarterly*, 1831, p. 206.

Mr. Asbury says in his Journal, May 27th, 1808: "At the request of some preachers in England, and at the desire of the General Conference, I sat to Mr. Bruff, who took my likeness in crayon." Some years after Paradise, in New-York, painted an excellent likeness of the bishop, which is still at the Book Room. Father Boehm was the bishop's travelling companion then, and says, so true was the painting, so correct the likeness, that after it was sent to the bishop's room, a preacher called, and he was absent, but on being introduced into his room, and seeing the painting, he thought for a moment it was the bishop, and commenced addressing him, and found that he was talking to canvass. The engraving of the bishop's likeness was from this painting, and the picture appeared in the first volume of the Methodist Magazine in 1818. In 1836, at the time the Book Room was consumed, the plate of Asbury was destroyed, and for twenty years we have had no engraving of him. The Book Agents have been to the expense of a new picture from

an engraving on steel, and that expressly for this volume. We rejoice that this work is graced with so good a likeness of the venerated Asbury, who was the great hero of Methodism in America. It is taken from the painting by Paradise. The reader will be interested in the history of the bishop's portrait which was taken in Baltimore. Gabriel P. Disosway, Esq., has just visited that city, where they have recently formed a Methodist Historical Society, which is bringing many things to light of great interest to the Methodist family, and among the rest the fate of this portrait. Among other relics, he says, that "the original portrait of Mr. Asbury is deposited among the curiosities. This picture has had a singular history.

"It once hung over the fire-place of a planter's parlour in Maryland, and where a bed had been made for one of his men beastly drunk. Here he was laid down, entirely insensible. Just as the day was breaking, and the rays of light were dimly falling upon the portrait, he began to awake from his drunken stupor; his eyes first fell upon the uplifted hand of the venerable bishop, and he fearfully fancied the day of judgment had come, and that the Divine King, with upraised arm, was about to pronounce the last sentence of condemnation upon him.

"The sight produced a powerful and salutary influence upon his mind, leading him to repentance, amendment, and conversion. The dead canvass spoke life-giving thoughts and saving impressions.

"In the changes of time and families, the painting, too, has also been used as a *fire-board*, and while thus employed, a hole was made through it for the *stove-pipe*. Fortunately for those who love to gaze on that serious, mild, and religious face, the fingers and hand were only cut off in making this opening. Perhaps the mutilators had some respect for the bishop's face, else he might have been decapitated on the occasion, or nearly so. The Historical Society, however, (thanks to their industry,) have rescued the old picture from its unbishop-like and forgotten position, and ordered its restoration. Now it will be a gem in its collection, and carefully preserved for hundreds to study and look at, who thank God for the useful life of Bishop Asbury, and bless his pious memory! These particulars are authentic, as I learn them from that excellent chronicler of Methodism, Dr. Roberts."

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